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VIETNAM
A POST EDITOR REPORTS FROM THE SCENE ☆☆☆☆

AMERICAN VS. PARIS FASHIONS
BY DESIGNER OLEG CASSINI

The Saturday Evening POST

Jan. 6, 1962 20¢

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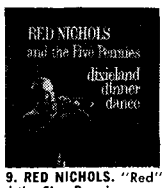
2. THE KENTON TOUCH: AN KENTON. Twelve rring themes by Stan d his ablest abettor, te Rugulo: *Minor Riff, e End Of The World.*



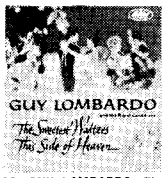
9. RED NICHOLS. "Red" d the Five Pennies serve nusical menu a la Dixie-nd. *Hear Ja-Da, Sep-mber Song, Ballin' the ck*—11 others.

5. SWINGIN' DECADE. len Gray, his Casa mans recreate the ingin' sounds of Tommy rsey, Benny Goodman, others.

27. HARRY JAMES blows, nd the Music Makers fol-w in big band style. *lues For Sale, You're My rill, Just For Fun, Wil-w Weep For Me, more.*

13. LES BROWN: DANCE O SOUTH PACIFIC. oadway's greatest show ts—styled for dancing. *li Ha'i, Some Enchanted ening,* lots more!

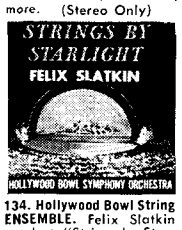
57. SATURDAY NIGHT . . . OLKA! Ray Budzilek re-orded in person. *Ice ubes And Beer, Spring-ime Polka, Cleveland lazurka,* 9 more.



92. GUY LOMBARDO. The aster of melody plays eloved favorites in three-uarter time: *Beautiful Ohio, Alice Blue Gown,* 0 other waltzes.

189. FOUR FRESHMEN AND FIVE GUITARS. 'Way out—but good! Imaginative stylings of *The More I See You, It All Depends On You, Nancy,* 9 more.

346. DON BAKER. SOPHISTICATED PIPES. Thrilling organ arrangements of 8 top hits: *Slaughter On Tenth Avenue, Veradero,* more. (Stereo Only)



134. Hollywood Bowl String ENSEMBLE. Felix Slatkin conducts "Strings by Starlight"... works by Tchaikovsky, Bach, Grainger, Borodin, others.

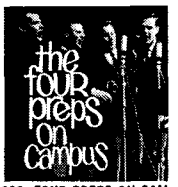
173. SABRE DANCE. The Hollywood Bowl Symphony under Newman plays exciting dance suites by Khachaturian and Kabalevsky.

199. KINGSTON TRIO. HERE WE GO AGAIN. Guitars, banjos and bongos going like crazy. *Haul Away, Molly Dee, Goober Peas, A Worried Man,* 9 more.

348. PEGGY LEE. OLÉ ALA LEE. Sultry swinging Latin singing. *Olé! Just Squeeze Me, Fantastico, Love And Marriage,* 8 more.

142. PAUL WESTON. A new album of "Music for Dreaming". Hear *Laura, Out of Nowhere, My Blue Heaven,* nine other favorites.

344. PEE WEE HUNT'S DANCE PARTY. Have a *real* ball! Hear *Oh!, Moonglow, It Had To Be You, Bill Bailey,* 8 more Hunt hits.



333. FOUR PREPS ON CAMPUS. A real hot best-seller! *Heart and Soul, Swing Down Chariot, Tom Dooley,* 16 more! Recorded *LIVE!*

373. THE SWINGIN'S MUTUAL. George Shearing Quintet plays—Nancy Wilson sings: *Blue Lou, Inspiration,* 10 more!

212. SOLD OUT: The Kingston Trio in a superb vocalisation of Carrier *Pigeon, Bimini, Don't Cry Katie,* plus 9 more selections.

340. WANDA JACKSON. THERE'S A PARTY GOIN' ON, and you're invited! *Last Week-End, Man We Had A Party,* Bye Bye Baby, 9 more.

108. FRANK SINATRA. ONLY THE LONELY. *Ebb Tide, Spring Is Here, Goodbye, What's New, Blues In The Night,* 7 more great hits.

1. GERSHWIN. His most famous works—*Rhapsody in Blue* and *An American in Paris.* Leonard Pennario with the Hollywood Bowl Symphony.

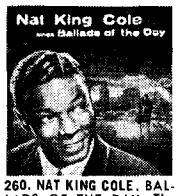
165. MEREDITH WILLSON'S MARCHING BAND. Here are 16 rousing and thrilling marches, including 6 great original marches by John Philip Sousa.

138. I GET A KICK OUT OF PORTER. Joe Bushkin plays Cole Porter classics: *Begin The Beguine, Night And Day, Let's Do It,* 9 more.

295. ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI. WARM AND WILLING. Hear: *Non Dimenticar, Porgy, Anema E Core, Cuban Love Song, Sorrento,* 5 more.

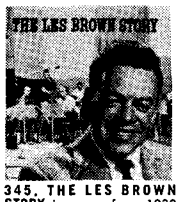
254. HAPPY CHA CHA CHA. 12 Latin favorites get special spice by Laurindo Almeida's guitar. *Luna De Miel, Pica Pau, Club Caballero* and others.

105. TENNESSEE ERNIE sings inspiring hymns with beauty and reverence: *Now the Day is Over, Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me,* ten other favorites.



260. NAT KING COLE. BALLADS OF THE DAY. The King sings 12 big all-time hits! *Angel Eyes, Return To Paradise,* 10 more. (Monaural Only)

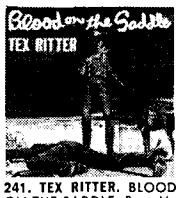
194. DAKOTA STATON. MORE THAN THE MOST. Here's "blues" dressed up in style! *Love Walked In, It's You Or No One,* 10 more torrid numbers.



345. THE LES BROWN STORY in songs from 1939 to today — *Leapfrog, Ramona, Mexican Hat Dance, Lover's Leap,* 8 more.

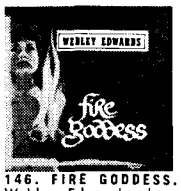
251. VIENNESE WALTZES. Franck Pourcel conducting *Emperor Waltz; Artist's Life, Wine, Women And Song, Tales of Vienna Woods,* 6 more.

217. THE SONG IS JUNE. June Christy sings ten of her greatest hits including *The Song Is You, The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else,* others.



241. TEX RITTER. BLOOD ON THE SADDLE. *Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie, Billy The Kid, Streets of Laredo* sung by the favorite of the West.

166. FRED WARING. DO YOU REMEMBER? The Pennsylvanians take you down memory lane with *Remember, Stardust, For Me And My Gal,* more.



146. FIRE GODDESS. Webley Edwards plays Hawaiian chants and songs. Exotic music and exciting sounds from authentic Island instruments.

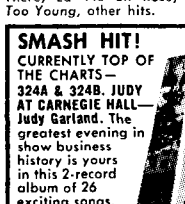
326. LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI leads the London Symphony in Ravel's *Rhapsodie Espagnole;* Debussy's *Nocturnes.* "Impressive, Dazzling..."

265. BELLS ARE RINGING. Dean Martin, Judy Holliday. Movie soundtrack. *The Party's Over, Do It Yourself, Just In Time,* 9 more hits.

139. DANCING OVER THE WAVES. Ray Anthony and orchestra at their danceable best. They play *Dancing Over the Waves, Intermezzo,* 10 others.

347. LES BAXTER'S WILD GUITARS. Exciting, unusual sound! *Sabre Dance, Tico Tico, Desilusao, Brazilian Slave Song,* 8 more.

169. SAM BUTERA. THE BIG HORN. His sax and The Witnesses meet old favorites head on in *Hey There, La Vie En Rose, Too Young,* other hits.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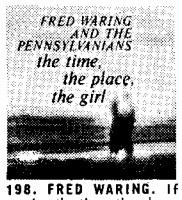


198. FRED WARING. IF you've the time, the place, the girl—Fred's magic with chorus, orchestra make your dreams come true. 12 "greats"

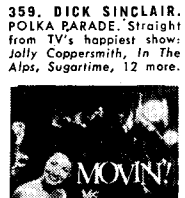
102. CAROUSEL. Movie sound track, with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones. They sing *If I Loved You, Mister Snow, You'll Never Walk Alone,* others.

103. JONAH JONES. JUMPIN' WITH JONAH in a swingin' new set of tunes: *Just A Gigolo, A Kiss to Build a Dream On,* ten others.

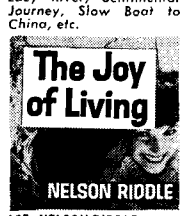
220. BAKERS DOZEN. Don Baker at the organ in 13 tasty pastries, including *Granada, Two Guitars, Willow Weep For Me, Riders In The Sky.*

352. DAKOTA STATON. DAKOTA! Her greatest album yet: *If I Love Again, Pick Yourself Up,* 10 other fabulous song stylings.

359. DICK SINCLAIR. POLKA PARADE. Straight from TV's happiest show: *Jolly Coppersmith, In The Alps, Sugartime,* 12 more.

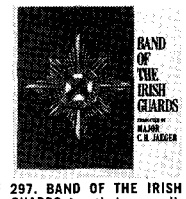


188. KAY STARR. Kay swings through a dozen great songs: *Night Train, Lazy River, Sentimental Journey, Slow Boat to China,* etc.



135. NELSON RIDDLE. Zestful songs about the joys of living and loving: *Isn't It A Lovely Day, You Make Me Feel So Young,* 10 others.

144. SLEEP WARM. DEAN MARTIN. Dean sings and Frank Sinatra conducts the orchestra in "sleepy" tunes: *Sleepy Time Gal,* 11 more.



356. GERMAN BEER-DRINKING MUSIC. A foaming stein full of Walter Schacht's brass band, groups and soloists in 12 numbers. (Monaural Only)

342. JUDY! THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT. Judy Garland sings: *If I Love Again, Old Devil Moon, Alone Together, Who Cares?, Yes.* 6 more "greats"

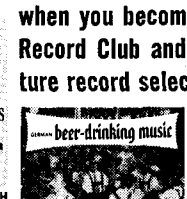
328. COME TO THE FAIR. Tennessee Ernie Ford recorded *LIVE* at the Indiana State Fair. Sixteen Tons, *Your Cheatin' Heart, Bill Bailey,* 8 more.

190. JUNE CHRISTY. June's greatest hits from her days with Stan Kenton: *How High The Moon, Come Rain Or Come Shine,* 9 others.

226. BOBBY HACKETT. EASY BEAT. Bobby's horn blows easy listening. *Take The "A" Train, Embraceable You, 'Tis Autumn, Mr. Wonderful,* 8 more.

197. PHIL NAPOLEON. His Memphis Five in a dozen "red hot" Dixieland specials: *Creole Rag, After You've Gone, Wang Wang Blues,* etc.

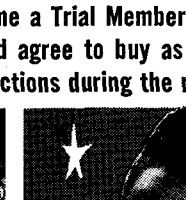
297. BAND OF THE IRISH GUARDS in stirring renditions of *Trumpets Wild, Ouvre Ton Coeur, Thunder And Lightning Polka,* other concert pieces.



185. LOVE IS THE THING. Nat King Cole spins 12 love songs smoother than silk. *It's All In The Game, At Last, Love Letters,* more of your favorites.

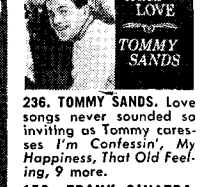
149. DINAH, YES INDEED! Dinah Shore sings golden melodies. *Falling In Love With Love, Where Or When, Love Is Here To Stay, Yes Indeed,* 8 more.

370. JEANNE BLACK. A LITTLE BIT LONELY. Her debut album, with big hits: *Lisa, He'll Have To Stay,* and 10 more.



191. DINAH SHORE. SOMEBODY LOVES ME. Dinah's appealing in this album arranged and conducted by Andre Previn. *Remember, All Alone,* 10 more.

236. TOMMY SANDS. Love songs never sounded so inviting as Tommy caresses *I'm Confessin', My Happiness, That Old Feeling,* 9 more.



152. FRANK SINATRA, COME DANCE WITH ME. 1960 winner of 3 awards: Album of Year, Best Male Vocalist Performance, Best Arrangements!

231. FREDDY MARTIN with medleys of 39 greatest dance hits in the Martin Manner. Includes *Love Walked In, Honey Bun, Rosalie, I Love You.*

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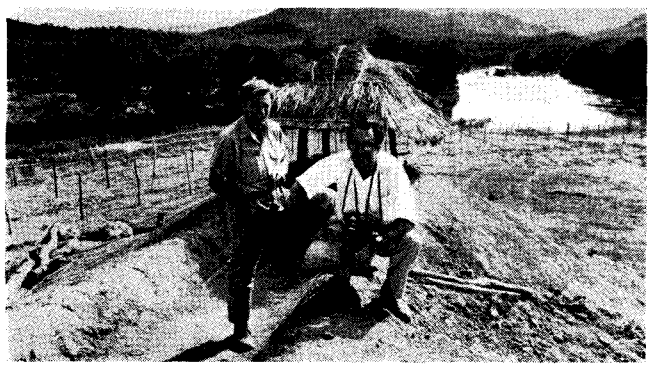
Last Chance for Vietnam (page 13). *Post* editor Don Schanche recently traveled to many remote corners and trouble spots of Southeast Asia. In this issue he questions how much longer the pro-Western but unpopular Vietnamese government can hold out against the Communist Viet Cong. In Vietnam, which has only a poorly equipped and ill-trained army operating from vulnerable stationary outposts, villages are systematically terrorized by Red guerrillas, backed by stronger forces across the border in Laos. There is, however, at least one Vietnamese village that has resisted the terror bravely. Last spring a *Post* article by an American Air Force officer (THE REPORT THE PRESIDENT WANTED PUBLISHED, May 20, 1961) told about the valorous villagers of Binh Hung in the guerrilla-infested swamps of South Vietnam. Built by refugees from Red China and led by a Chinese Catholic priest, Binh Hung maintains a tough self-defense force that for two years has fought effectively against the Viet Cong, on the psychological front as well as with arms. The villagers were still holding out in the middle of December, and on the 15th the town of Newburyport, Massachusetts, ceremoniously adopted Binh Hung as a sister community.



Author Don Schanche and Photographer John Bryson at a South Vietnam outpost

Did it ever occur to you ladies that the European Common Market has affected the style of your clothes? (If your answer is "What *is* the Common Market?" read the article by former Secretary of State Christian Herter on page 45.) Designer Oleg Cassini points out that the Common Market has opened up such a prosperous consumer bloc in Europe that the Paris couturiers find they don't need to depend on American orders. This discovery frees them from Seventh Avenue's demands for radical changes in design every year. And that is how it happens that ***Paris Gives Women a Break*** (page 30).

City in the Shadow (page 80). The place: Jersey City. The shadow: the late Boss Frank Hague. Author Thomas J. Fleming is the son of a Hague ward leader and also wrote the recent political novel *All Good Men*. "I gather it is being read all over Jersey City," Fleming says, "but the politicians now in power are trying to pretend it hasn't happened. They will probably try to do the same with the *Post* article, but with less success, I suspect."

Boss and henchmen, 1940's: (front) Casey, Hague; (rear) Fleming, Colford (p. 83)

Two Post Artists. Do pages 22 and 23 remind you a little of the English magazine *Punch*? If so, with reason: RUSSELL BROCKBANK, whose illustration for those pages adds punch to Gerald Kersh's deliciously adroit story, is the former art editor of that magazine. . . . We asked cover artist GYO FUJIKAWA how she pronounces her first name. The "G" is hard as in "go," we learn, and should be said with the "y" to rhyme with "yo," as in "yo-yo." "Most non-Japanese friends call me *Ghee*-o," adds Miss Fujikawa, who is a native of California. "I've given up correcting them, as I realize it is difficult to say the 'G' and the 'y' together. So now even I say Ghee-o."

The Cover. "The grass is greener" . . . The green grass being covered with white snow, the birds may not be thinking quite along the lines of the proverb, but certainly each has doubts about his present condition. The budgie is pondering the joys of freedom, even if frigid, and the winter wren the luxurious warmth of a gilded cage. Gyo Fujikawa's appealing picture apparently appealed so much to an unknown art lover that the original painting was stolen in Washington, D.C., where the cover had been engraved. "Loot is a Gyo, not a Goya," the *Washington Post* headed its story. Even so, the police announced, "We're treating the theft as if a Rembrandt had been stolen."

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Roger Vaughan
Samuel H. Young
Andree L. Abecassis
Stephen Berg
John Horan
Kent Owen
Nancy Mahoney

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—and still have to "keep on the go"?

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LETTERS

THOSE BUNGLERS

Dear Sirs:

Hooray for Bill Mauldin and his article [SPEAKING OUT: THE BUNGLING REPAIRMAN, Dec. 2]. However, it is not just repairmen who do the bungling, but workmen in general. Why? Because even though they wish to turn out good work, they are afraid to take the time required to do so. Just recently a union member was fined fifty dollars for turning out more work in a day than the union dictators allowed. . . .

I am not opposed to labor unions as such. I think they are necessary, but I think many of the leaders are just going too far, and it will not be long until the whole American public will be goose-stepping to their tunes.

MABEL J. MC WILLIAMS
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Boy, did Mauldin hit the nail on the head. I think we would all be better off

to invest our money in some do-it-yourself tools instead of paying it to these "modern-day Jesse Jameses."

RODNEY HART
Stigler, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

It appears that Mr. Mauldin is capable of a bit of bungling too. A little research could quickly have changed an opinion apparently formed by word of mouth. The bricklayers' quota he refers to is a general but a completely false opinion. Today, as it has always been, the bricklayer is required to lay all he possibly can and then, one more. I believe our International Union in Washington still maintains a standing offer of $1000 to anyone who can prove that any affiliated local union puts any maximum on the number of units a bricklayer may lay per day, week or year.

KARL M. HILL, *President*
Local No. 8, Bricklayers
Oakland, Calif.

• *Reader Hill is right. The $1000 offer of the Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers' International Union of America (AFL-CIO) still stands.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Mauldin's sad experiences with mechanics, plumbers, carpenters, roofers, etc. may have been due to his failure to employ the services of established, ethical contractors. Too many people, just out of the do-it-yourself state themselves, will hire what we term a "ladder jockey." A ladder jockey is a do-it-yourselfer who goes in for doing side jobs, using his porch or basement as his office. Sure, he charges less than does an established contractor—he has no overhead, insurance, taxes on payrolls, etc.—but he does wind up as "the bungling repairman." . . . Amusing as Mr. Mauldin's article may be, it represents only a complaint on what is no more than a fringe of the industry.

RICHARD R. WHITE, *Managing Dir.*
Natl. Established Repair, Service, Improvement Contractors Assn.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Bill Mauldin is the man who idealized slobs in his [wartime] "Willie and Joe" cartoons. Now Mauldin, who probably has done as much as any man alive to promote slobbery, asks with innocent bafflement why repairmen don't take pride in what they do.

JERRY MATTOON
Wallace, Idaho

Dear Sirs:

I agree with Mauldin. . . . But it is ironic, for yesteryear's "Willie and Joe" are certainly today's repairmen.

F. H. E. VOSE
Newport News, Va.

WARTIME MEMORIES

Dear Sirs:

Upon reading PT 109: THE ADVENTURE THAT MADE A PRESIDENT [by Robert J. Donovan, Nov. 18-Dec. 16], I recalled the vivid memory of watching President Kennedy's *PT 109* cut in two by the destroyer *Amagiri*, on the night of August 1, 1943. I was in the forward gun turret of *PT 169*, directly behind *PT 109*. At the moment of the collision our boat's three engines were immediately thrown into reverse, and they went dead on us. It seemed like an eternity before our engineers were able to get them started again; in the meantime . . . we watched helplessly as President Kennedy's boat was going down and the water about aflame from the ignited gasoline. . . .

We scanned the surface seeking survivors at a safe distance from the flames, as we were carrying thousands of gallons of high-octane gasoline, and were unable to spot any survivors. . . . No doubt every man on our boat has since thought, "If we had seen any signs of life, we could have spared President Kennedy and his crew the suffering that followed the sinking of his boat." I am enclosing a photograph [below] showing me holding a drawing

which I made and presented [in October, 1960] to President Kennedy.

DON MINGOLLA
Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Your article brought back many nostalgic and never-to-be-forgotten

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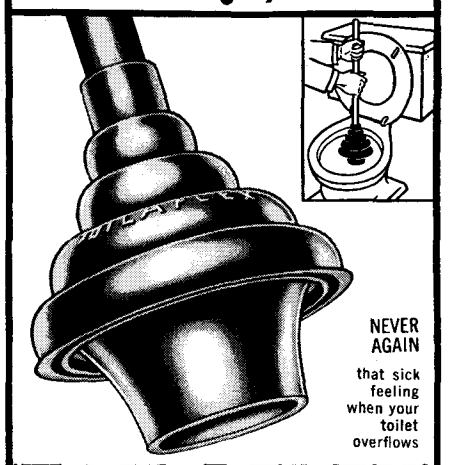
CLOGGED TOILETS
in a jiffy!



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that sick feeling when your toilet overflows

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LETTERS

oments; not only for me, but for any of the Air Corps men, sailors, ldiers and marines who were in the lomons during this fluid period.

GEORGE E. ROGERSON
El Paso, Tex.

ear Sirs:

As I am the Calvert that "Calvertlle" was named for, I take exception a Nov. 18 picture caption concerning e *PT 109* experiences of President ennedy. It reads, "Calvertville, the rmin-ridden thatch-and-quonset iarters for torpedo-boat crews at ılagi. . . ."

It is true that the accommodations Calvertville were not exactly in the me class as a swank Boston or Washgton hotel, but it also is true that, en in the jungle, we had: (1) freshıter showers, (2) drinking fountains,) an ice-making machine and, of eatest importance, (4) the lowest ma-ia rate of any command in the lomon Islands. . . .

I am glad to learn at last what hapned to the five-gallon can of torpedo :ohol that disappeared without a ıce from our arming dock one day. ıe crew of the *PT 109* were likely susets at the time, but now I suppose the ıtute of limitations, as well as other ıportant considerations, rule out any rther and belated action on my part.

REAR ADM. A. P. CALVERT USN (ret.)
Berkeley, Calif.

ear Sirs:

I'm curious about your cover showg President Kennedy with a model his PT boat, the *109*. The article arly brought out that Lieutenant nnedy's ship had no radar. The odel looks to me like it has a radar tenna. Am I wrong?

BEN CRIPS
Thermopolis, Wyo.

Reader Crips and many others are rrect. The model was originally built the Navy for its use, and the radar s not removed when the 109 designan was added for presentation to esident Kennedy.—ED.

TRASHY BOOKS

ear Sirs:

The article by Ada Campbell Rose PEAKING OUT: ARE CHILDREN'S BOOKS ASH?, Nov. 25] is one of the most ockingly irresponsible pieces of writg I have seen in many years—in a putable magazine. Undocumented, b, misleading, purposeless, this arti- can serve absolutely no good and ll only cause confusion and harm. . . . general you will find that the standds in children's book publishing are gher than ever. Certainly there is me trash being published; but why dict in such blanket fashion this ene category?

WILLIAM TARG, *Editor in Chief*
The World Publishing Company
New York, N.Y.

ear Sirs:

Here's hoping some publishers will ke notice and put the meat back into ildren's books. I want my children to ow up with a love of books, and mething besides condensed books. think they can take it!

SUSAN S. GODFREY
Arlington, Va.

Dear Sirs:

While I agree with Author Rose's suggested program for better selections of children's books, I disagree with her criticism of youthful literature. . . . I believe that parents should try to make childhood a "lovely-lovely" world, and I am glad there are "few scourges" in modern fiction. In this day and age our children must learn soon enough of divorce, bomb shelters and installment buying. Must we thrust it upon them at such an early age through their reading material?

PAULA HAYES
Athens, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I am eleven years old, and I read your Nov. 25 SPEAKING OUT, and I think it is wrong. I like fairy tales and

not books about dolls, divorces and payments on appliances.

ART CLARK
Eugene, Oreg.

BALLADS TO WIBBERLEY

Dear Sirs:

Worshipers at the Shrine of CAT, arise! Your long vigil has been rewarded! At last *The Post* has dared to tell the story that has been kept carefully hidden for more than 350 years of how a cat saved the Pilgrim Fathers! Seriously, THE BALLAD OF THE PILGRIM CAT [by Leonard Wibberley, Nov. 18] is without a doubt one of the most delightful things I have ever read.

PHYLLIS J. BROOKFIELD
Arlington, Va.

God bless you, gentlemen, for printing
that
Wondrous BALLAD OF THE PILGRIM CAT.
I read it aloud; that is, I tried,
For the more I read the more I cried
With laughter. I laughed, and then
laughed athrice,
Envisioned the pussycat catching mice
To save the seed, to spare the fish,
And therefore himself, as was
Prudence's wish.
So bless you again, and I doff my hat
To Leonard Wibberley's pussycat.

HARRY P. GOODIER
Portland, Oreg.

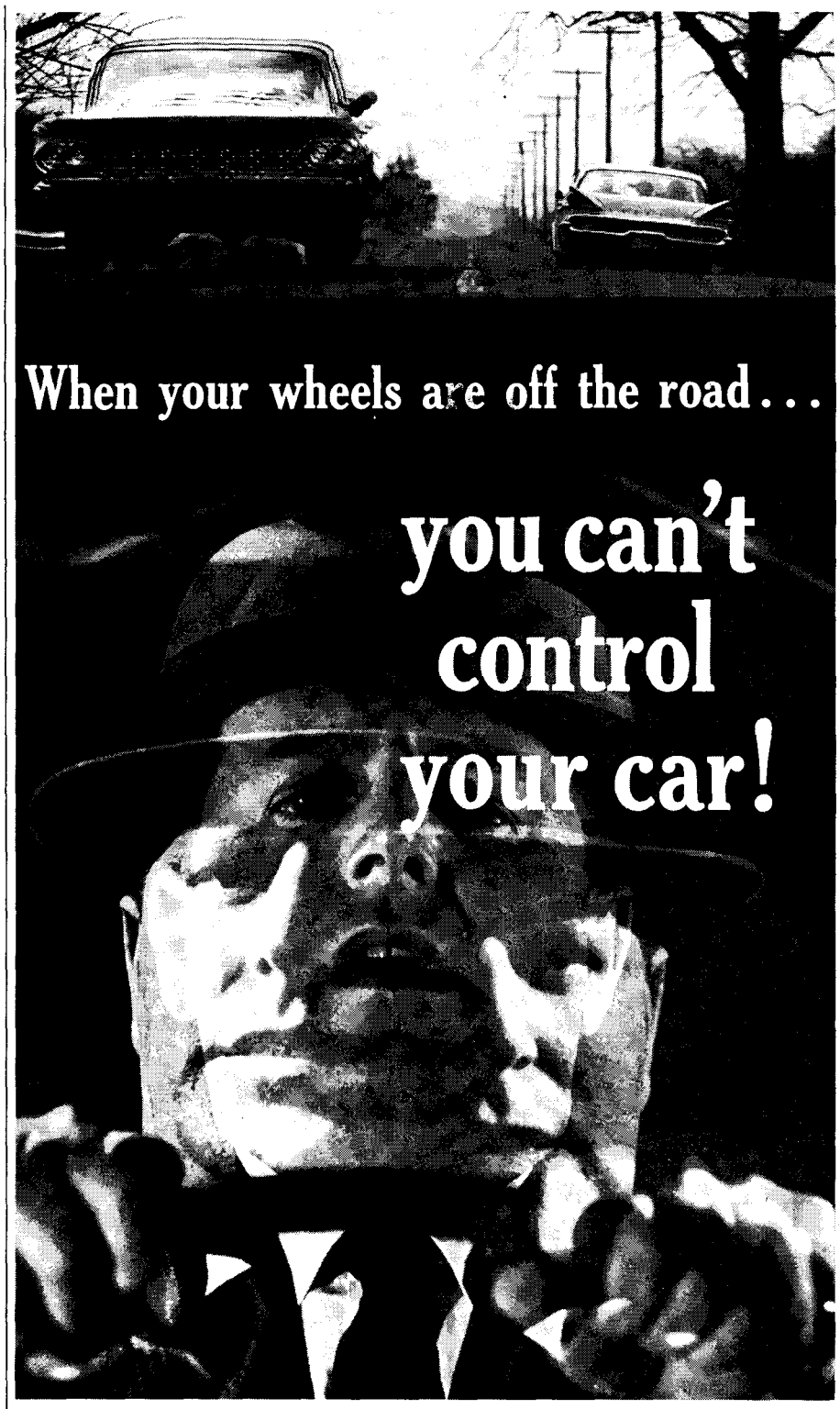
I doubt the cat which climbs our tree
At two A.M. and wakens me,
Descended from the Pilgrim Cat.
It's my profound opinion that
A puss which minded Prudence Smith
Could not beget such kin or kith
As this stray tom whose nightly yowl
Is proof against both boot and towel.
I'd much prefer a mouse or two
To waking to his yowling "woo."

HARLEY O. SMITH
Norfolk, Nebr.

Dear Sirs:

The last time I wrote I said I thought your change was a disgrace. But since I've grown accustomed to its face, I want to say, I think it's very nice. And Wibberley's ballad, alone, is worth the subscription price.

BESS B. LOOMIS
Pottstown, Pa.



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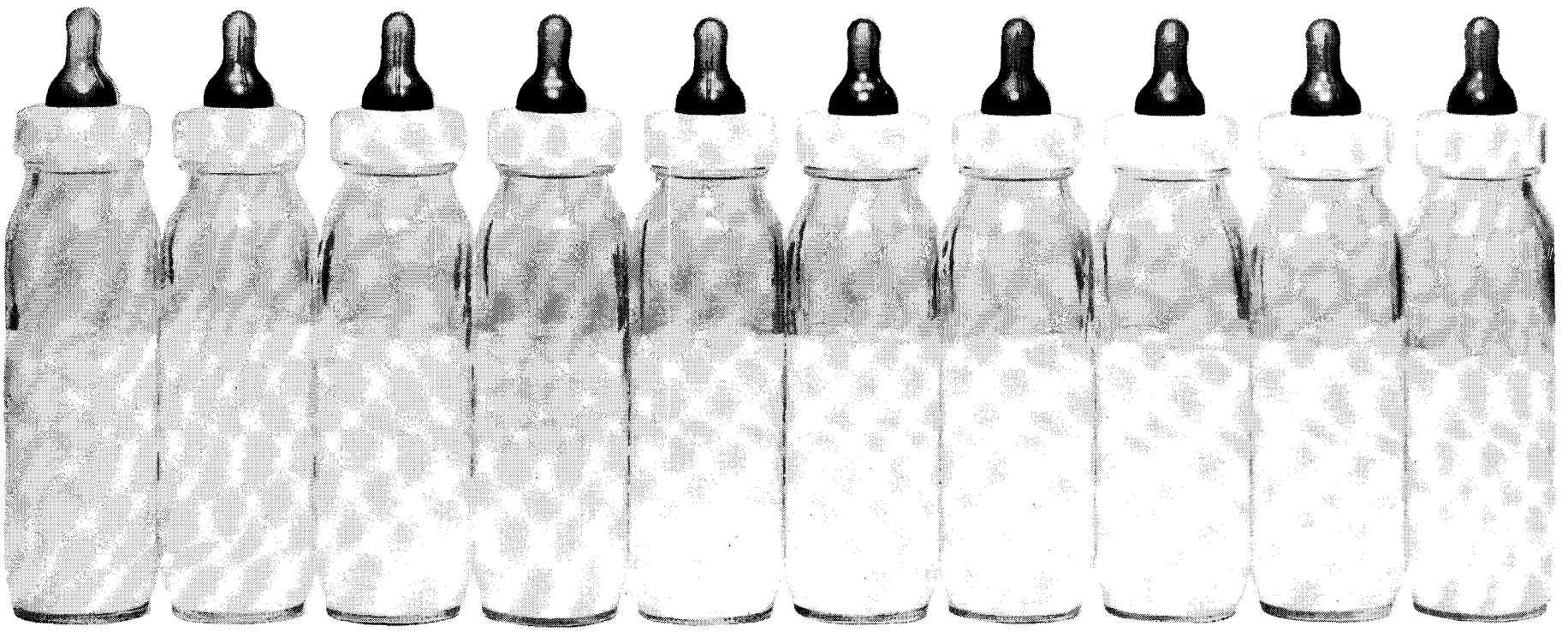
SPEAKING OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT



are too many babies being born?

by william vogt

Are you planning to have a child within the next year? Are you sure you have a right to have that child? And what about grandchildren? Do you think your children have a right to offspring beyond perhaps the second one?

Do these last two questions seem somehow fantastic to you? They may, in reality, be as important as any questions you could ask yourself.

The United States is the richest country in the world, and its population is increasing less rapidly than most, yet we are undergoing serious growing pains. The U.S. Office of Education estimates that we are short 140,000 schoolrooms. As the tidal wave of young people born since World War II swells college enrollment by perhaps 60 per cent in the next decade, the situation will become desperate. More taxes will help public institutions but at the same time hurt the private ones, which have been the backbone of higher education and lived largely on contributions. And money alone cannot develop the thousands of outstanding professors we shall need.

One result of the educational lag is the scarcity of doctors. This can be met only by the equivalent of something like fifteen new medical schools by 1970.

Unemployment, exacerbated by automation, remains high and is not likely to decrease while more than 20,000,000 young people enter the labor market in this decade. And unemployment in turn contributes to the rising juvenile-delinquency rate. Long before there were sociologists Isaac Watts observed, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Many of us drink secondhand water and may well wonder, as we smell its stench of chlorine, how many bathrooms it has passed through. Pure air is available to a shrinking proportion of Americans, as smog—from expanding numbers of automobiles and the industrial growth necessary to support more people—becomes a national menace.

More than 1,000,000 acres of American cropland a year vanish beneath urban sprawl. At the rate we are growing, despite the progress of technology, we shall need every available acre for food within a generation or so.

Recreation areas are becoming our most rapidly disappearing resource. Hunting and fishing deteriorate more every year. The community pool is a poor substitute for the ol' swimmin' hole.

Our mounting population, requiring more government regulation, helps send taxes soaring. American liberty is vanishing beneath the American mass.

What this is doing to people is quite simple to understand.

My good friend Joe Burgess—as I shall call him—thought the baby boom was wonderful, because it would mean lots of new customers and would "guarantee economic growth." Now he's changing his mind. He realizes that if every family were to produce as many children as he and Alice have—four born in the last ten years—the United States would have to cope with 1,000,000,000 people within the lifetime of his grandchildren. Having moved out of New York City to get a decent environment for his children, he is far from satisfied with his suburban existence. He must travel more than two additional hours a day, time he would like to spend with his family. There are pleasant places to go on Long Island, but the beaches are so crowded that their gates are likely to close by ten on weekend mornings, and the roads are so jammed that it is a nerve-racking chore to go anywhere.

The Burgess kids are not exposed daily to obscenity and mayhem, as they might have been in the city, but neither are they getting an education to satisfy Joe. Their classes are too big. One of the Burgess kids goes to school in the basement of a church; another attends an overcrowded school which was forced to adopt a split session.

So many septic tanks have been built in the Burgesses' development that they are beginning to pollute the water supply. But in spite of such deficiencies, local taxes already have gone up like something from Cape Canaveral.

Joe remembers his own childhood, when he had fields and woods to roam in. His children have only yards and streets. It doesn't matter so much while the youngsters are small, but all around him he sees bored teen-agers in the monotony of suburbia. Only a couple of months ago more than twenty boys from "good" families were arrested for breaking into a number of homes because "there was nothing else to do."

Joe realizes, even so, that he is one of the lucky ones. At least his family has a decent place to live, enough food and a measure of security.

The Gonzalezes are not so fortunate. They have not been able to get out of their Chicago slum.

They had two children and very little money, but they were happy and they managed. Then a third child came, and Pedro's sixty-five dollars a week—he is unskilled and knows little English—was no longer enough. Mrs. Gonzalez got a job, and things improved. By the time another child came along, harmony had departed from the family. Finally, when a fifth baby arrived, they got some help from the city welfare authorities. But it was not enough, and when Rosita became pregnant again, Pedro, who had worked as few men ever have, whose nerves were rasped raw in the crowded flat, quietly disappeared. Rosita by now had no time, ability or will to work. The family became frozen in welfare. With two children they could have got along well enough; but each additional child was, in fact, an enemy of the child that came before.

Well over half of the people in the world are far worse off than the Gonzalezes; they do not earn enough in a day to buy a package of American cigarettes. The "underdeveloped" countries are the Gonzalezes multiplied to 2,000,000,000.

With a few exceptions, such as Katanga, these lands are limited in resources and poor in the skills needed to develop the resources they have. After a time they become parasitic on their neighbors, whose aid, because it does not solve the

---

William Vogt, an ecologist, is the author of the 1948 international best seller, Road to Survival, *and of the recent book,* People!

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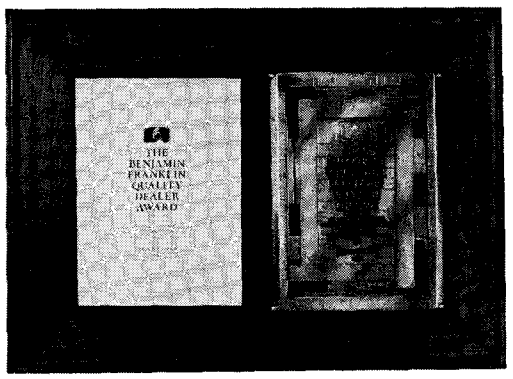
THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN QUALITY DEALER AWARD.....



WHO WILL WIN IT IN 1962?

(He will be an independent businessman operating in the best tradition of the free enterprise system.)

Three years ago The Saturday Evening Post instituted the annual Benjamin Franklin Quality Dealer Award. In cooperation with the National Automobile Dealers Association and The Automotive Trade Association Managers, the Award was to be granted to individuals whose "community service, civic responsibility, and contributions to the automobile industry" have been outstanding. Its purpose: to pay tribute to independent American businessmen deserving of our respect and confidence.

Nominations for the Award are made by automotive and civic associations. Nominees are then carefully evaluated by a panel of judges, all of whom are business and marketing authorities, holders of doctoral degrees, and actively engaged in directing business studies at the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, University of Pennsylvania.

Who will be the recipient this year? Perhaps a dealer in your community—an independent businessman operating in the best tradition of our free enterprise system. Or like the dealer over near Middletown, who's headed up the State Safety Council for so many years.

Whoever he may be, he's the kind of franchised, quality dealer you can have confidence in. He values his reputation for keeping you and other customers rolling. It's his most valuable stock-in-trade.

So here's a well-deserved salute to the franchised, quality automobile dealer, and in particular to the following men who—despite the heat of competition—practice integrity, responsibility, and community service in the daily conduct of their business.

John H. Lander, Atlanta, Ga.
Recipient of the 1961 Benjamin Franklin Quality Dealer Award

W. O. Bankston, Dallas, Texas
Recipient of the 1960 Benjamin Franklin Quality Dealer Award

The following automobile dealers are cited for their achievements in 1960 and 1961.

1960

James A. Mason
Ferndale, Michigan

Arthur E. Summerfield, Jr.
Flint, Michigan

C. J. Murray
Sioux City, Iowa

Harry H. Brown, Jr.
New Haven, Connecticut

L. Flowers Hamrick
Greenwood, Mississippi

Charles C. Freed
Salt Lake City, Utah

J. Saxton Lloyd
Daytona Beach, Florida

Fred W. Forness, Jr.
Olean, New York

Birkett L. Williams
Cleveland, Ohio

Charles J. Whittey
Bismarck, North Dakota

K. T. "Ted" Pollock
Fort Morgan, Colorado

Jack Blair
Pocatello, Idaho

1961

W. Sterling Edwards, Jr.
Birmingham, Alabama

William H. Keck
Mt. Vernon, Indiana

Hiram M. Dawson
Detroit, Michigan

M. Brack Wilson
Smithfield, North Carolina

Ed Garrett
Loveland, Colorado

Van E. Gates
South Bend, Indiana

Nelson B. Krogslund
Middletown, New York

Henry H. Westlie
Minot, North Dakota

Charles A. Bott
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

W. S. Freeland
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

Gene Winer
Bakersfield, California

S. Edward Kossman, Sr.
Cleveland, Mississippi

Henry A. Billion
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

William H. Mitchell, Jr.
Waltham, Massachusetts

Frank P. Fitzpatrick
Ansonia, Connecticut

Harold D. Draper, Sr.
Saginaw, Michigan

THE NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE DEALERS ASSOCIATION / THE AUTOMOTIVE TRADE ASSOCIATION MANAGERS

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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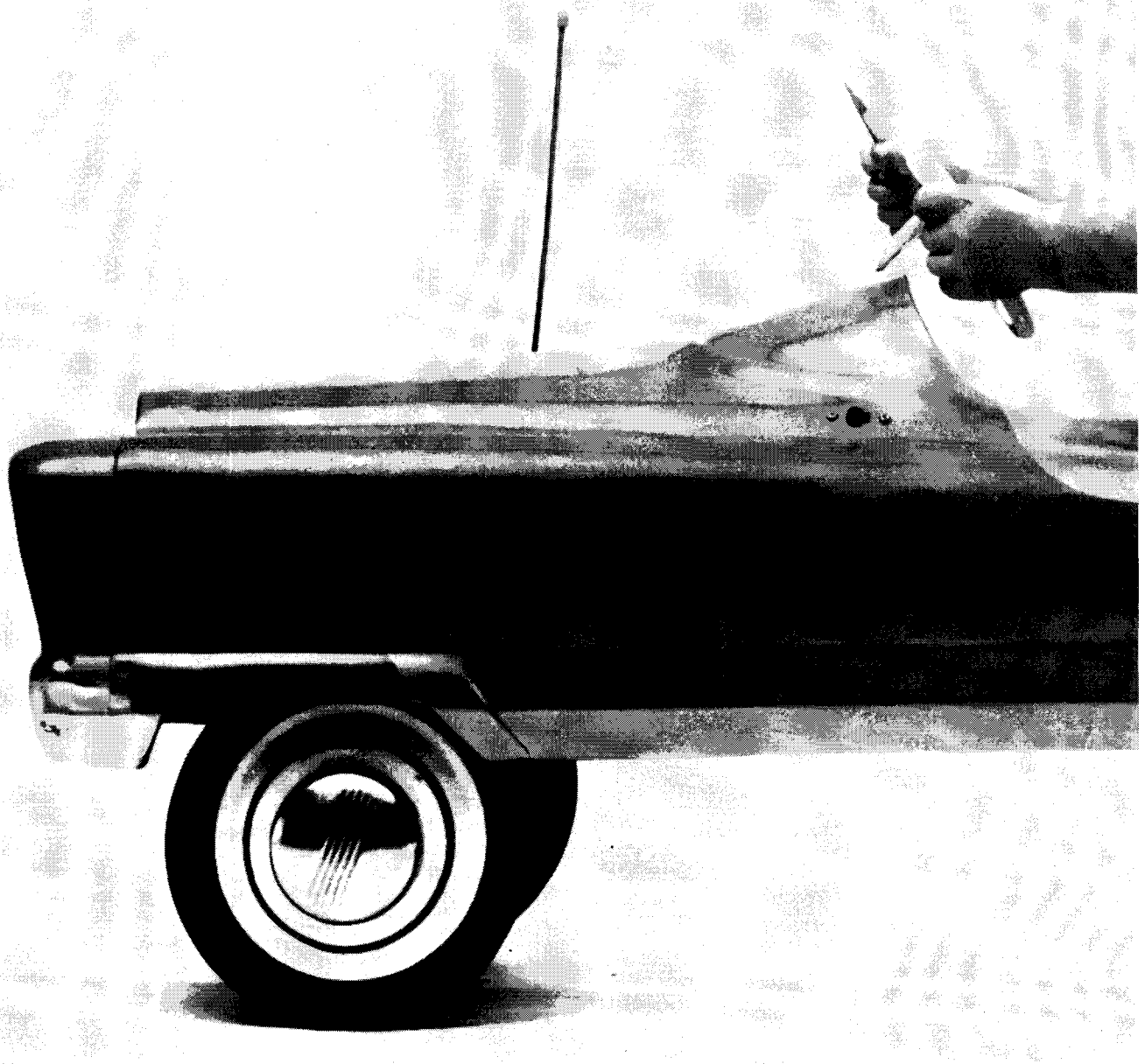

Top-of-the-world feeling

(His Dad shares the feeling—thanks to the family's new car that's backed by a quality dealer and quality service.)

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Tom, Jr. isn't driving a 2-foot-power kiddie car. He's pretending he's behind the wheel of his Dad's spanking-new 1962 convertible and he's having the ride of his life.

Who had the best time—Tom or Tom, Jr.—when they picked out their new car at their franchised new car dealer? Hard to say. Both saw the widest collection of new models ever. Saucy compacts. Glamorous hardtops. Wagons that would hold a power mower, a Great Dane, and a Little League team. And the convertible they couldn't resist.

They saw a lot of other things. The dealer's big building. All the costly equipment he's invested in for the proper servicing of modern cars. Four men in the service department for every man in the showroom. You see, Tom's dealer is a true exponent of the free enterprise system. He's going to be in business for a long time.

To Tom's dealer—and to thousands like him—making the sale is the beginning, not the end, of the transaction. He takes the old car in trade. Arranges insurance and financing. Preconditions each new car. Inspects each car he's sold at regular intervals. Provides a huge inventory of spare parts (for every model, for every year). Stands ready to provide dozens of different services.

No small job, all this. No wonder Tom is feeling happy and satisfied about his new car. He knows his valuable new car is watched over by a dealer who is a respected member of his community—a man who is civic-minded—who is the kind you would want to do business with.

Some day Tom, Jr. will have outgrown his kiddie car, his scooter, and his bicycle and will be ready for the big step up to his own car. The same dealer that sold cars to his father will be there—ready to help and provide complete, dependable automotive service. Once again, Tom, Jr. will feel like he's on top of the world!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"we'll be in middletown at 3:45..."

You've probably noticed it. Middletown may be 200, 300 miles away, but on modern super highways you *know* what time you'll get there. No tie-ups . . . no slow-moving traffic to hold you back on narrow, winding roads. In more and more parts of the United States, your car is being given a chance to deliver the performance that is built into it . . . on roads that will get you where you want to go . . . when you want to get there. Your car is more useful . . . and using it is more fun.

Best of all, driving is safer than ever. Mile for mile, highway travel today is three times safer than it was 25 years ago . . . twice as safe as it was 15 years ago. By 1975, with the National System of Interstate Highways completed, with metropolitan freeway systems expanded, with traffic density and flow regulated semiautomatically by electronic computers, driving will be even better . . . and safer.

Progress like this doesn't "just happen." It requires research, education, establishment of standards, consultation with public officials and private organizations interested in highway transportation problems. The Automotive Safety Foundation was established in 1937 to stimulate activity in these areas and many other related ones. In 25 years, hundreds of public-spirited business organizations have invested approximately $25,000,000 through ASF to help make highway travel safer, pleasanter, more economical for American motorists.

The results to date are dramatic . . . and the best is yet to come.

A non-profit organization supported by more than 600 companies and associations representing:

Automobile Manufacturers, Petroleum and Asphalt, Parts and Accessories, Rubber Tire, Advertising Agencies and Media, Steel, Automobile Finance, Portland Cement, Major Banks, Automobile and Tire Dealers, Insurance, and School Bus Manufacturers.

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Automotive Safety Foundation

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SPEAKING OUT

al problem—too many children—actu-
ly makes things worse. And these poor-
t countries are growing most rapidly.
he reason is that various techniques—
islabeled "health" programs—have been
arply cutting death rates without cur-
iling birth rates or providing the means
feeding, housing, clothing, educating
d employing a large part of the 50,-
0,000 who are added to the world pop-
ation every year.

I reject the word "health" because so
any of the recipients of this aid are not
uch more than half alive. They remind
e of a kitten I knew in Peru. Its owners
d rescued it from dogs and then for the
xt several months, until it died, never
ve it enough food to stop its unhappy
impering.

We hear a great deal about the grain
rpluses that will "save" the world from
nger. What we rarely hear is that they
nount to a mere 10,000,000 tons a year
a world annually eating 800,000,000.

Twelve years ago, discussing President
uman's Point Four Program [LET'S
XAMINE OUR SANTA CLAUS COMPLEX,
e Saturday Evening Post, July 23,
49], I stated, "Our effort to improve
ople's living standards is certain to be
owned in a tidal wave of hungry
ouths in many areas unless populations
e controlled."

Since then, world population has grown
more than 500,000,000. And almost as
portant as the number of people that
st be provided for is the rapidity with
hich they accumulate. The poor coun-
, even if it has resources and land,
nnot develop fast enough to keep up
th the flood.

China, the largest and most rapidly
owing country in the world, is already
ffering from stark famine. People have
d of starvation in Haiti and in South
nerica within the past few months. I
all be greatly surprised if there is not
nine in India within ten years.

The United States actually has been
ing at the expense of these people, for it
s been their resources—zinc, petro-
m, lead, timber, copper, iron and cof-
—that have in recent years made pos-
le our own high standard of living. To
pport only one sixteenth of the world's
pulation we have been using more than
lf the free world's nonfood raw ma-
ial. If these countries are to develop
ough to support their explosive growth,
y will need the resources themselves.
e shall certainly pay higher prices. We
y have to tighten our belts.

Could anyone, considering the kind of
e to which the Gonzalez children are
obably condemned, say that Pedro and
sita had an ethical right to impose life
on them? To thrust helpless children
o this sort of existence is an act of
preme selfishness and cruelty. Some
rents consider such creation "an act of
d." Such an act could not take place
thout human participation, however;
the human parents at least must share
e responsibility with the Deity.

No child will in any way suffer any
d of deprivation by not being con-
ived. Yet we have so little compassion
r the child that will be born and are so
tated by political expediency that we
ll not face reality. Most city welfare de-
rtments do not offer conception con-
l. Arthur Krock, *The New York Times*
lumnist, this past summer wrote that
ere is a "do-nothing, see-nothing atti-
de of the entire [Washington] political
community toward a problem . . . over-
shadowing all others and growing by
astronomical percentages—the global
'population explosion.'"

There are numbers of places in the
world, especially in Asia, where the pres-
sure to meet the desperate needs of ex-
ploding millions may trigger wars that
could involve us. These troubled areas in-
flate our defense costs. And everywhere
that population pressure makes for more
grinding poverty, the soil is made more
fertile for Communism.

The human race took well over 1,000,-
000 years to reach the billion population
mark, about 1850. Barring catastrophe,
world population probably will jump
from its present 3,000,000,000 to 4,000,-
000,000 by 1980. The United States will
almost certainly go from its present
185,000,000 to over one third of a billion
before 1999.

This revolutionary change in human
numbers and the rate of population
growth make it necessary for us to take a
new look at many of our values.

How many children have you already?
To keep our population stable, each cou-
ple should average about 2.2.

Can you support the child you plan to
have, educate it and bring it to a useful
place in society? Is that child going to en-
joy the life you give it, in the country
and world it is likely to live in between
next year and A.D. 2035?

Should we Americans, living by the
exhaustion of our resources along with
those of the poorer countries of the
world, expand our population while we
exhort them to control theirs? Or should
we set an example?

There is only one way to avert the ut-
ter catastrophe of numbers: As death
rates are brought down, there must be
comparable reductions in birth rates.
Means to do this exist and are cheap. An
expanded research program could im-
prove methods. The availability of con-
ception control should be made an in-
trinsic part of foreign aid, as well as of our
domestic welfare services.

More important than means is mo-
tivation. People must be taught the value
of a small family just as they are taught
other health measures. The Japanese,
largely through the leadership of an en-
lightened press, have done this with ex-
traordinary success. India already is pay-
ing some parents—those who have two
or three children—to be sterilized. There
is much discussion in Asia of heavier
taxes on families with more than two or
three children. Prof. Raymond B. Cowles
of the University of California has made
the ingenious suggestion that women
be given nonmaternity benefits—small
payments for the years they do not have
children. The purpose of incentive
schemes is, of course, to encourage vol-
untary conception control so that com-
pulsion may never become necessary.

We should also apply some of these
measures in our own country. We might
abolish income-tax exemptions for all
children after the first two. We should
stop encouraging draft dodging and
young families by making fathers as sub-
ject to Selective Service as nonfathers.

If keeping children from being born
into suffering and misery, if preventing
such creation is considered immoral,
perhaps we had better reconsider our
definition of morality.

We have, it seems to me, long passed
the age when it was believed that the sins
of the fathers should be visited upon the
children—even to the first generation.

THE END

What do DOCTORS do when they have HEADACHE PAIN?

A SURVEY SHOWS MANY DOCTORS TAKE THE FAST, PAIN-RELIEVING INGREDIENTS IN ANACIN®. IN FACT, 3 OUT OF 4 DOCTORS RECOMMEND THIS SAME TYPE RELIEF TO THEIR PATIENTS.

ANACIN gives fast, long-lasting and — more complete pain relief than aspirin or aspirin with buffering. You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains *not* just one but a combination of *three* medically proven ingredients. Anacin gives you *extra* medication that not only promptly relieves pain but also its nervous tension, pressure, and depression. And Anacin Tablets are *safe*—they may be taken as directed as often as needed without irritating or upsetting the stomach. See if Anacin doesn't *work better* for you.

Why ANACIN gives fast—more complete relief than aspirin or any buffered aspirin

ASPIRIN CONTAINS ONLY ONE PAIN-RELIEVER

BUFFERED ASPIRIN CONTAINS ONLY ONE PAIN-RELIEVER

But ANACIN is a *combination* of 3 medically approved ingredients. Anacin not only relieves pain but also its nervous tension, pressure and depression. Change to Anacin for more complete pain relief!

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MORE LIVE ACTION-LESS DEAD WEIGHT. The 1962 Dodge Dart will accelerate seven percent quicker than last year's comparable model, and do it on five percent less gas. Main reason? Dead weight has been cut to a minimum. For instance, the automatic transmission housing, for V8s, used to be made of cast iron, now it's aluminum. The new one is stronger, and 60 pounds lighter. Looking for a low price, comfortable car that will give you a fistful of action? You have found it. The 1962 Dodge Dart. ***COME IN AND DRIVE THE NEW LEAN BREED OF DODGE.***

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

Preparing to defend their villages, the Vietnamese Self-Defense Corps trains with wooden cutlasses for jungle combat.

LAST CHANCE FOR VIETNAM...

Internal flare-ups may topple this strategically located country, already dangerously open to Communist attack.

By DON SCHANCHE • Photographs by JOHN BRYSON

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Like many Vietnamese jung villages, Khanh Hoi, across t river from Saigon, is vulnerab to Communist guerilla attac

SAIGON.

The pitifully exposed red-clay fortress of Khon Brai squats bare and ugly like a fresh wound against the lush green mountains which rise to form the high plateau in this central area of South Vietnam. It is a remote outpost in almost inaccessible territory, twenty miles by a mud road from the local center of military force and civilization, the provincial capital of Kontum. But it is worth examining in detail, for around Khon Brai, away from the conflicting voices and the press agentry of Saigon, one can study many of the ills of Vietnam and gain understanding of events in this unfortunate Southeast Asian country.

Khon Brai is typical of the hundreds of similar forts which guard remote areas in this harassed little country. It has the shape of a triangle, formed by 100-yard walls of log-reinforced mud which bristle with needle-sharp bamboo spears. Surrounding the fortress is a flat ring of dirt enclosed in barbed wire and liberally sewn with "Bouncing Betty" mines.

On the day I made my first visit to the fortress, soldiers were putting finishing touches on the "New" Khon Brai. A few weeks earlier the Viet Cong (Communist) guerrillas had swept over the barbed wire, through the mine field, past the needle-sharp spears and over the walls to wipe the place clean.

They came that day at four A.M. The first warning of attack was a loud KARUMPH! in the center of the Khon Brai compound. It was a mortar shell, and it landed squarely on Khon Brai's only chance of salvation, its radio. Then up from the foot of the hill came more than 500 screaming Viet Cong, surging like a human sea against hastily organized machine-gun and rifle fire from the fortress. Some of the guerrillas carried American M-1 rifles and Thompson submachine guns captured in earlier raids against Vietnamese units; some carried ancient French and British rifles, and others had no weapons at all.

All of Khon Brai's twenty-five soldiers fought well, but two were particularly brave. The lieutenant in command stood on a watchtower as the Viet Cong surged into his compound. Picking up the fortress's last hand grenade, he lobbed it into a cluster of guerrilla soldiers. Then he died in a burst of machine-gun fire. A Vietnamese sergeant, gravely wounded in the attack, picked up one of the post's .50-caliber machine guns and painfully dragged it down the slope of the fortress hill to the bank of the Dakbla River. There he shoved the precious weapon into the mud where the guerrillas would not find it. Then he rolled over and died. Eight other Vietnamese were killed in the action. Fifteen of the fortress's defenders fought their way out and straggled into Kontum. The Communists, meanwhile seized the fort's food and ammunition, blew a small section out of the Dakbla River bridge which Khon Brai is supposed to protect, picked up their dead and wounded and vanished into the jungle.

When I visited the fortress, it had been rebuilt. The new lieutenant in command proudly showed me how he had strengthened its defenses. There were more mines, more watchtowers, thicker walls. Now, instead of twenty-five soldiers waiting at Khon Brai to be attacked by the Communists, there were fifty. By the time you read this it is quite possible that they, too, will have been wiped out.

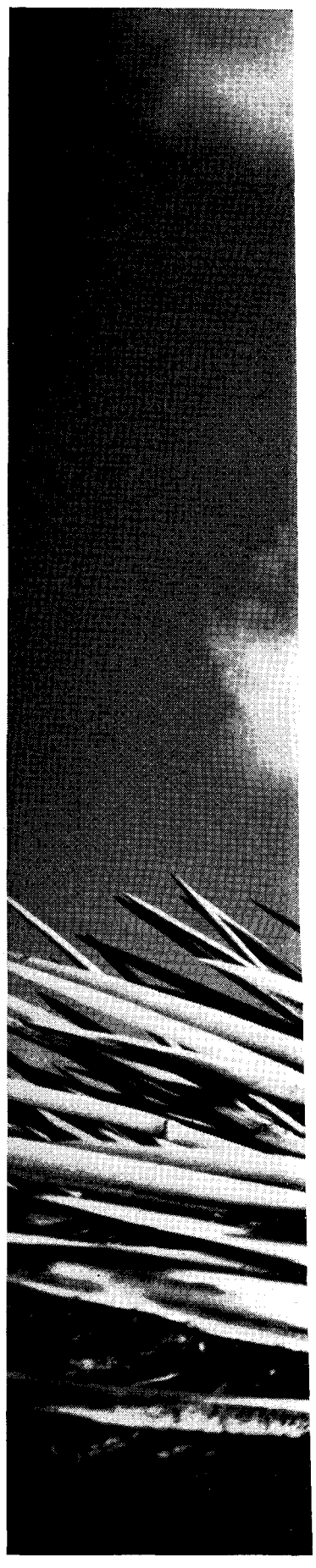
At Khon Brai one can see in clear relief the pitiful military legacy which Vietnam's senior officers inherited from the French and to which they still cling: the unimaginative urge to tie down brave combat soldiers in valueless static positions where they can be battered again and again on the enemy's terms.

One also can see at Khon Brai the pattern of Communist conquest in Vietnam. About five miles to the east of the fortress, across spectacular mountain country, lies the famed Ho Chi Minh Trail, down which pour some of the most dedicated fighting men in the Communist world. The trail is not a roadway nor even a path, but a series of valleys, elephant trails and passable forests beginning in Communist North Vietnam, running down through Laos along its border with South Vietnam, and cutting in to the besieged republic along the northern border of Kontum Province. From there the Communists trickle down through Vietnam like rain through a leaky roof.

It was to protect a large body of these infiltrating Communist troops that the Viet Cong guerrillas hit Khon Brai. Their diversionary assault apparently was designed to prevent Vietnamese army patrols from intercepting the men on the trail. They could have saved themselves the trouble; patrols from Khon Brai, seldom venturing more than two miles from their post, would not have intercepted the Communist infiltrators in any case.

The infiltrators are mostly South Vietnamese who went north with the Communist Vietminh armies when the Geneva Accord of 1954 formally separated North Vietnam from South Vietnam, dividing the country into two parts, each about the size of the state of Georgia and each with a population of about 13,000,000. Their mission is to return to the provinces from whence they came, recruit men for the Viet Cong, terrorize the peasantry, harass Vietnamese Army units and wait for the big push. It may not be long in coming.

Already elements of four Communist regiments have been identified in the four-province tactical zone of which Khon Brai is a part. Remaining elements of at least two Communist divisions have been spotted, by aerial reconnaissance and intelligence agents, waiting in camouflaged, jungle-covered bases in Laos. Obviously they are not gathering in such force to continue a long war of harassment. They appear ready to take a big bite. Unless the South Vietnamese army can keep this Communist force off balance during the coming months, it seems likely that the Reds will push into the area around Kontum and stage a "little Dienbienphu," hoping to topple the uncertain government of Ngo Dinh Diem in South Vietnam.



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"ONE CAN SEE THE PITIFUL MILITARY LEGACY WHICH VIETNAM'S OFFICERS INHERITED . . ."

The red-clay fortress of Khon Brai, bristling with wooden spikes, has often changed hands through frequent, bloody sieges.

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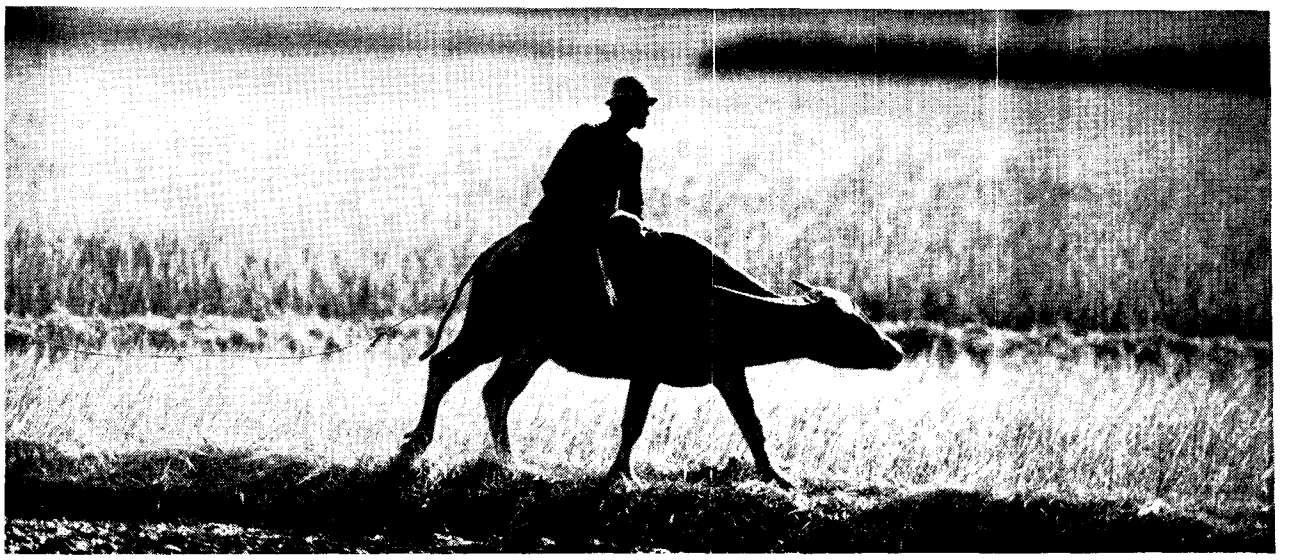

A Vietnamese astride his water buffalo plods through the placid rice paddies of his country, now beset by the Communists.

South Vietnam must buy time in which to recast its military force with new booster shots of U. S. aid, and to recast its generally unpopular authoritarian government as well. With what currency can Vietnam buy the two years most observers agree it will take to beef up the government and armed forces so that they can maintain security in the guerrilla-infested countryside? Seeking the answer, let's go back to the area of Khon Brai, where the currency is woefully short.

The little hilltop fortress with its fifty defenders is a part of the 22nd Division of the Army of the Republic of Vietnam. Its commander is a boyish thirty-four-year-old lieutenant colonel named Nguyen Bao Tri. Colonel Tri is a graduate of the U.S. Army Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth. He is intelligent and has many of the qualities of a good division commander. More important in Vietnam, he is considered politically reliable by the Diem government which, having weathered one army *coup d'état* in 1960, is extremely touchy about the political attitudes of its troop commanders.

The young lieutenant colonel's responsibilities are staggering. With his understrength division of about 8000 men, Tri must cover four huge provinces, all heavily infested with Viet Cong guerrillas. His area encompasses 17,000 square miles, including 150 miles of seacoast and 125 miles of unmanageable border with Cambodia and Laos. Virtually all of the territory is mountainous and overgrown with dense jungle.

"It's like assigning two cops to direct all of the Yankee Stadium traffic during a World Series," says one of the nine American Military Assistance Advisory Group officers assigned to Tri's division.

Arrayed against Colonel Tri's 22nd Division are an estimated 7000 Viet Cong, 2000 of whom are hardened, dedicated soldiers sent down the Ho Chi Minh Trail from the north. Operating in small scattered groups, they live on food given by sympathetic mountain tribesmen or plundered from antagonistic villagers. They have intelligence sources in every village, either covert agents or misguidedly sympathetic peasants, and they even penetrate the South Vietnamese army itself. The Communist troops rely quite heavily for weapons and ammunition on whatever they can capture in raids against the army, the Civil Guard (roughly the equivalent of the U.S. National Guard), and the village Self-Defense Corps, a weak grouping of untrained part-time village guards.

The local Viet Cong leader is a shadowy figure who calls himself "Truong Son" after a mountain range in central Vietnam. When he orders a major attack, the scattered bands gather to form a single strong force. This massing for attack takes days. It is then that the Viet Cong are the most vulnerable.

Colonel Tri realizes that he can never really defeat the Viet Cong in his zone. The best he can hope to do is keep them off balance by chopping at the concentrations of enemy troops which might signal the prelude to a "little Dienbienphu." If he can accomplish this, Tri and other division commanders like him in Vietnam might buy enough time to allow the present infusion of American men and equipment to bring the ill-trained, ill-led Vietnamese army up to snuff. But under the present circumstances it is doubtful that Tri can even achieve a stalemate with the enemy in his area. More than half of his thinned-out division is tied down in static outposts such as Khon Brai. Tri is lucky when he has a battalion free for mobile operations against the Viet Cong.

It is difficult to see how Vietnam can buy the time it must have. Although the United States is bolstering this overdrawn military bank account with a massive dose of modern equipment and noncombatant manpower, many of the 1600 U.S. military men here fear that this shot in the arm has come too late. In the end, Colonel Tri's division may be better equipped; it may get more and better tactical advice from the additional American advisers assigned to its units; it may find that American helicopters give it the mobility to double its kill rate against the Viet Cong; but the division will still be no more than 8000 men covering a hopelessly vast 17,000-square-mile battlefield. Even with more American help, under present Vietnamese army leadership, half of Tri's men will remain tied down in outposts like Khon Brai.

In short, the Communists are calling the tune. If they want to bring the issue to a head in Colonel Tri's area, they have sufficient strength already in the zone—or within a few days' march across the Laotian borders—to do it. When they are ready to move, other Viet Cong units will strike elsewhere in Vietnam to tie down the remainder of the army. In such a case, Vietnam's only salvation will be the quick dispatch of American combat troops, bolstered perhaps by at least token units from other Southeast Asia Treaty Organization powers. From there one can picture another Korea, or the start of World War III.

In Saigon some hope derives from the fact that the North Vietnamese Communists receive their direction from Moscow rather than Peking. The Chinese are more belligerent and less sensitive to American intentions to draw the line. North Vietnam's Communist leader Ho Chi Minh, who harbors an understandable fear of becoming a Chinese puppet, recently wrote an article for a Russian publication to exult in the progress of world Communism; he didn't even mention his neighbor China. Khrushchev has his Albania; Mao Tse-tung, his North Vietnam.

This guerrilla war, which has gradually increased in tempo for seven years, could go on indefinitely. It began in 1954, almost as soon as Vietnam was partitioned at Geneva. The regular Communist Vietminh forces, compelled by the Geneva agreement to withdraw northward, left behind organizers who formed village and hamlet cells which could be expanded into guerrilla units.

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"THE VIET CONG NEEDS TO STRIKE SOON TO HALT THE BUILD-UP OF THE REPUBLIC."

Saigon's Thi Nghe market place: The 13,000,000 people of free South Vietnam are threatened by Communist North Vietnam.

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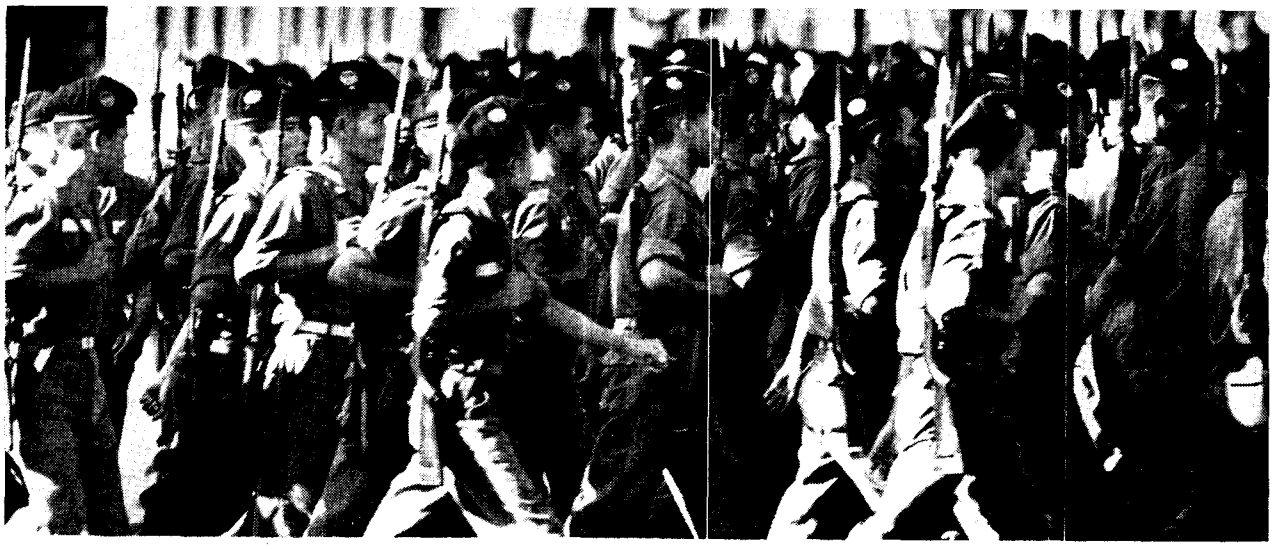

South Vietnamese troops, left untrained by the French, but now advised by Americans, are outnumbered by the Viet Cong.

During this period of relative quiet, South Vietnam's new Premier Ngo Dinh Diem had his hands full consolidating his own strength in a country which had been brought to its knees in nine years of war. Two powerful religious sects, the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao, maintained their own private armies and wanted to continue riding high as they had under the French. There was a well-organized gang of ex-river pirates called the Binh Xuyen, which had paid Emperor Bao Dai $1,000,000 for the privilege of controlling the city's vice and actually running the Saigon police force. The Binh Xuyen served notice it would fight before surrendering its prerogatives. After a perilous struggle to gain control of his own army, Diem moved with strong U.S. support to eliminate all three insurgent armies. At the same time he resettled almost a million refugees who had fled south after the partition. Then he maneuvered for popular support, which in October of 1955 ousted Bao Dai and established Diem as first president of the Republic of Vietnam.

With heavy doses of U.S. aid, which to date totals about $2,000,000,000, Diem equipped his 150,000-man army, accomplished a creditable program of land reform, introduced new crops, established Vietnam's first national educational system and developed light industry. It was a remarkable achievement. For nine years before independence, Vietnam had been embroiled in a war between the French and Communist-backed Nationalists. For eighty-two years before that the country had been under French domination. Few Vietnamese had been trained to take over when the French overlords left. Yet in a few years Diem built a modern country which showed signs of becoming a prosperous independent nation.

But Diem failed abysmally to generate popular enthusiasm for what looked like a rosy future in Free Vietnam. For this he has himself to blame. The bachelor president ruthlessly suppressed well-meaning critics who objected to his autocratic ways. In time he became suspicious of even his mildest opponents and withdrew to his trusted family circle—a few close confidants, including his brothers Ngo Dinh Nhu and Ngo Dinh Can—for counsel in running the government. Diem's opponents, who include most of the intellectuals of Saigon, found themselves with no voice in government. Lacking a free press and deprived of reliable information on steps being taken inside the fence surrounding Diem's huge "Independence Palace," the intellectual community of Saigon began feeding itself on rumors, many of which were planted by the Communists. (One heard, and still does, patently ridiculous stories of sex orgies and massive schemes for milking the country from the palace.)

In the countryside many of Diem's officials came to view their government jobs as open licenses for larceny. They often extorted money from the peasants, demanded protection money from merchants and manipulated the prices farmers got for their crops. Thus the Viet Cong guerrillas could gain popular approval by occasionally murdering a corrupt official. Soon they had thousands of peasants eager to supply them with rice and information.

Under Diem's totally centralized administration it was virtually impossible for any department or bureau of the government to act without the president's personal approval. The same was true of the army. Not even a battalion could move without first consulting the president.

Repeatedly Diem was urged by U.S. advisers to decentralize the government, surrender personal control of the army and make some democratic gestures that would regain the public support he had wasted. Until recently Diem stubbornly refused to change. But when it became clear in 1961 that his poorly organized, ill-trained, ill-led army was incapable of suppressing the Viet Cong, Diem ostensibly agreed to make some changes. He partially decentralized his one-man grip on the government by creating four super-secretaries to supervise the government departments. The army was reorganized to put command in the hands of generals instead of the president. Unfortunately, the reforms were mostly on paper.

In fairness to Diem, it can be said that he has done an extraordinary job of building a nation out of chaos, even though he has lost in the process the support necessary to keep it going. Nor are all of Vietnam's problems his fault. Some of the blame rests with the United States. In 1955 and again in 1957 the United States rejected pleas by Diem to support increases in the size of the Vietnamese army. At a time when Diem saw a definite need for a militarily trained Civil Guard to use against the guerrillas—if only to man static outposts and thus release combat soldiers to fight—we insisted that the Guard be trained as a rural police force. As late as last spring and summer, Washington promised a huge increase in military assistance, then dillydallied for six months and sent Gen. Maxwell Taylor out for another look before producing. In the meantime the Communists made spectacular gains.

With an interpreter I traveled to some of the most remote areas of Vietnam: south to Camau Point, where salt-water swamps make living perilous even without the guerrilla threat, although livestock thrives and sea life in the Gulf of Siam is the richest in the world; to Communist-infested An Giang Province in the west, where the Mekong River and its tributaries have created some of the richest riceland in Asia, only to pour out a flood which recently wiped out the fall crops and left thousands of people homeless; to the east coast around the beautiful resort city of Nhatrang, where the rolling foothills of the high plateau descend gently to the sea, offering hundreds of thousands of acres of untilled land, livestock pastureland and virgin forests; and to the rugged mountainous plateau itself, where some 60,000 primitive, seminomadic tribesmen called the *Montagnard* carry crossbows and poison-

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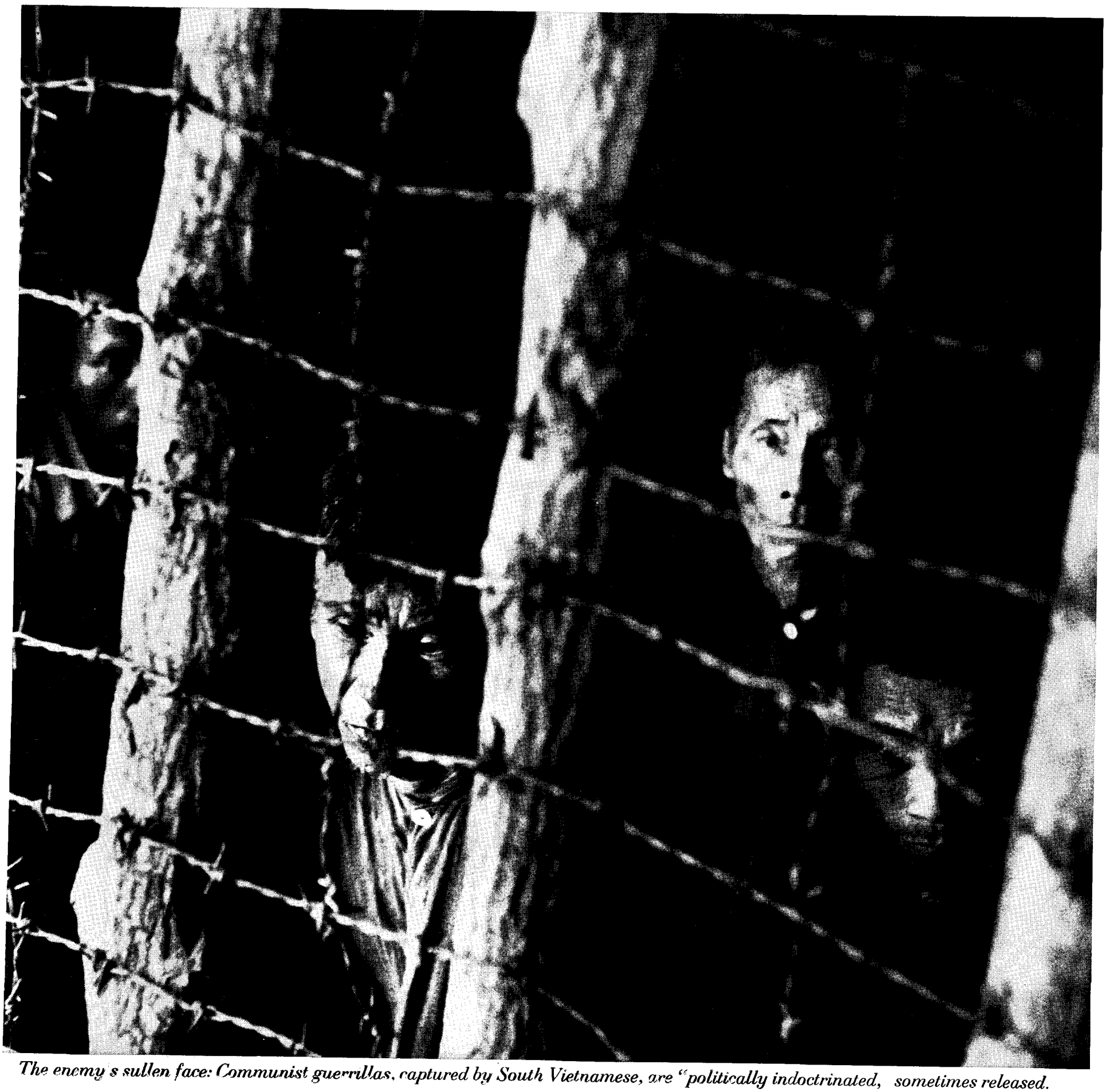
"THIS GUERRILLA WAR, WHICH HAS CONTINUED FOR YEARS, COULD GO ON INDEFINITELY."



The enemy's sullen face: Communist guerrillas, captured by South Vietnamese, are "politically indoctrinated, sometimes released.

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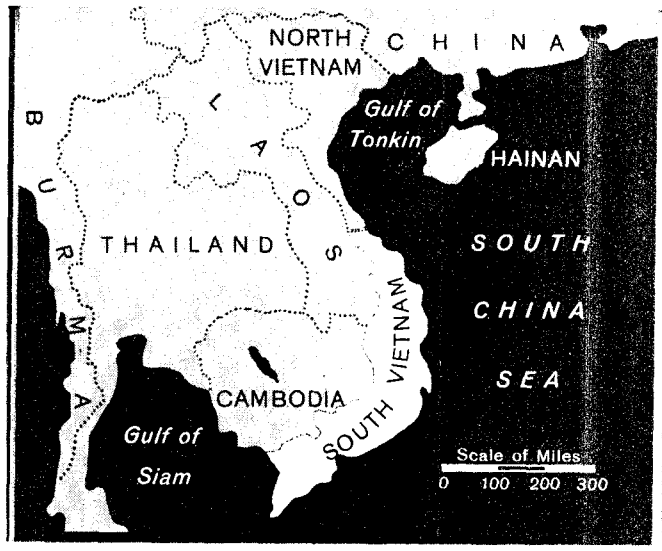

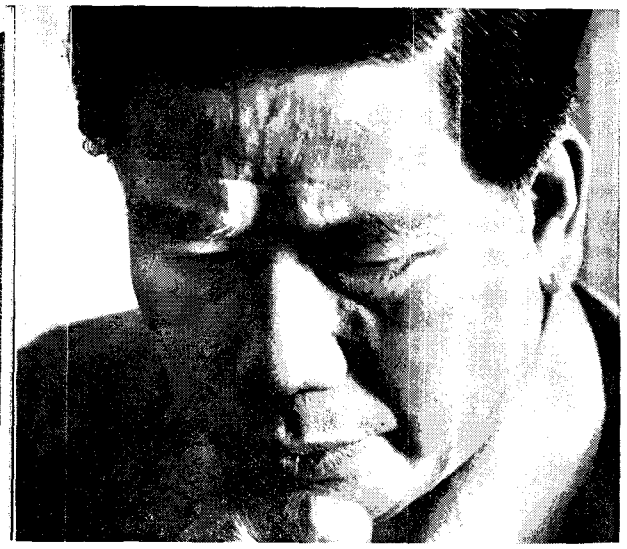

Ngo Dinh Diem, president of South Vietnam. His nation is tormented by attacks from the north, by unrest from within.

tipped arrows across uninhabited land which geologists suspect may be loaded with coal, iron and other mineral resources.

I talked for two hours to President Diem about the problems of his country. I also spoke to hundreds of other Vietnamese: plain soldiers, junior officers and senior commanders; province chiefs and peasants; rumor-fed intellectuals and mountain tribesmen. With the exception of the president and his government supporters, all were depressed and demoralized.

Confronted with this defeatism, Diem is fighting a slow uphill battle. But it is important to realize that despite his faults and his stubborn refusal to ease his suppression of well-meaning opposition, Diem is fighting.

To answer the soldiers' grumbling, he has pushed through a program of war relief for widows and for wounded men invalided out of the army. Previously a wounded man who was discharged was likely to wind up begging on the streets in order to stay alive. A vigorous effort to deliver their ten-dollar-a-month pay on time has begun to quiet soldiers' beefing.

To give the people in the countryside more security, Diem is regrouping many of the hamlets into larger villages where the Viet Cong will not be able to move freely about, demanding food and taxes to support the Communist cause. It is likely that when the villagers realize they are gaining in security what they lose in independence, they will be more agreeable to the change.

In Kontum Province, for example, even the primitive *Montagnard* are beginning to tire of the constant demands for rice and young men which the Communists make. During a single week in one mountain village, fifty-two youngsters were kidnaped, some to be used as Viet Cong soldiers, the rest as supply bearers. More than 3000 mountain tribesmen have come out of the hills around Kontum to resettle in more secure villages. Another 30,000 in the same area will be moved by February, thus drastically reducing the guerrillas' sources of manpower and food.

With American help, the retraining of the Vietnamese army is progressing. Some eighty companies of jungle-trained Rangers have been trained, and more are getting ready. Unfortunately they have not been used well to date. Too often they are assigned to regular Army units for routine duties.

The 68,000-man Civil Guard, which previously got its meager training and supplies from the dregs of the Vietnamese army, is now being trained by better men with American advisers at their elbows.

The village Self-Defense Corps, an outfit which consists of little more than farmers with guns who stand guard over outlying hamlets, also is being trained and outfitted with American equipment.

All of these changes would help in time, but there remains the question of whether South Vietnam can buy enough time to accomplish them. For in this time equation, the paramount factor is in the hands of the Communists. Through the Communist Pathet Lao they control eastern Laos and can continue sending fresh troops down the Ho Chi Minh Trail either to continue the guerrilla war or to mass for a decisive assault.

In November of 1960, hot-blooded but stanchly anti-Communist young officers led three battalions of paratroopers into Saigon and surrounded the president's palace. Instead of taking over, they tried to force Diem, by telephone, to reform the government and give the people more freedom. While they negotiated, Diem gathered strength from loyal army units and overwhelmed the insurgents.

At this writing, rumors are circulating of another *coup d'état*—not by the Communists but by Vietnamese who are fed up with poor military leadership and with waiting for the president to soften. If it happens, it is doubtful that the new band of insurgents would waste time negotiating. But it is equally doubtful whether any insurgent band could take over without first quelling resistance from loyal army units and government workers. The Communists, alerted by last year's coup, unquestionably are ready to take advantage of another. During a period of civil strife they would move in.

Together, Diem and the United States have it in their power to forestall both the possibility of a successful Communist military campaign and the possibility of a *coup d'état*. Initially, two moves would go a long way toward bolstering Vietnam against these threats:

First President Diem should acknowledge that much of the grumbling and dissension in Vietnam is of his own making. A single dramatic gesture, such as the recognition of a loyal opposition with the rights of free speech and a free press, would enhance his damaged popularity and take some of the sting from such disagreeable but necessary programs as resettlement.

Second, Diem must recognize that the quality and experience of his army leaders is simply not high enough even to fight for time against the Communist guerrillas. Some observers have suggested to him that he should establish a joint military staff in which skilled American officers actually direct Vietnamese military operations. Given this transfusion of professional skill in the Army leadership, units such as Colonel Tri's 22nd Division could be used more effectively to keep the Communists off balance. Moreover, it is doubtful that a *coup d'état* would materialize in a better-led army under a president who showed a capacity for democratic reform.

When I talked to Diem, he refused even to consider the first step, but he showed some inclination to give Americans a more powerful role in the operation of his military forces. This move alone is not much, but there is a slim chance that it will gain Vietnam enough time to win without calling on American combat soldiers to fight on such hellish battlefields as the jungle-covered mountains around Khon Brai. THE END

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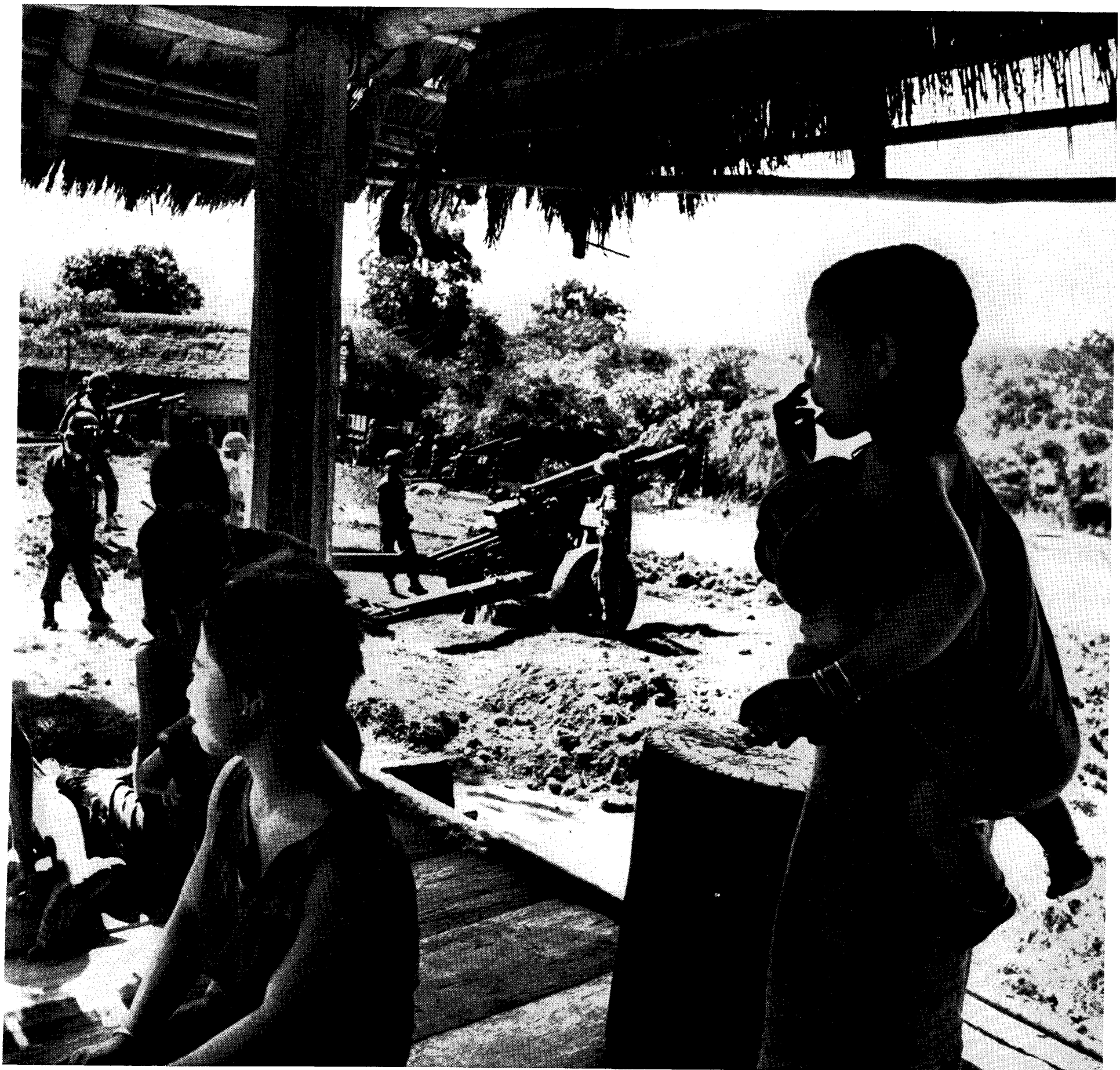
"DURING ONE WEEK IN A REMOTE VILLAGE, COMMUNISTS KIDNAPED 52 YOUNGSTERS."



Vietnamese artillery in a native village. Caught between opposing forces, many villagers survive by giving aid to both sides.

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a man's

Brockbank

Although he had a cool cellar well stocked with all kinds of good stuff in bins and barrels, all available for his drinking, Mr. Elwes still chose to keep a select supply of wines and spirits in a locked sideboard to which there was no key—a knock-kneed old piece of malaria-yellow mahogany with round-shouldered doors on discouraged hinges which you or I could burst with a nudge. He preferred to pick the lock with a fork. It was a spring lock; a discreet shove sufficed to refasten the door. "There seems to be more relish to one's glass of something this way," he once told me, "and where there is zest there is nourishment. Thus, a little of what you fancy does you all the more good."

I said, "You're a philosopher, Mr. Elwes."

"I have had some need to be, sir," he said, "for I was in service upward of fifty years—yes, I ran the gamut and the gantlet of it, from knife-and-boots boy up to the position of butler. And this, mark you, although I was always a shrimp of a man." There was a certain slyness in his sidelong look. "I ask you, can you see me as full-sized butler in a great house?"

This was not a question, it was a test. I could not answer yes or no without committing myself, so I said, "Butlers are almost extinct, I think. Gentlefolk can't afford them, and those who can don't know what's what. A man like me gets his conception of a butler out of the funny novels—somebody portly, plethoric, portentous and pontifical, with poached eyes and a porridgy voice. Now you are not a bit like that."

"I admire your turn of phrase," said Mr. Elwes, "and would be happy if you would give me your opinion of a certain sixty-year-old Scotch of which I can offer you a glass, as soon as I get this door open——But what *do* I look like then, sir?"

What, indeed? Could I tell him to his face that he looked like nothing much? There seemed to be so little of him that no tailor had ever quite caught the knack of making a coat narrow enough for him. He was papery, dog-eared about the eyelids, and as it were, faintly underlined in pencil at the expressive parts of his face, like a book instead of wrinkled like a man; and even his exact, triangular nose might have been folded and creased into shape like a paper dart.

Could I say that he somehow reminded me of a closed file of musty documents, all labeled CONFIDENTIAL and all valueless except to a historian? The man's vanity was involved, so I said, "You look like somebody in the British Foreign Office, but quicker on the uptake," at which he let slip a smile; it escaped through a crack and was startlingly puckish.

Then he handed me a glass, saying, "Pray don't dilute it, but sip it neat. There are only a dozen bottles of this left in the world. It is from Lord Anguish's private stock. He would rather have parted with his life's blood than this. Yet I received six cases in Anguish's name. Your health, sir —— Yes, I was a servant nearly half a century, waiting for my heart's desire, and putting money by to be master of just such a comfortable, respectable little tavern as this."

If the reverberation of a golden gong had a bouquet and a flavor, then I was savoring it.

"To your heart's desire!" I said, nodding at the comforts of the cozy old parlor. "Yes, Mr. Elwes, you are a lucky man to be landlord and licensee of a little pub like The Bricklayers Arms."

"Not a pub, sir—a house," he corrected me, solemn as a schoolmaster, "and never call it by its right name, The Bricklayers! Why, we've been a servants' rendezvous this past two hundred years, and nobody so particular as a servant. A duke might ask an earl to have a glass of ale, say, at The Bricklayers, but the duke's footman inviting the earl's coachman would never stoop to such talk—nothing so low!" To indicate he was joking, my host winked, and wiped away a smile as carefully as if his mouth were a razor and his handkerchief a shaving paper. "To servants, a glass of beer was a you-know-what, and this has always been the

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man

The difference between master and servant was that one had character.

by Gerald Kersh

you-know-where, or sometimes simply the address, Marlowe Mews. Incidentally, to be landlord here was my ambition, sir, but not my heart's desire. You being American, and therefore a dreamer, sir, perhaps you understand?"

"Not quite," I said. "Where's the distinction?"

He replied, "Mere ambition is something fleshly, d'you see? Heart's desire is a thing of the spirit. Now although you mightn't think so, looking at me, I was always moved by a spirit of romance—mixed with a touch of harmless mischief. So, material ambition apart, my heart's desire—my seemingly unattainable dream—was to rescue a lady in distress and at the same time hit a corrupt tyrant in the eye with a cream pie."

"But you didn't!" I exclaimed. Mr. Elwes proceeded to tear off a whole week's ration of mirth straight along the dotted line, in one dry titter. "Didn't I?" He refilled my glass, and went on.

You, sir, must have heard a thousand people say, "I could write a book about my life, if I had the time." They couldn't, of course, even if they knew how to write, because under questioning it generally turns out that most people never had a life. If sufficiently interested you might write a book about the life of the earthworm or the cockroach, but it's a vain man indeed who has enough to say about himself to fill a volume—except by association with others. On this understanding, even I could write a book.

I always was bookish; when I was in the service of the Earl of Wye I helped him catalogue his library, and in his last days I often read to him in the evening. Many butlers would have looked down on this as not being part of their duty, but I am not too proud to turn my hand to anything. So when dear old Lord Wye died insolvent in 1929 and situations in my line of business became scarce, I was not above going into the service of Lord Anguish. He was definitely not a gentleman, sir.

The first Lord Anguish got his barony from King James I in settlement of a haberdashery bill; and three hundred years later there was still a great deal of what you would call the dry-goods-store clerk about his descendant—he had all the mannerisms and none of the manners of your true gentleman, all the attitudes and none of the instincts. My Lord Anguish was quite faithless, hopeless and uncharitable, although it pleased him to keep up a reputation for benevolence and public works—with an eye to being exalted from baron to viscount, for he was vain as a peacock, if one may apply so gaudy a simile to so colorless a man. So he sat on all kinds of Committees for the Redemption of the Fallen—particularly if they were feminine, young and pretty—and often found them jobs at low wages in several of the businesses in which he was interested, such as laundries and restaurants. Need I add, he claimed from them a debt of gratitude in certain extracurricular activities? Oh, he never missed a chance of gaining a penny or satisfying a pleasure, Lord Anguish! He had married a rich wife, too—an American girl from Michigan—and although her money was her own in her own right, he wouldn't let her touch a penny of it.

How could he prevent her, you may ask? I don't know. He had what they call an ascendancy over her; she was afraid of displeasing him. No doubt nowadays they'd call it an inferiority complex; she had always been made to feel a bit of a lump who didn't know how to hold herself, and blushed when talked to, and moved with a stoop, partly because she was awkwardly large and partly because her poor eyes were so weak. Anguish had a cutting way of bullying her, and sometimes he would simply ignore her for days together. Her name was Hetty, and I went out of my way to do little things for her when I went to Anguish House in Bentinck Street.

That house was somehow typical of Lord Anguish; it was a narrow-gutted hypocrite of a house that kept trying to pretend it was situated around a corner, *(Continued on Page 76)*

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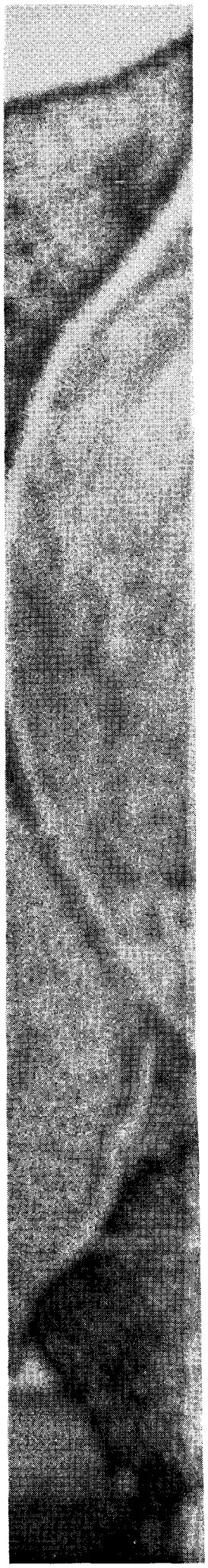
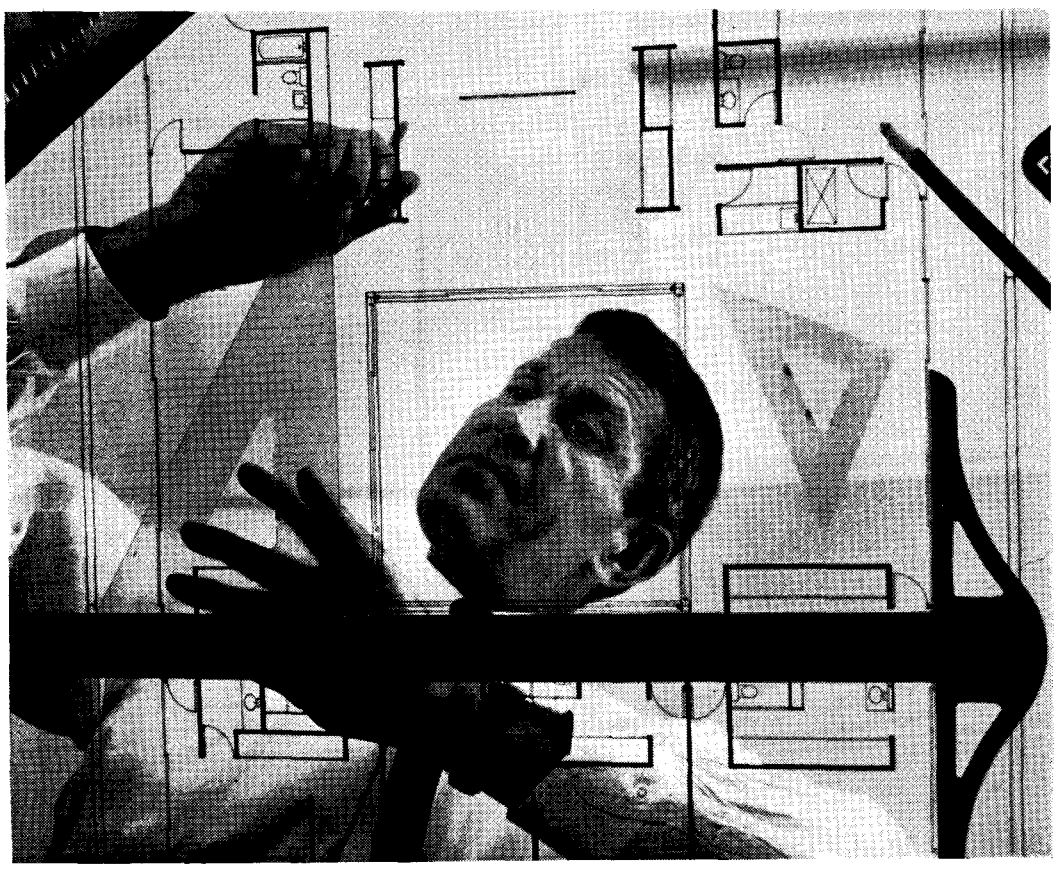
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Peter Beard: Big-Game Pursuer. Convinced that wild Africa is dying, Peter Beard, 23-year-old adventurer-photographer, is urgently compiling a graphic record of the continent's losing struggle against civilization. A native New Yorker with a passion for the hunt, Beard first trekked to Africa at age 16 on a photographic expedition searching for rare white rhinos. In 1960 he went back for a summerlong safari, shot 1000 pictures of the vanishing wild life, picked 100 for his forthcoming book, *The End of the Game*. Graduated from Yale last June with a degree in fine arts, Beard quickly returned for a fourth visit to his beloved Africa—"the one continent left," he says, "where a man can live on nature's terms." PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY DANTZIC.



Craig Ellwood: Building Designer. Framed by the "logical" floor plan of one of his cagelike houses, designer Craig Ellwood, 39, is in a good position to advance his incendiary opinions. "Architecture is currently a jumbled, turbulent mess," he says. "Logic must come first; from logic comes true beauty." Hailed by one critic as among America's most influential young architectural talents, he's also among the most controversial. His detractors grumble that he lacks formal education; his admirers retort that Frank Lloyd Wright, Le Corbusier and Mies van der Rohe surmounted the same handicap. Characterizing his work is an imaginative use of machined building materials—plastics, glass, structural metals, prefabricated wall panels. His latest triumph is a steel-framed, marble-walled residence costing $225,000. Ellwood and his actress wife—the television mother of *Dennis the Menace*—live in a Los Angeles house designed by a contractor. "We still can't afford a house of my own design," says he. PHOTOGRAPH BY DON CRAVENS.



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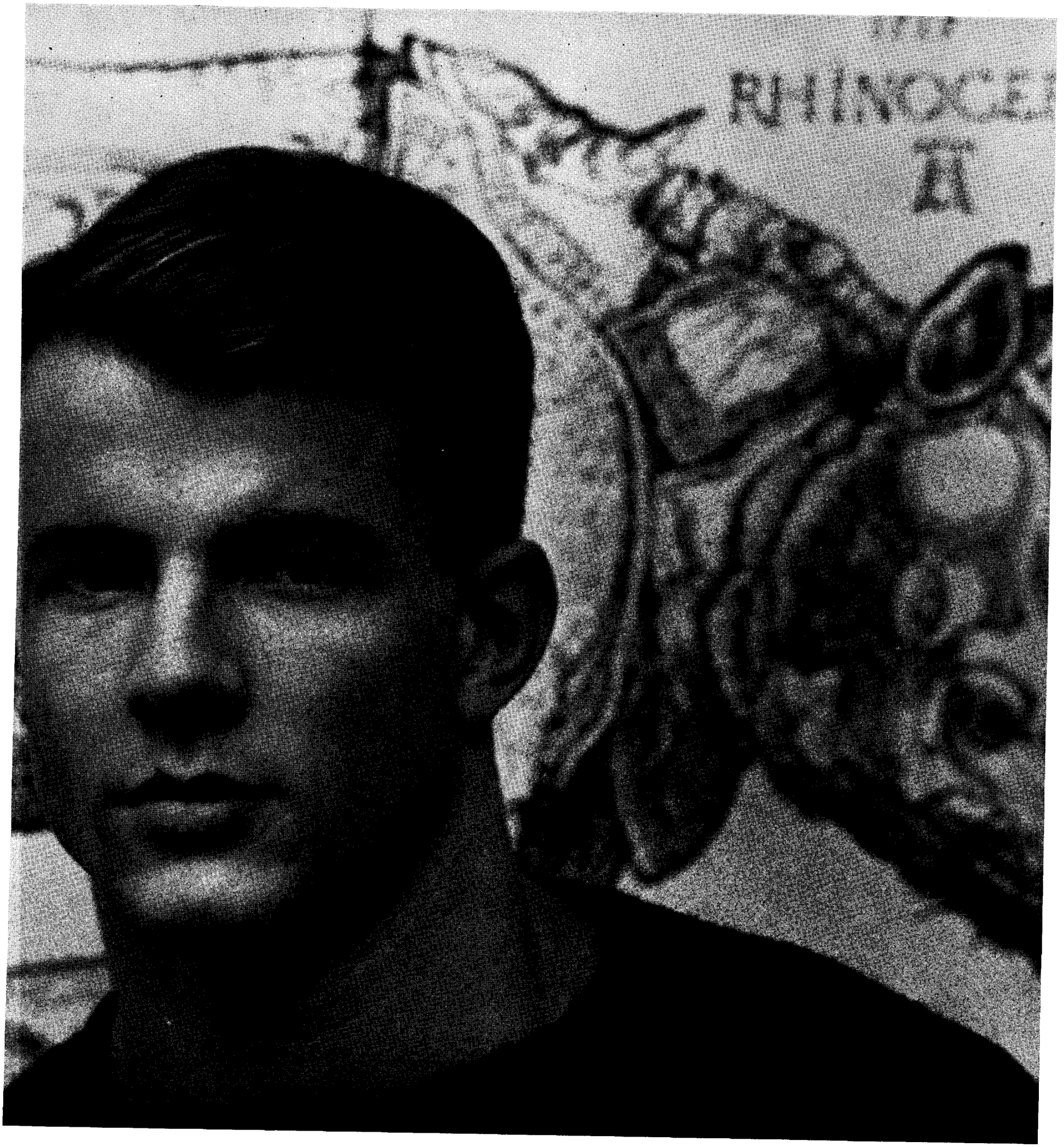

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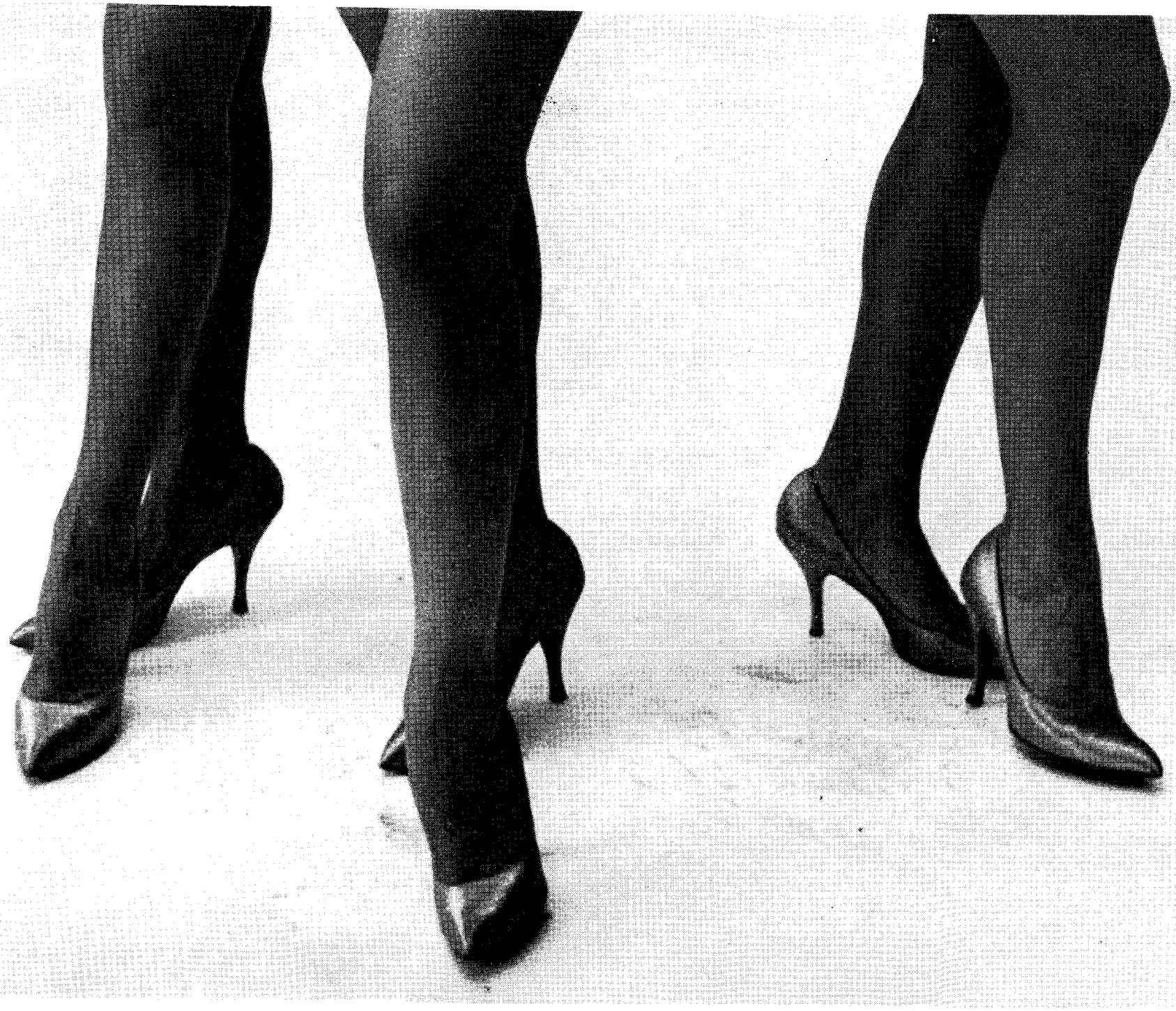

PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Van Dorn Sisters: Well-Knit Harmonizers. Bound and determined to become a top singing trio, the Van Dorns won't let anything split up the act, not even romance. "If a man really loves one of us," says Lee (left), "he'll understand, he'll wait." Lee is 26, Ollie (center) 22 and Marie 24. Born in Poland—their real surname is Bohatko—they spent two years in a Soviet labor camp, immigrated to Canada in 1953. A Winnipeg night-club owner heard them sing at a private party, signed them for a run. Success there led to a string of appearances in Canadian and U.S. night spots. "Harmony is excellent," *Variety* snaps; "girls seem destined for big things." PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT HUNTZINGER.

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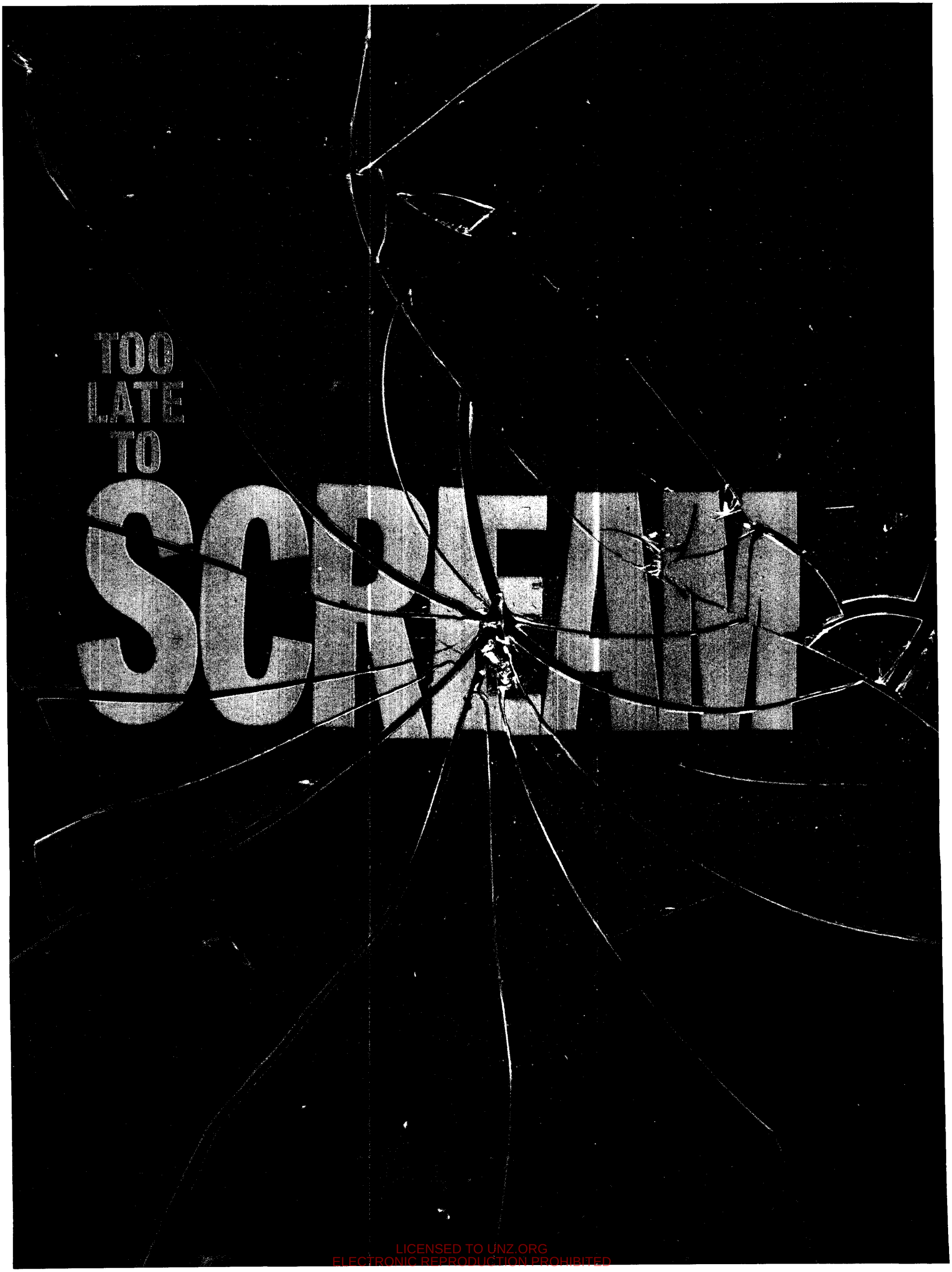

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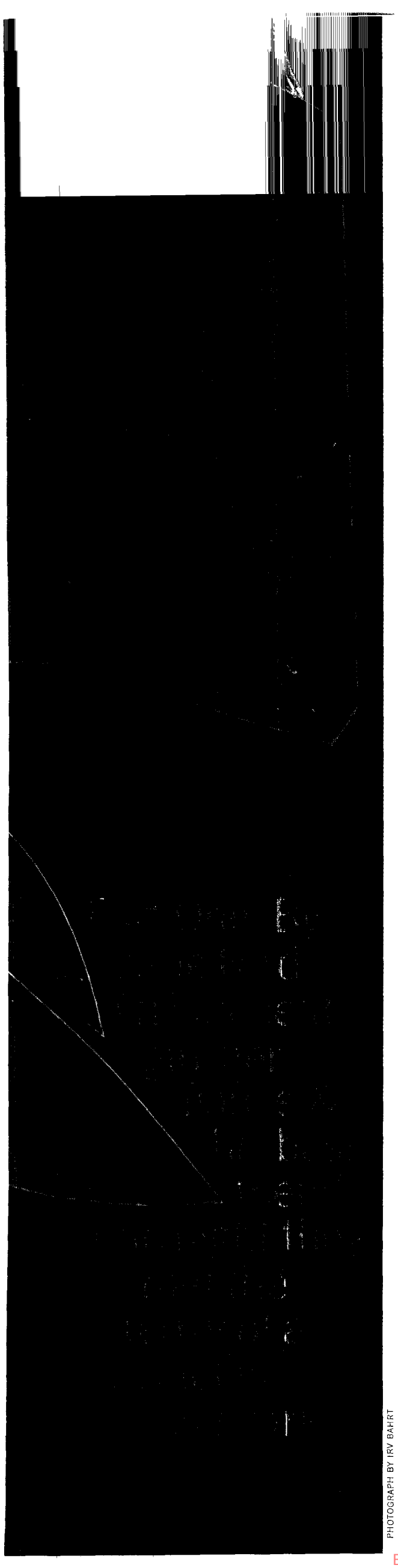

PHOTOGRAPH BY IRV BAHRT

Nathaniel James Ryan, twenty-six, unattached and with no intention of altering that state in the foreseeable future, put *Wigmore on Evidence* back on his desk in the study he shared with Archibald Prettyman Chalmers III in Martyr's Tower at law school, and repeated firmly what he had been saying for some little time. "I am not taking the lady to breakfast." "She isn't a lady." Archibald Chalmers, with the Lazarus glow of a very bad night, held his aching head. "You've got to help me, Nat. She's at the inn. She's got to be fed."

"These hardy annuals you drag on weekends can feed themselves easy," Nat Ryan said.

"Not this one; she's different." Chalmers put the ice pack back on his head. "She's a tender perennial. I'll marry her when she leafs out."

"I'll bet."

"On my honor. I swear it."

Ryan went finally. He had to shave and get dressed. He also had to work, not being like Chalmers, who was not only brilliant but so rich it didn't matter if he never worked. In their second year at law school the two had nothing visible in common except their occupancy of the same study with separate cubicles for bedrooms adjoining it. Archibald Prettyman Chalmers III was from Baltimore, where Sir Somebody Chalmers had arrived on the first boat, the *Ark* or the *Dove*, circa 1634. Ryan was from the West—South Prairie, Washington—where his Scotch-Irish parents had met while his father was at medical school on even less of a shoestring than Nat Ryan had to go on now. Chalmers was six feet and handsome, with crisp, curly black hair and brilliant blue eyes; Ryan was more Scottish than Irish with North Sea-gray eyes.

As he got his car out, his ice skates in the back reminded him he'd planned to go to the lake for an hour. That made him sorer. He walked into the inn and up to the desk looking as stony as the granite sidewalk outside.

"Miss Seaton's checked out," the room clerk informed him. "That's her over there in the corner. She's taking the next train."

Nat looked around at the girl, whose eyes, black as hot pitch, looked at the clock. Her suitcase was by her chair with her gray possum coat on it, her blue bag on her lap, her feet in blue shoes crossed primly at the ankles, her rose-colored mouth and round little jaw set tight to keep the tremor from showing.

She's just a sprout. She was a far cry from the lacquered sophisticates that Archie's weekends normally included. He went over to her. "Miss Seaton. I'm Archie's roommate, Nat Ryan. He's got the virus. He's a very sick fellow. May I take you to breakfast?"

"I've already had it." She picked up her coat. "Tell Archie I'm sorry. Could you get me a taxi?"

He picked up her bag and saw her skates. That made it easier. It turned out her eyes weren't black at all, when she got over being mad. They were silver-gray like her coat, her short sooty lashes not done with mascara, her brows thick and as glossy as her wind-tousled short hair. Who was fooling whom he still didn't know when he put her on a late train. She said gravely, "Thank you. Tell Archie to watch it. You can't filter a virus. Isn't that the process for other distillates?"

She wasn't eighteen, and on the lake, a beautiful skater, she'd seemed a lot less. As he waited for the train to pull out he said, "I'll see you next time you come up, I hope."

"I'm sorry I impressed you as being that stupid, but maybe you'll be in Baltimore some day."

She had a fern-in-a-wood-pool sort of stillness that moved him without telling him how gently she had touched a place in his heart that had never been touched in the not-serious romances that had come before.

He missed her when he went to the lake the next time, and then one weekend Archie went home and apparently persuaded her to try it again. This time Archie was sober, but it was almost the last. She must have decided he was worth it at that, because she kept coming. As the weekends went past, it became a pattern: Archie meeting her train Friday afternoon, seeing her through Saturday, late or early, depending on when he began on the distillates, Ryan then taking over. In time Ryan developed his own pattern, getting his work done so he'd be free to set off with Mary Melissa Seaton, never disturbing the fiction that it was his duty.

When he went home that summer to a job in a lumber camp, he didn't notice how often she came to his mind. When he went back for his last year at law school and they picked up the same pattern when Mary Melissa came up, it wasn't till the Easter prevacation weekend that he realized what had been happening under the layers of self-deception he'd built up like a shell for his heart to live in. He was in his bathroom whistling as he shaved Sunday morning, getting ready to take her to the lake where a patch of white trillium was ready to burst open. Instead, his cubicle door burst open.

"*Mirabile dictu!* Brother, I made it! Back to bed, Ryan; the child's play is over. The girl has said yes! Take a look at this—a beauty, what?"

Archie, all shaved and dressed, glowing with health, stuck out a velvet box with an emerald-cut diamond the size of a washbowl, or nearly.

"We've set on June twenty-second. You can't be best man—I'm stuck with a Navy cousin."

After he'd gone, the first thing Nat was aware of was the maid around noon. "You want the washbowl water still running?" she asked, looking oddly at *Continued on Page 52*

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PARIS GIVES WOMEN

A celebrated critic of fad fashions tells why he's no longe

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..A BREAK

t war with the style capital.

By Oleg Cassini
as told to Stanley Frank

As the models swirled onstage to mounting applause in the jammed salon, a woman who copies designs for an exclusive New York store lapsed into an increasingly sullen silence in the seat next to mine. This was at the unveiling of Dior's new collection in Paris last August, a high spot of the year on the fashion calendar, but the woman was giving the lavish display a colder reception than Gina Lollobrigida received from Elizabeth Taylor at the Moscow Film Festival when they turned up wearing identical dresses.

I had been invited to the opening by my good friend Marc Bohan, Dior's head *couturier*, a courtesy extended to me as the personal designer for Mrs. John F. Kennedy. With the exception of my sulky neighbor and a handful of other professional scouts, everyone in the audience enthusiastically approved the classic simplicity of Dior's form-fitting clothes, the style I've always preferred.

I like the alluring way women look in clothes that accentuate their femininity. I firmly believe it is an offense against nature to flatten, rather than flatter, their provocative curves. When I design a dress, I visualize a stunning girl wearing it on a date with me, and I don't want her to be mistaken for a prison matron. In my book, elegance and good taste do not require the total elimination of sex appeal.

The woman next to me at Dior's exhibit was annoyed by my favorable reaction to it. "Maybe I fell asleep while the good numbers were shown, but what's worth a second look in this collection?" she demanded. "It's the dullest in all the years I've been coming here. There isn't a new idea in the entire line. Isn't that what everybody looks for in Paris?"

"No; I come to see beautiful clothes," I answered. "I think Bohan has done a great job."

"Oh, his clothes are pretty enough," she said impatiently, "but they're not newsworthy."

"You're overlooking a hot lead," I told her. "Bohan may be giving a preview of a trend by going from the loose silhouette to a more romantic style."

"That's as old as the hills," she snapped. "I need a brand-new angle or gimmick that I can push next season."

"The forced obsolescence you want is a thing of the past," I said. "People in Paris are tired of having their brains picked by Americans. They're finally getting smart and designing attractive, functional clothes for their own markets instead of grinding out novelties for Seventh Avenue. If you want a new style to promote, develop it yourself."

The woman looked at me quizzically. "This is a switch—Cassini defending Paris. What happened to the guy who used to blast French designers for lousing up the business with their brainstorms?"

It suddenly dawned on me that my attitude toward Paris indeed had changed drastically in the three years since my last (*Continued on Page 64*)

Cassini and clients: Charlene Cassini (the author's sister-in-law), Robin Butler, Joan Fontaine, the designer, Joan Crawford, Alice Topping, Melissa Weston. Not shown: client Jacqueline Kennedy.

Photograph by Richard Avedon

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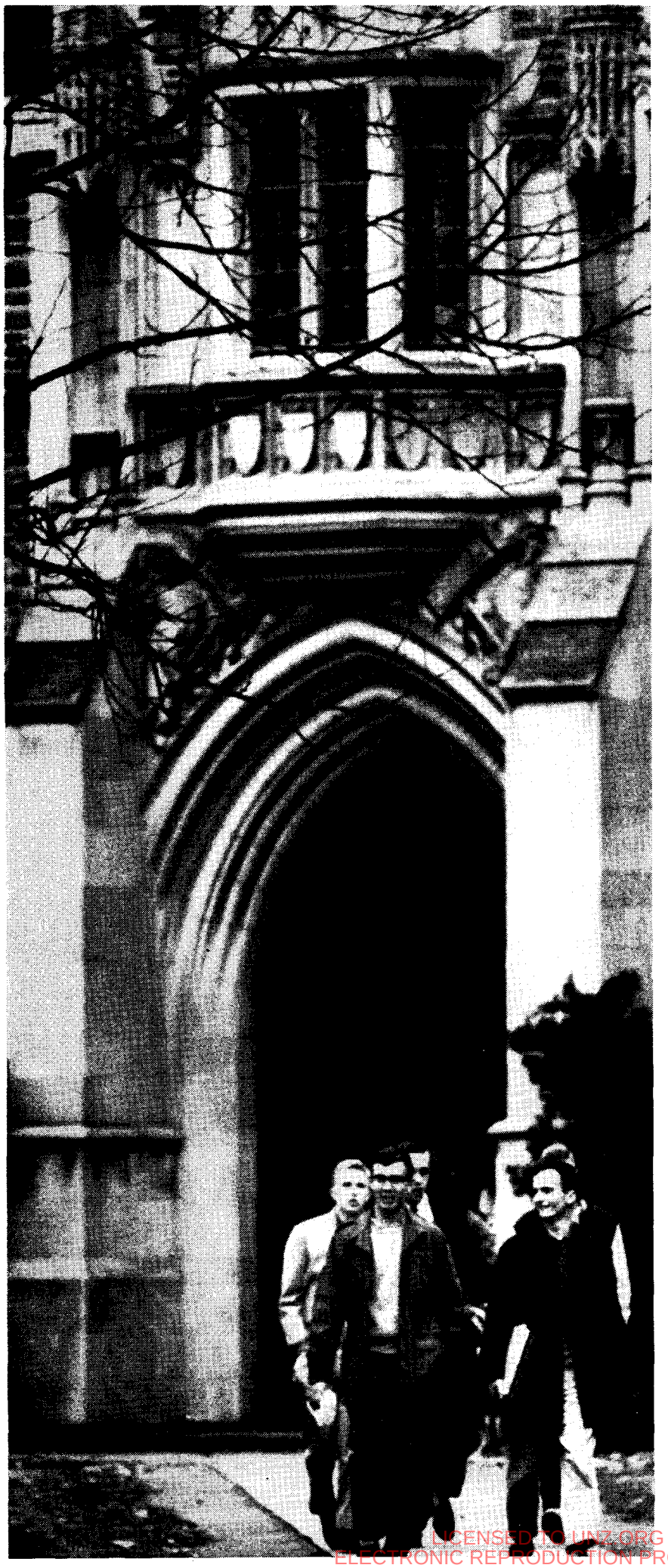
YOU CAN AFFORD COLLEGE



Princeton's financial-aid officer tells how to swing the high cost of higher education.

BY W. BRADFORD CRAIG
as told to George Clay

Sitting in my office, I flip through a thick file as hopeless-sounding as a beggar's tin cup. Instances of students in dire need of cash fill every page. There is the case of the gangling high-school senior from West Virginia, who walked in with a smile that barely stifled tears. He had been admitted to Princeton and hoped to become a doctor—but his father was an unemployed miner and the son saw no way to pay for a higher education.

The freshman son of a Massachusetts dairy farmer wondered desperately how to stay in college. He had just learned that, due to reverses, his parents could send him only $100 a year.

Another freshman, from Detroit, made the Massachusetts lad seem well off by comparison. The Detroiter's father worked on an assembly line, had a half-dozen younger children and couldn't spare a cent for college.

Then there was the sophomore from California, whose father had died suddenly of a heart attack, leaving a $700 gap in the son's current finances.

Despite all handicaps, those four and more than 2000 other students beset by financial plights have managed to pay their way through Princeton during my eight years as financial-aid officer.

The moral is simply this: It can be done.

To high-school students I would say: Don't let finances deter you from taking a curriculum of college-preparatory courses.

To parents I would add: Never permit the state of your pocketbook to discourage your child from applying to the institution of his or her choice, no matter how expensive.

Admittedly that advice may sound irresponsible in view of today's lofty college costs. Private institutions now range from $1700 to $3200 for boarding students and $800 to $2300 for commuters. Tax-supported universities cost less, but not as much less as you might think: $1500–$1700 for boarders and $800–$1000 for commuters.

To find out where within that $800–$3200 range your expenses are likely to fall, begin thinking about specific colleges during the first term of

"At Princeton one student
in three is on scholarship; two
in five hold part-time jobs;
one in three borrows
against future income."

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The Coupe de Ville • Jeweled "V" and Crest created by Cartier

Cadillac silence

A Cadillac travels in such wondrous silence that it is actually possible to whisper and be heard.

Cadillac Motor Car Division • General Motors Corporation

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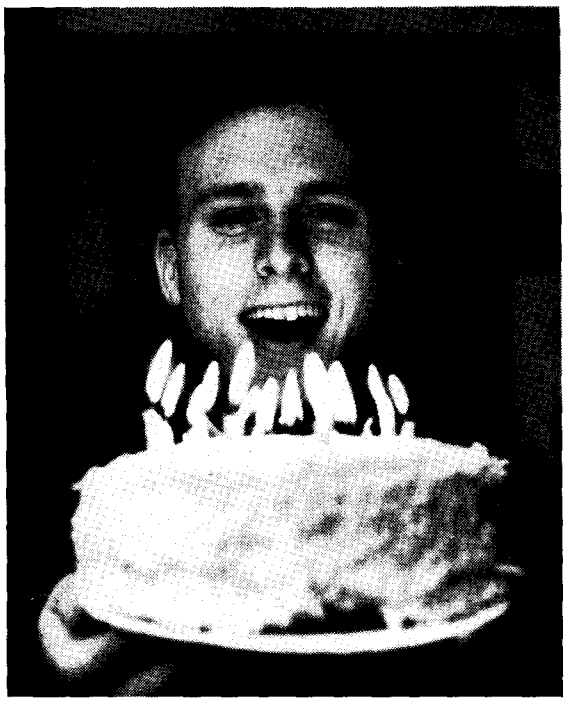
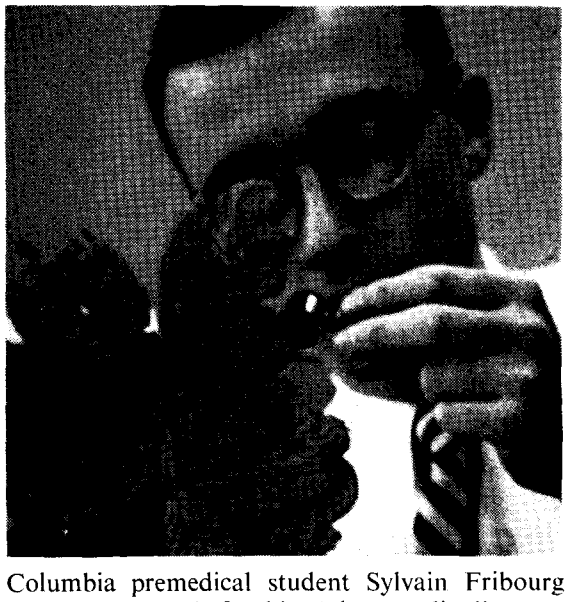
BIRTHDAYS, BRAIN WAVES, AND BOTANY: COLLEGIANS FIND SURPRISING WAYS TO MAKE MONEY.



Princeton senior Bill Newlin takes orders from students' parents, has birthday cakes made by a local baker, then delivers them. Profit: $20 a week.

Barnard junior Constance Foshay (taped with electrodes for brain-wave research) sometimes "works" in sleep-study experiments and earns $5 a night.



Columbia premedical student Sylvain Fribourg earns $15 a week for his "plant-tending" as an assistant at the New York Botanical Garden.

COLLEGE your child's junior year in high school. Don't fence in his hopes. Consider not just the least expensive college near home, but the entire country with its 2000 plus institutions.

After making a preliminary selection, wash the stars out of your eyes and write to each institution for *detailed* information on costs. At some colleges the rooms come furnished, at others not. Most have low-rate central eating places on campus. Food charges range from $350 to $700, and that $350 difference can be important. Book costs and lab fees vary with courses. Laundry charges depend on the type of service used. Many colleges require health-and-accident insurance; all have gym and infirmary fees.

It may seem silly to anticipate laundry and lab fees two years before you know what your child will major in or what it will cost to have his shirts washed, but do it. Don't forget to include recreation and travel expenses, and be tough on yourself. Overestimate.

Whatever your total amounts to, there are five main ways of financing it: family contributions from current income; student earnings; grants; saved money, and borrowed money.

The first source is all too easy to figure out. Decide what you can realistically sacrifice, write it down, and go on to student earnings.

As a group, undergraduates earn one quarter of their college budget. Three-fifths of them hold term-time jobs, on or off campus, and a third work during vacations as well. The campus bureau of student aid arranges for jobs and works out schedules. At Princeton, ten to twelve hours a week generally can be devoted to employment without interfering with studies or cutting too heavily into extra-curricular interests.

Pay varies, but Princeton students average $300 for the academic year—a sum representative enough for you to rely on. Additional amounts can be earned during Christmas vacation, when many post offices and department stores pay $50 to $150 for extra help.

Over the summer, students often make considerably more. One sophomore football player took a job on a construction crew in June and returned in September with $1000 in his pocket. This isn't unusual, but it's not guaranteed, either. Your safest approach is to take the national averages: $500 for college men, $275 for college women.

Term-time plus vacation earnings, then, come to $800 for boys, $575 for girls. Your child will have to pay a 3 percent Social Security tax (up to $4800 earnings); and a slight income tax if his yearly wages top $600. But no matter how much he racks up, under current law you can still count him as an exemption on your own income-tax return if you contribute more than half his annual upkeep.

The next dollar source is more speculative. Virtually every student who tries can earn a predictable yearly minimum, but only about one in three applicants wins a scholarship, and the size of such grants varies widely.

The point to keep in mind is that most scholarships nowadays supplement family incomes; they don't substitute for them. High-sounding income alone won't automatically disqualify your child. A $12,000-income family with five children to educate might qualify for help, while an $8000-income family with only one child may not. Assuming that the student qualifies scholastically, the size of the scholarship is based on actual need. How much the family is expected to contribute is based upon income, assets, number of children and over-all educational plans. So whatever your income, if there is a gap between what you have available and the amount needed, have your child try for a scholarship.

Award money flows through three main channels: colleges and universities; state and Federal governments; corporations and foundations. Since winners can receive assistance from two, possibly all three, sources, your child's best bet is to start early and play the field.

In the fall of his junior year at high school, write for information to the financial-aid offices of every institution on his preferred list. Colleges offer scholarships for a wide variety of qualifications. Fairly typical are Western College for Women's grant to one girl from each state in the union, and the George F. Baker Scholarships, awarded by thirteen different colleges, for "leadership qualities, literary and scholastic abilities."

The total list is long, confusing and irrelevant for your immediate purposes. Just have your child apply for aid and let the college decide which grant he has the best chance of winning.

Next, write to your state's department of education, in the capital city, as well as to your state senator or representative. Most states offer some kind of scholarship assistance. New York, for example, awards 7000 Regents Scholarships ranging from $250 to $700 per year for study at a college within the state. California awards 1600 with a maximum stipend of $600, usable at any college in the state accredited by the Western College Association. Michigan offers grants to students interested in becoming teachers, and recommended by their high-school principal.

Forty-three states and the District of Columbia have statutes authorizing educational assistance for sons and daughters of veterans—particularly disabled veterans. (Details on this source are listed in *Need a Lift?*, a free handbook published by the Scholarship Information Service, American Legion, Indianapolis 6, Ind.)

President Kennedy is sponsoring a $578,000,000 program to underwrite 50,000 grants per year, ranging up to $1000, with Federal funds. If passed, this bill would set a precedent. To date the Federal Government has no general competitive scholarship program for undergraduates, though it does aid particular segments of the college population.

The War Orphans Educational Assistance Act, for example, provides monthly stipends for children whose education was interrupted or impeded by the death of a parent from injuries suffered during World War I or II, or the Korean War. The Naval ROTC program, offered by the Navy at fifty-two colleges throughout the country, pays tuition, fees, and gives fifty dollars per month to 2000 qualified students every year. Admission to one of the five service academies—Army, Navy, Air Force, Coast Guard, Merchant Marine—also amounts to full Government education.

The two leading corporate and foundation grants open to general competition are sponsored by the National Merit Scholarship Corporation (1580 Sherman Ave., Evanston, Ill.), which makes over 800 awards each year ranging from $100 to $1500; and the General Motors National Scholarship Plan (c/o Educational Testing Service, Princeton, N.J.), which

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offers up to 100 awards ($200-$2000), renewable for the four-year period if the winner continues to meet his college's scholarship standards. The amount of the grant is subject to annual review. Also, General Motors winners must agree to give up other awards they may have won.

Under the direction of the College Scholarship Service many other organizations, such as the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation, offer grants of varying amounts. (For details, write College Scholarship Service, Box 176, Princeton, N.J.; west of the Rockies: Box 27896, Los Angeles, Cal.)

With most of these open competitions, winning awards has nothing directly to do with being admitted to college. Getting in is still strictly up to the student. This is true, too, of assistance programs which Ford, International Business Machines and several hundred other large companies offer to children of their employees. In such cases the company sets requirements, makes selections and determines the amount of the award. If you work for a large corporation, it may pay you to stop in at the personnel department and ask about possible scholarship programs.

Your local newspaper can fill you in on other local scholarship opportunities. Fraternal clubs, P.T.A.'s, patriotic and civic organizations, alumni groups, religious sects and even city governments sometimes sponsor awards. To cite three very different examples: The United Presbyterian Church has a substantial scholarship program; the Mayor of Philadelphia offers special grants; most colleges and universities make funds available to the children of their faculty and administrative personnel.

No matter how outstanding your child's academic record and scholarship chances, you should look into the two remaining sources: Savings, in the form of savings accounts, insurance or securities, and loans.

To be of real advantage, educational insurance should be bought early in a child's life. But even if he is in his teens it is worth discussing investment possibilities with a stockbroker. The giving of securities to youngsters has been simplified everywhere by the adoption of either the Uniform Gifts to Minors Act or the Model Act by all fifty states and the District of Columbia.

You as a parent have a choice of remaining custodian of the securities or putting them in an irrevocable trust for your child. Each arrangement has its good points. Look at a folder called *How to Make Your Tax Advantage Count*, which any brokerage house can get for you. It makes sense to reduce the need to shift investments by investing in mutual funds. Whatever you do, caution: blue-chip securities can go down as well as up, and even mutual funds are not crash-proof. Since investments may represent a gambling of savings, probably a more sensible solution is to borrow.

Nearly all colleges have loan funds, and, amazingly, the demand on many is relatively low. While our national consumer debt for cars and the like has increased since 1935 from less than three billion dollars to more than twenty-four billion, only 8 percent of parents in a recent University of Michigan survey had borrowed to meet college costs. Among students, research revealed that only 1½ percent borrowed to bolster their college budgets, although 100,000 talented youngsters fail to enter college annually because of lack of funds.

Yet the money is available. Three years ago the University of California reported $700,000 in its loan fund; Yale had $300,000, the University of Michigan $377,000. Ohio State, Ripon, Reed, Purdue and others recently have increased their funds and lowered interest rates. Harvard last year lent almost $500,000. Massachusetts Institute of Technology has, since 1930, lent its undergraduates $3,700,000 and 98 percent has been paid back on time—a record that applies generally.

Although parents over the years have appeared reluctant to see a boy saddled with debt or a girl with a "reverse dowry" in starting careers, attitudes have changed considerably in the past three years—with reason. Typical of the change is a Princeton junior who broke down and borrowed $500 a year to finish college rather than drop out. While an undergraduate, he paid 1 percent interest, nothing on the principal. At graduation he owed the university $1000, at a 4 percent interest rate. But with his diploma he got a $6000-a-year job which enabled him to pay off the loan in reasonable monthly installments.

Most college loans are made directly to the student, although a parent or guardian may have to cosign the note. No collateral is required. Interest rates vary from zero to 4 percent during the college years, and normally increase if the student goes on to graduate work. Repayment schedules extend up to ten years. In the case of future ministers or teachers, a portion of the loan, up to varying limits, may be canceled for each year spent in the profession.

College loans are closely supervised by the financial-aid officer. Usually a student won't be permitted to borrow more than $1000 during any one year, with a $4000–$5000 maximum for the full college sojourn. This money must be used for strictly educational expenses. Unlike many scholarships, however, loans are available to any undergraduate who needs the money and has a clear scholastic record. So long as he stays in college, the loan terms aren't affected; if he leaves—for whatever reason—interest rates go up and monthly payments begin. But if he transfers to another college, the loan and terms usually follow him intact.

Aside from their own limited loan funds, 1400 colleges and universities in all fifty states (and Puerto Rico) dole out Federal funds to needy students. Under the National Defense Education Act of 1958, $290,000,000 was authorized for this purpose. The act expires in 1962, but President Kennedy has already proposed legislation to raise the amount the Government may contribute to a single college from $250,000 to $500,000, and make the loan program permanent.

Participating institutions put up one dollar for every nine the Government contributes. A student applies to his own campus financial-aid office for a Federal loan, but terms are uniform across the country. Without putting up security, an undergraduate may borrow up to $1000 a year—with a $5000 maximum—at 3 percent interest starting one year after graduation. He has ten years to pay back the loan—longer if he goes into the armed services; and the debt is canceled if he dies before it is paid off.

Preferences are given to superior students, and certain subjects, such as modern foreign languages, are favored. Science and mathematics majors can borrow from an extra appropriation of $90,000,000 earmarked for them.

Future secondary-school teachers also get a special treatment from the Government. One young woman I know wanted to go into public-school teaching but hadn't enough money to pay for her four years at Cornell, much less take graduate courses in education. As she fulfilled the future-teacher qualification, she was able to borrow $5000 in Federal funds over a five-year period. Furthermore, she is eligible for a 10 percent reduction on the loan each year she spends at teaching, up to the halfway mark. If she stays in teaching five years, half her debt will have been canceled. An insurance clause clears the whole debt if she dies.

States also back student loans. During the past four years Massachusetts, Maine, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Rhode Island and Virginia have set up Higher Education Assistance Corporations enabling needy students to borrow from banks without putting up collateral. Generously supplemented by contributions from businesses, foundations and individuals, these state funds are used to guarantee four fifths of each loan. Except under the North Dakota system, students can borrow against bills at any accredited college in the country.

Terms vary from state to state, but the case of a high-school graduate from Oneonta, New York, is fairly typical. His parents had no collateral—they barely scraped by on $3000 a year from cabbage farming. So the boy wrote to the New York Higher Education Assistance Corporation in Albany, which has guaranteed nearly 18,000 loans for some $18,000,000 since 1958. As soon as the boy furnished proof of need, ability and admittance to Princeton, the assistance corporation guaranteed loans from his local Oneonta bank: $500 in the freshman year; $750 in sophomore and junior years; $1000 the senior year; and a final $2000 during his first two years in graduate engineering. Interest on the loans didn't fall due until three months after he finished college. Then his payments on interest and principal were spread over six years.

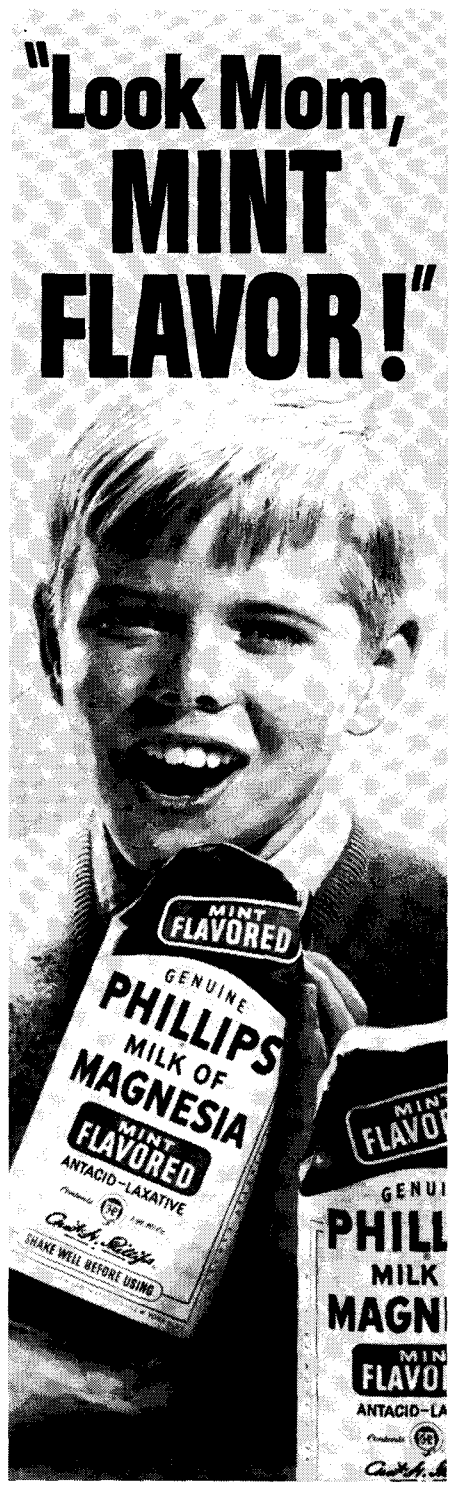
Some large industrial corporations also have set up college-aid funds available to children of their employees. General Electric, for example, has lent more than $1,500,000 from such a fund since 1957.

Even with the many potential resources that I have listed, raising an average of $2000 a year per college-age child takes some doing. But hundreds of thousands of parents with modest incomes are doing it every year. At Princeton, one student in three is on scholarship; two in five hold part-time jobs; one in three borrows against future income.

Certainly the goal seems worth it. We live in a time that requires our children to develop their talent to the fullest. Quite aside from the nation's needs, learning produces priceless benefits in terms of individual satisfaction and maturity. And if neither of those arguments convinces, consider this: During an average working career—according to Paul C. Glick and Herman P. Miller of the U. S. Census Bureau—men with college diplomas accumulate at least $100,000 more income than high-school graduates do. Professor Seymour Harris, chairman of the Harvard Economics Department, puts the figure at $250,000.

So no matter how you reason, don't assume that you can't afford a college education for your child.

Assume that you can't afford *not* to afford one. THE END



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BY WILL STANTON

Painting by Stevan Dohanos

Nobody in Clam's Crossing ever thought it strange that Mr. Luther Finchley chose to go for a stroll every evening of the year, rain or shine. He had always done it, and folks assumed he always would. Each evening regular as clockwork he would descend from his room over the hardware store, turn left and head down the street toward the wharf. When he passed the door of the tavern, all the customers inside and everybody else on the street would automatically set their watches to 7:30. Sometimes he didn't get there until a quarter of eight, sometimes it would be 7:15, but that didn't bother anybody. Clam's Crossing was a quiet town not much concerned with progress or change. This was before the arrival of Harry MacClure.

Harry drove into town one morning in May, parked in front of the *Courier* office and went in. The girl behind the desk was shuffling through a sheaf of typed pages. She was a slender blonde, her face half hidden by a green eyeshade.

"You can stack the paper on the other desk," she said.

He smiled. "I haven't got any."

She frowned at the copy. "I ordered it last week."

"Not from me you didn't."

"It was over the phone. I don't know whom I talked to."

He reached over and tilted up the eyeshade. "Do you sell real estate or don't you?"

"No," she said, "I run the *Crossing Courier*. You must be thinking of my Uncle Ben. He used to have an office here, but he's been dead for years."

He jerked his thumb toward the doorway. "The sign says B. J. TRAYNOR—REAL ESTATE."

"We never got around to taking it down," she said. "After all, everybody around here knew about Uncle Ben."

"I didn't know anything about Uncle Ben."

"Well," she said, "you never would have got along with him, I'm afraid. He was sort of a horrid person, everybody seemed to think."

"I wouldn't know anything about that."

"No," she said, "I guess you'll just have to take my word."

"Listen," he put his hands on the desk and leaned forward, "all I want is to talk to somebody in this town about real estate. Is that too much to ask?"

She looked at him for a minute and then lowered her eyeshade. "No, I shouldn't think so." She returned to her copy.

He took a deep breath. "My name is Harry MacClure."

"How do you do? I'm Stevie Traynor, short for Stephanie."

"I'm associated with Coastal Enterprises," he said. "We're interested in real estate development in this area."

"It's a little late for this week's edition," she said, "but I can write up a nice little story about you for next week." She reached for a pad. "Now, let's see—your age?"

"Twenty-eight," he said. "That's what it was when I came in here."

"Fine," she said. "Occupation?"

He walked over to the window and stood looking out. "Never mind the story," he said; "just put down my age and let it go at that."

"You said you were interested in real estate?" She took off the eyeshade and put it on the desk. "I'm afraid you're in for a disappointment, Mr. MacClure. Real estate is very slow right now. In fact, it always has been."

He grinned. "Maybe I can help speed it up. Whom do I see?"

She thought for a moment. "I suppose Abner Giddings would know as much as anyone. He has an office just down the street."

"Thank you very much."

"The sign out in front says LIVERY STABLE. Don't let that put you off."

"I won't," he promised. He went out to his car and drove down the street. The office of Abner Giddings proved to be a small compartment in one corner of the stable. Mr. Giddings was sitting at a table, attempting to repair a wind-up phonograph. He was a spry little man with a fringe of gray hair.

"Watch your step," he said. He turned a switch, the machine began to whine, and a record spun off the turntable, whirred past Harry's head and crashed against the wall.

"There, you see?" Mr. Giddings said. "What kind of a machine do they think this is? It may be all right if you want to shoot skeet, but you come to music, and it's a washout."

"I understand you're in the real-estate business," Harry said.

"I guess that's a matter of opinion." He reached into the machine and pried out one of the gears with his knife. "The way I had this fixed it throws records against the wall. If I put it in the other way, it runs them backward."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," Harry said.

"You come around on this side, and you can get a better look."

"I'm talking about real estate," Harry said. "Are you in the business or aren't you?"

Mr. Giddings put down his knife. "What do you have in mind?"

"It's like this"—Harry sat down on the corner of the table—"my company develops resort areas like this one—hotels, cottages, gift shops and anything we think will pay off."

Mr. Giddings nodded. "You want to hand me that awl? . . . Much obliged."

"You have a picturesque little town here—good fishing and boating. With the right handling I think it could be made into quite an artists' colony."

"I'll tell you one thing, young fellow"—Mr. Giddings pointed the awl at him—"you're on the wrong track here. This town wouldn't take very kindly to any artists' doings. No, you're not likely to find that sort of folks around here."

"I didn't expect to find them here. I expect to bring them here. Now, do you want to show me around or don't you?"

"No need to get all worked up." Mr. Giddings got stiffly to his feet. "I can show you the old Klingerman place if you want." He then went over to the corner and moved an old piece of

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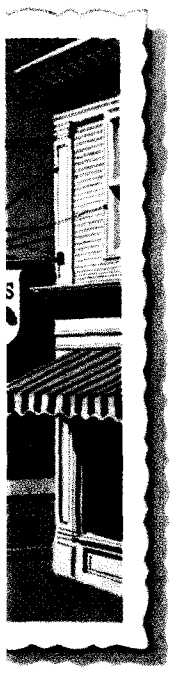
canvas, to uncover a dozen glass jugs filled with some pale liquid. "As long as we're going out that way, we might as well drop these off. You want to help me load them in your car?" Harry picked up two of the jugs and followed him out the door. When he got back to town it was late afternoon. He parked his car in front of the *Courier* office and went in. "You told me Giddings would be the best man to show me around," he said. "Who do you think would be second best?"



Stevie looked up from her typewriter. "We don't have any second best in Clam's Crossing," she said. "You either take the best or nothing."

"It's quite a place at that." He put a paper sack on the counter. "Would you like a beer?"

She studied him for a moment. "Why not?" she said.

He opened a couple of bottles and handed her one. "I suppose you know the town pretty well?"

"I grew up here," she said. "My father owned the local newspaper, and I started working for him when I was still attending grammar school. When he retired, he moved to Arizona, but I just couldn't leave."

"You don't run it all by yourself?"

"I have a Linotype operator and a printer when they feel like working. The rest of it isn't very hard. The ads are pretty much the same from week to week. So is the news."

"I can believe it," he said. "This is about the most underdeveloped spot I've ever seen. There's only one thing I can't understand." He took a swallow of his beer. "With all the competition there is in my business, how come no developer ever spotted this place before?"

"Maybe they have," she said. "Maybe the town just isn't interested. Did you find out anything from Abner?"

"He isn't what you'd call a high-pressure-type salesman," Harry said. "I did talk him into letting me see one place. Of course, there were a few errands we had to take care of first."

"Yes," Stevie said knowingly. "Abner's car hasn't been running lately."

"First there were some jugs we had to deliver to a fellow named Jethro—only he wasn't home. His wife said he was fishing, and anyhow he had promised the jugs to his brother Marl, so we drove another four miles."

"The roads aren't very good out that way."

Harry nodded. "I know. I broke a spring." He opened a fresh beer. "You ready for another? Well, let me know. Anyhow, we located Marl. He said he'd been studying on how to move a kitchen range up from the cellar. Abner said we'd give him a hand."

Stevie smiled. "I wondered what had happened to your suit. It probably seems strange to you, but it's customary around here for people to help out their neighbors."

"I haven't got a neighbor within 500 miles," Harry said. "Besides that, there weren't any cellar steps—only a ladder."

"You've got to admit it's picturesque," she said. "Did you take the stove apart?"

"Abner said there was no point in wasting time. We moved it whole in about an hour and a quarter. When we got it upstairs, the door came open, and we found a keg of nails in the oven. Marl told me to help myself."

"It was the least he could do," she said, "after all your trouble."

"Then when we did get to the Klingerman place, there was a sign in front that said SOLD. The whole place was covered with brambles, including the sign—it must have been there ten years. And this was the hottest property Abner had listed. Besides that, he shot a hole in my windshield."

She looked startled. "He did what?"

Harry nodded gloomily. "They were hunting deer. Of course it wasn't deer season, but Marl said a farmer was allowed to protect his property, and some deer had been eating his wife's petunias and a sassafras tree. The two of them sat in the back with their rifles and hunted all the way to the Klingerman place. I asked if it wasn't illegal to hunt from the road, and they said you couldn't really call it a road. They were right about that."

"Mr. MacClure," she said, "you've had a bad afternoon, and this is only the start. Why don't you face the fact that this town isn't for you? Finish your beer and drive away."

"And leave this little gold mine for somebody else to discover?" He laughed shortly. "Not a chance. Where's the best place to stay?"

She sighed. "Well, if you're that determined, I think Mrs. Dopler has an empty room. She takes in boarders sometimes." She glanced at her watch. "It's time I was getting home. I can show you where she lives."

"Fine," he said, "I want to get to know some of the local people."

Stevie picked up her purse and walked out to the car. "You will," she said.

He got in behind the wheel. "You're not going to lock your office?"

She shook her head. "I don't believe you can lock it." She settled back comfortably. "What a beautiful car."

"You like it?" he asked, pleased. "It took my life's savings, but I guess it was worth it. Which way?"

She directed him to a white frame house overlooking the bay. "This is where I live. Mrs. Dopler's is the third house up on this side. Well, thanks for the lift."

"I'll see you later." He drove on and stopped in front of the third house. Mrs. Dopler was sitting on the porch, rocking. She was a stocky woman wearing a profusion of shawls. She waved as he came up the steps.

"You'll be Stevie's young man," she said. "My, you're good looking, aren't you?"

He smiled. "My name is MacClure—Harry MacClure. This is my first visit to your town."

"You won't find a sweeter child than Stevie,"

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HE CAME TO MAKE A PROFIT... AND GOT TAKEN HIMSELF

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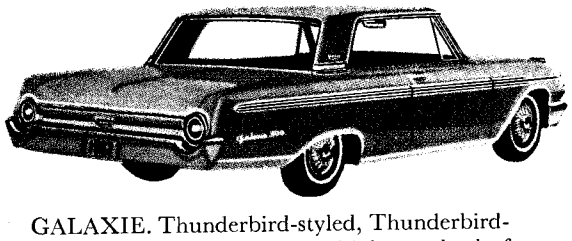

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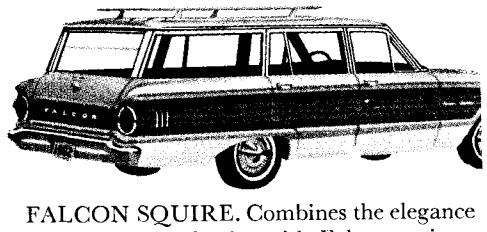

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The new Ford Fairlane—although priced below many compacts—gives you fine-car features you cannot get in any other car anywhere near its price

This car matches dollar signs with the compacts—and beats them at their own game. But Fairlane gives economy an extra dimension it's never had before. Although it's a foot shorter than other full-size cars, interiors measure up in yawn-and-stretch room to some of the biggest cars in Ford history. Upholsteries and appointments can be compared only to cars costing hundreds more. Quality is astonishingly high: this car is smooth as a careful cat—and as silent as its purr.

The optional Challenger V-8 engine is delightfully quick on the trigger . . . amazingly light on the pocketbook. Routine maintenance is necessary only twice a year or every 6,000 miles; Fairlane has all of Galaxie's service-saving features. Everything about the Fairlane will make perfect sense to you . . . except for the low price. You'll think that's a misprint.

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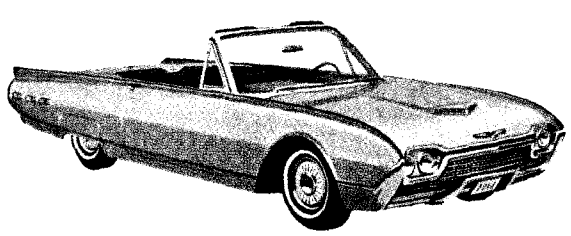
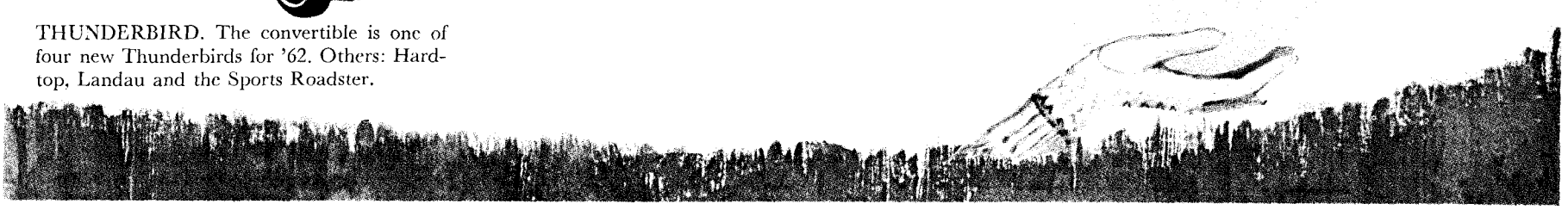
ook to the long Ford line!



THUNDERBIRD. The convertible is one of four new Thunderbirds for '62. Others: Hardtop, Landau and the Sports Roadster.

FEATURES OF THE FUTURE NOW

'62 Fords



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SPECULATOR

she said. "I don't care where you look. Just sit there on the swing. . . ."

"I'm afraid you've got the wrong impression," he said. "The fact is, I want to buy some property."

"Now why in the world would you want to do that," she asked, "when you can stay right here?"

"I wanted to ask you about that," he said. "I was hoping you'd be able to put me up until my business is taken care of."

"No need to ask," she said. "There's loads of room. Just let me give you one piece of advice, and I've been married three times, so I know. Don't ever buy anything you don't have to."

"I appreciate your advice," he said. "The only trouble is that buying property is my business."

"Well, don't you do it," she said. "Don't you even think of it. But I'll bet you'd like your supper. How would you like a nice fresh lobster?"

"That sounds wonderful."

"That's settled then," she said briskly. "I expect Captain Billy ought to have plenty of real nice ones—that is, if he isn't all sold out."

"Oh, I thought you had it here," he said. "I don't want to be any bother."

"It's no bother," she said, "no bother at all. You just go back through town the way you came and stop when you get to the wharf. You can't miss it."

Harry got to his feet and started slowly down the steps. "You make him give you a good one," she called.

"I'll try," Harry said.

At two o'clock the following afternoon he walked into the *Courier* office and sank into a chair. "Car's in the garage," he said. "I've been walking all over town."

Stevie was busy at the typewriter. "There's a pair of old hiking boots over there in the corner," she said. "I think they'd fit you."

"Oh, no," he said. "The car should be ready before long. Anyhow, it's given me a good chance to get acquainted with the place. The longer I stay here, the more possibilities I can see."

"Why don't you just try on the boots?" she said. "Those shoes of yours weren't meant for walking."

"You know," he said, "it's lucky I work for a company with ethical standards. I've known sharpies who would have come in here and stolen the place blind."

"You think so?"

"I know it. The people here have no sense of values—no idea of business practices at all. I was talking with the fellow who owns the old hay-and-grain store."

"Moses Schaparelli," she said.

"That's the one, Moses. He has about 200 feet of harbor frontage—the perfect setup for an inn or a boating club. But Moses isn't interested. He's been selling hay there for fifty years, and that's where he's going to stay. I told him I'd find him a place on the other side of town—I'd even move his building for him. Do you know what he said? He said he liked to eat at the café across the street. If he moved to the other side of town, it would be too far to walk."

Stevie lighted a cigarette. "Mr. MacClure," she said, "Harry, listen to me. This town is going to destroy you."

Harry strode across the room. "Do you know what I told him? I said I'd throw in a car in the deal. He said he already had a car, but he never used it—couldn't get it started." Harry spread his hands helplessly. "I swear I can't seem to get through to anybody. It's as if they were living in another world."

"That's what I've been trying to tell you," she said. "These people are content. You don't have anything they want."

"They're living in a disaster area and don't know it," he said. "There isn't one person in three who has a visible means of support. Nobody knows if he has a clear title to his property or even where the boundaries are." He ran his fingers through his hair. "I've never seen anything like it. Do you know Mr. Salter across from the lumberyard? Well, he happens to own the best section of bathing beach in miles. Only he isn't sure how much he owns. His southwest corner used to be marked by an old elm tree, but it blew down in the big storm of 'Forty-seven and was cut up for firewood."

WATCH FOR
THE GIRL WHO HATED MEN
A STORY BY JOHN REESE
COMING NEXT WEEK

She said, "A lot of old landmarks were destroyed in the storm. Over at the county seat it blew the roof off the courthouse."

"I'm going to drive over there tomorrow and check the descriptions and titles of some of this property."

"Better take the boots along," she said.

It was 7:15 that evening when he rapped on her front door. "I'll pick up those boots in the morning if it's O.K."

"Come in. I didn't hear you drive up," she said.

"I brought some wine." He handed her the bottle. "Do you know what Smiley did—the fellow that runs the garage?"

She led him to the screened back porch. "He didn't fix your car," she said. "I'll bet on that. Here's a glass."

"Thanks." Harry sat down on the chaise. "No, Smiley didn't even order the parts. Said it was a twenty-five-cent phone call, and he thought he'd better wait until he needed some other things and order them all at once. Finally he agreed to get the parts tomorrow. I'm taking the bus to the county seat."

"You're a fighter," Stevie said. "I'll give you that."

"You expect a few setbacks in my business. They don't mean anything." He tasted his wine and leaned back in the chaise. "It's pleasant out here—peaceful, nice view of the bay."

"Uh-huh," she said, "I've always loved to sit out here and watch the waves come in. Of course that will all be changed when you have your casino built and the bath houses and the rest."

"You don't think much of the idea. I can understand that." He swirled the wine around in his glass. "All the old familiar landmarks, the places you remember from childhood—you're not going to be happy to see them changed. But you've got to realize that you can't fight progress."

"You don't think so?" she said. "I suppose it depends on your idea of what progress is."

"You probably think I'm completely materialistic. As a matter of fact, I'm getting quite attached to this place—the old houses, the scenery, the atmosphere. When I'm ready to slow down a little, I might like to live in a town like this."

"By that time," she said, "there won't be any left."

"I'll build one," he said. He turned to look at her. "Stevie, haven't you ever thought about leaving here? A good-looking young woman—intelligent. What does a sleepy town like Clam's Crossing have to offer you?"

"You can't seem to make up your mind about this place, can you?"

He grinned. "I'm going to miss you, Stevie, when I leave here."

"Have some more wine," Stevie said.

The next morning he stopped at the *Courier* office early, to pick up the boots. At 5:30 P.M. he was back.

"I hate to keep telling you my troubles," he said to Stevie, "but nobody else seems to understand."

"Sit down," she said. "I'm sorry I don't have a couch."

"Thanks," he said. He eased himself painfully down on the chair. "Well, the bus stop is about two miles from the courthouse and all uphill. From there it's about a mile and a half to the city hall."

"I never knew that," she said.

"It is. When the roof blew off the courthouse, a lot of the records went with it, and some of the others got wet. They took them over to city hall to dry out. I poked around there for about an hour, and then somebody told me the records I was looking for had been sent back to the courthouse."

"A mile and a half," she said.

"That's correct. Then I spent about two hours more trying to make sense of the records before I gave up. Maybe your laws are different here, or maybe it's just that nobody cares. Anyhow, it's going to take an expert to straighten them out."

"I was afraid you were going to have a discouraging day," she said.

"You were right. On my way back to the bus stop, I almost got run over."

"You were?" Her voice was concerned. "That must have been disconcerting."

"Yes, it was. It was my own car."

"I don't understand."

"I didn't get a look at the driver," he said, "so then I walked back to city hall to tell the police. They wanted to know why I hadn't reported the car stolen when I was in before. I said I'd just found out. They said then why had I come to town by bus." He shrugged helplessly. "You see, first I told them I wanted to check some records, and then I come back to report a theft. They seemed to think I didn't know my own mind."

"But you did finally get everything straightened out?"

"Oh, sure. As soon as I got back, I stopped in to see Smiley. It turned out he had the car all fixed, except for the windshield, so Mrs. Smiley drove it to the city to pick up a new one. Well, they didn't have the right kind, so she decided as long as she was there she might as well do some shopping." He stretched out his legs stiffly and stared at his boots. "So while I was hiking back and forth to the courthouse, Mrs. Smiley was cruising around in my car, looking at hats."

Stevie nodded. "This town is rough on strangers. I told you that."

Harry got to his feet and walked over to the window. "I talked to my boss today—long distance. I explained some of the problems I've run into, and he thought maybe we should cancel the project."

"What did you tell him?"

Harry turned slowly toward her. "I said I was going to fight this thing through if it took all summer."

"Well," she said, "we do have lovely summers here."

The first week of June it rained. Harry got his car from the garage and returned the boots. The following afternoon he was back in the *Courier* office. "I'd like to borrow the boots again," he told Stevie.

She put down her pencil. "Care to tell me about it?"

"My car's back at Smiley's," he said. "The radiator's caved in."

"It must be nice to have an expense account," she said.

"Well, I was going over to the city this morning, and the cops picked me up for driving a stolen car. I'd forgotten to call in and cancel the theft. One of them drove me to the station in the squad car while his partner followed in mine. We stopped at an intersection, and the other cop rammed into us. He said he wasn't used to push-button drive. We finally got everything cleared up, but I may need the boots for a few days."

"Do you realize how much you've changed?" she asked him. "Three weeks ago all this trouble would have driven you frantic. You've had nothing but bad luck, and it just seems to make you more patient and more assured."

"You really think so?" He looked pleased. "Maybe it's the exercise and regular hours. I never tried them before, but they say they're fine for the nerves."

"Don't forget Mrs. Dopler's cooking."

"That's right, I don't know when I've eaten any better. I only wish I could find out what I'm supposed to be paying."

"She hasn't told you?"

"Every time I mention it she changes the subject. She seems to feel there's something indelicate about money. I know she never refers to it when she asks me to pick up something at the store. I honestly don't see how she gets along."

"You don't? I thought you just gave a good explanation. In fact, it applies pretty well to the whole town."

Harry thought awhile. "I guess that's what's so frustrating about this place. I've always considered money as a tool that you can use to accomplish whatever you want. But what can you do when people aren't interested in money?"

"Didn't somebody say, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em?"

Harry shook his head. "When a man takes pride in his work, he can't quit just because the going gets tough. I came here with a job to do, and I don't intend to let anything stop me."

The following week he was fired.

"I don't understand," Stevie said. "How can they fire you with no warning?"

"As a matter of fact," he said, "the boss has been sending me wires every day for the last week."

"You never said a word about them."

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"I just found out," he told her. 'You know they phone the wires in to he drugstore next to the garage. Well, the fellow there would write hem out and then go over and stick hem under the windshield wiper of ny car. I found them just now—even of them."

"That's outrageous," she said. 'Don't you think if you got in touch with your boss and explained ——"

"I'm not going to." He tossed the heaf of telegrams down on the desk. 'I'm tired of being ordered around ll the time anyway. I'd like to try vorking on my own."

"That will be a change, won't it, vorking without capital or salary?"

"When I get this project lined up, I now people who'll be glad to invest n it. And I have a friend who works or a land-title company. He has some ree time in August, and I'm going to ave him come up and get some of hese titles unsnarled. But I've got to ind another place to stay. Mrs. Dopler is going to visit her sister."

"I've just been thinking," Stevie aid, "that I really need some more elp around here, if you'd be inter-sted. I couldn't pay a lot, but you ould live in the back room here and ave your meals with me."

Harry picked up the telegrams and lropped them into the wastebasket. 'I don't see why not," he said.

On June twenty-third, Harry got is car from the garage and took Stevie for a ride. He pulled off the oad on a bluff overlooking the water.

They sat for a moment, watching he surf breaking against the rocks. 'This must be an awfully exciting place for a kid to grow up," he said.

She nodded. "When I was little, we ad an old sailboat. My father used o take us out a lot, and I loved it. t's funny that something can be so quiet and relaxing and at the same ime so exciting."

"It doesn't seem funny to me." He urned her face and kissed her.

After a moment she drew away. 'You didn't do that just because I'm he boss?"

"I've had a lot of bosses," he said, 'but you're the first one I've kissed."

"I'm glad," she said.

In July they attended a clambake nd a barn dance. They also went ishing and swimming, and Harry got couple of orders for job printing.

At the end of the month Stevie was going over the books. "I guess I'll ave to give you a bonus," she said, 'otherwise we'll show a profit, and I lon't know how to enter it."

"Put it under petty cash. I don't vant to move into a higher bracket."

"By the way," she said, "do you know when your friend, the land-itle expert, is going to be here?"

"Didn't I tell you?" he asked. "He can't make it this year. He thought maybe next spring. In fact, that will give me more time to get to know the territory around here better."

August eighteenth was Stevie's birthday. It was after supper, and they were finishing up some work in the office. "What's so interesting out-side?" she asked him. "You've been staring out the window for fifteen minutes."

"I've been watching a fellow bring-ing in a sailboat," he said. "He's just finished tying it up at the dock."

She moved over beside him. "A sloop." She breathed softly. "Did you ever see anything so beautiful?"

"Happy birthday, Stevie," he said.

"Why, thank you," she said. Suddenly she clutched his arm. "Look, isn't that man getting into your car?"

"Not exactly," Harry said. "You see, he was admiring it, and we got to talking, and it turned out he had this boat for sale, so we made a deal. Now look ——"

She had turned toward him, her face drained of color. "Harry, you aren't serious." Her lips were trembling. "You don't mean you actually bought it?"

"It's the first present I've ever given you. I wanted it to be something you'd like."

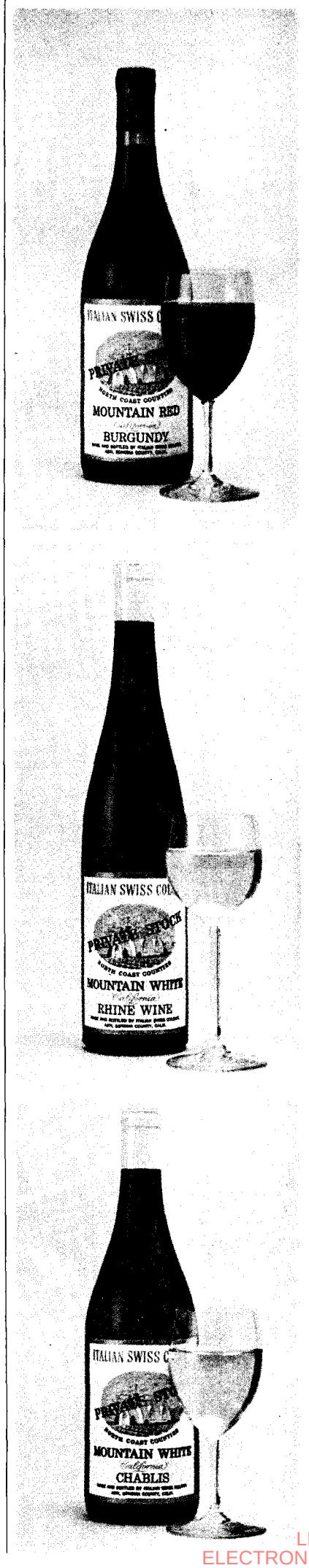
"Harry, I don't know what to say."

He tilted up her chin and kissed her firmly. "You'll think of something. Let's go see your present."

She paused in the doorway to wipe her eyes. "Harry, I'm just beginning to realize—your beautiful car."

"There's nothing I want that isn't within walking distance," he said.

Across the street Mr. Luther Finchley, taking his evening stroll, passed the door of the tavern. Harry looked at his wrist watch and carefully set it back to 7:30. "Let's go," he said. THE END



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'62 CHEVROLET

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Top is Corvair Monza at New York International Airport beside Pan American Jet Clipper

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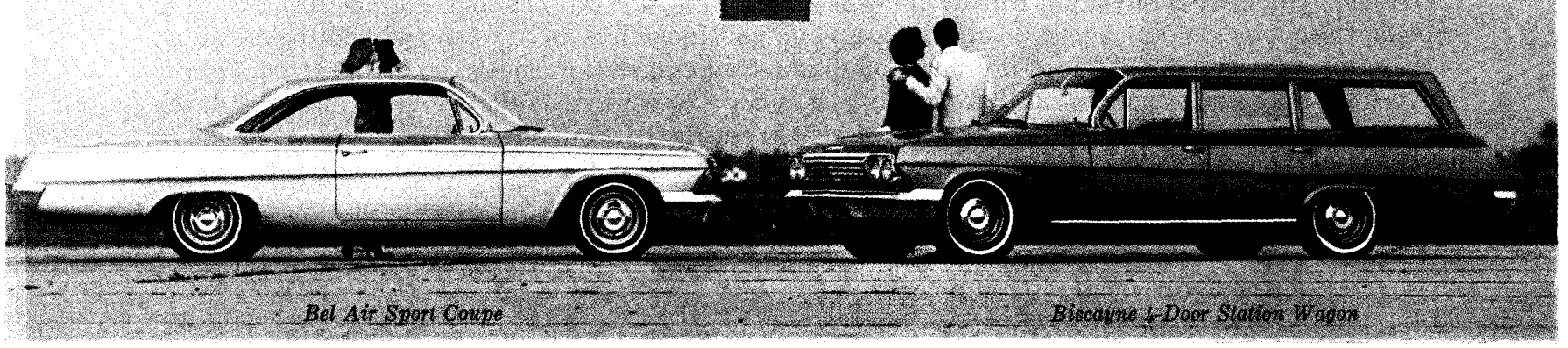

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"COMMON MARKET". . . What Does it Mean to Us?

A REPORT FROM OUR LEADING AUTHORITY ON THIS PRICKLY SUBJECT

By CHRISTIAN A. HERTER

This article is based on two assumptions. The first is that neither the Berlin crisis—nor any other crisis which has developed in the world—will lead to a major nuclear war. The second is that the cold war will continue unabated.

The cold war has been declared upon the capitalist nations of the world by the Communist bloc as surely as shooting wars were declared in the past. Its framework has been clearly indicated by statements made by Mr. Khrushchev, or appearing in Communist manifestoes, or emanating from the capitals of the Communist bloc all the way from Peking to East Germany. Its aims are simple. It proposes to annihilate free government and free society wherever they exist and bring the whole human race under Communist domination.

There are three main groups involved in this cold war. The first is the Communist bloc itself. Comprising roughly 1,000,000,000 people, or one third of the world's population, it is, with the exception of Cuba, a geographically contiguous bloc of nations, dominated by the ideology expressed in Communist manifestoes and following to a greater or lesser degree the teachings of Marx and Lenin.

The second group consists of the less-developed areas of the world, which in the cold war might well be termed the contested areas. It represents in all one half the population of the world, or roughly 1,500,000,000 people.

The third group is composed of the free, industrialized nations of the Atlantic community—namely, the nations of Western Europe, the United States and Canada—as well as Japan and Australia. Although representing only one sixth of the world's peoples, these nations control roughly two thirds of the industrial productive capacity of the world.

The Communist strategy in the cold war involves two main lines of attack. The first is to win the so-called contested nations to the Communist bloc. This, the Communists have made clear, they expect to do by means short of war, including penetration, subversion, economic warfare, coercion, terror, intimidation, blackmail, bribery, corruption, and exploitation of widespread poverty, disease and ignorance. The second line of attack is to subvert or sow division among the third group of nations, most of whom are bound together by military alliances.

The cold war is deadly serious business. It is just as destructive to all the values by which we live as a shooting war. If we lose it, we will become subjects of the Communist bloc and live under a monolithic control entirely alien to all our concepts of freedom. Certainly Western civilization would be dead.

I believe that if the Communist bloc succeeds in either of its two main objectives, it will win the cold war. Loss of the contested nations would isolate the United States and other key industrial countries from half the people of the world and from raw materials essential to modern production and technology. A division of the industrial nations of the world could be equally disastrous. Unless the latter form a united group—militarily, economically and politically bound together—Communist prospects of taking them over piecemeal are bright.

Obviously we must check the Communists in both objectives. But we have to establish priorities. The first and most urgent priority is to strengthen the bonds of the Atlantic community. These fall into three related categories:

The first is military. In 1958, the NATO countries agreed that the strength of their shield, namely their tactical forces deployed in Europe, should include thirty divisions of ground forces in addition to substantial naval and air units. Because of the assignment of most of France's army in Algeria and for budgetary reasons in other countries, this ground strength has never been attained. It must be developed, since a strong shield might well be decisive in the military posture which the West must adopt toward the Communist bloc.

The second category is political. A co-ordinated foreign policy among the Western nations is essential. Some progress has been made through consultation

The author, Presidential adviser and former Secretary of State.

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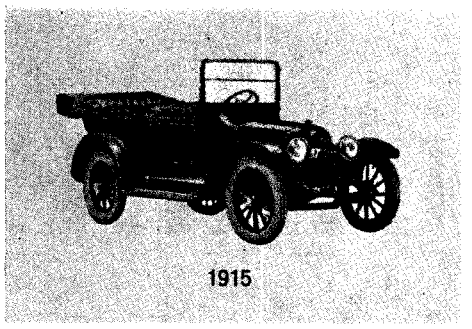
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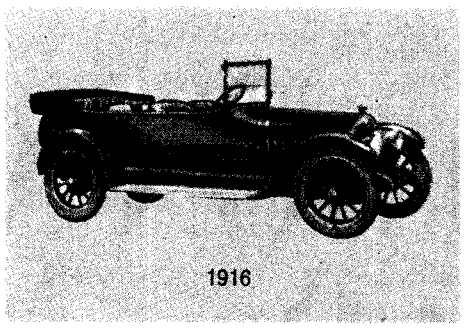
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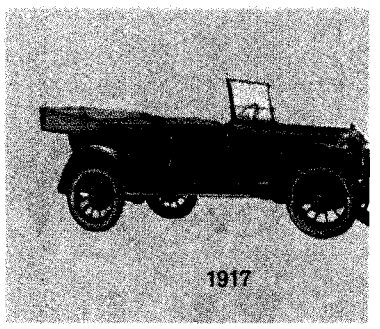
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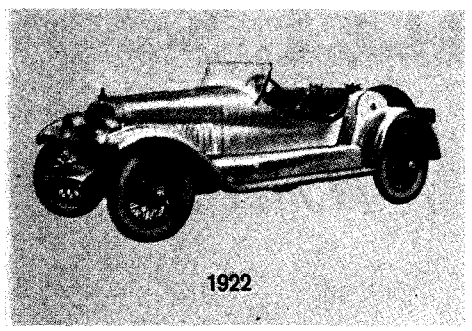
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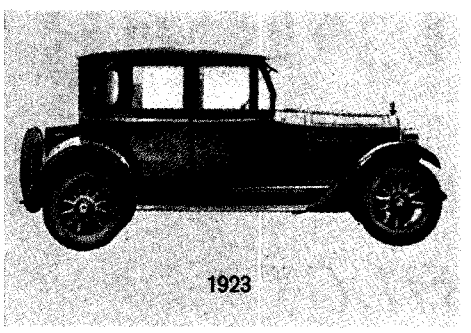
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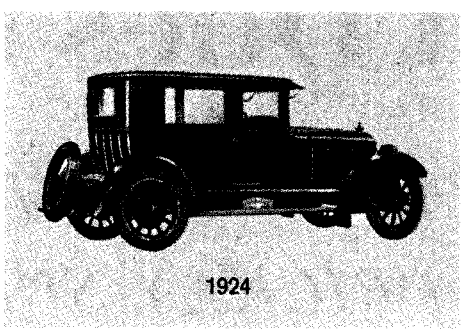
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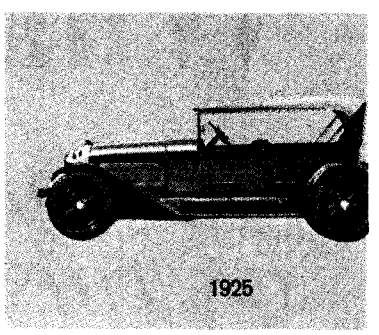
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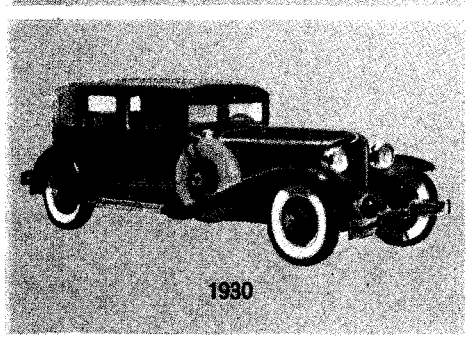
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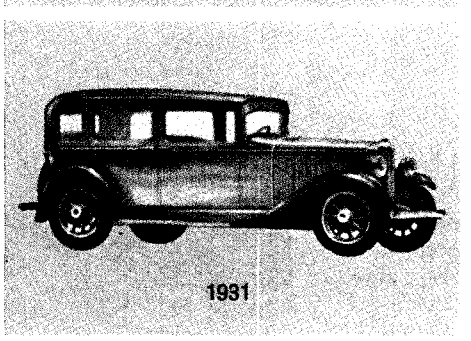
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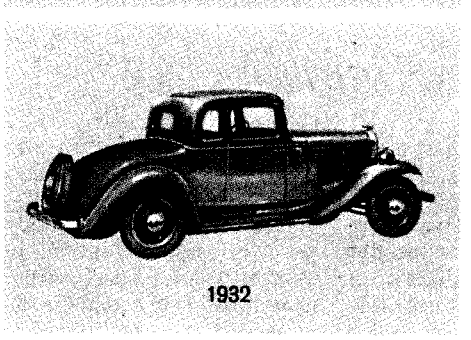
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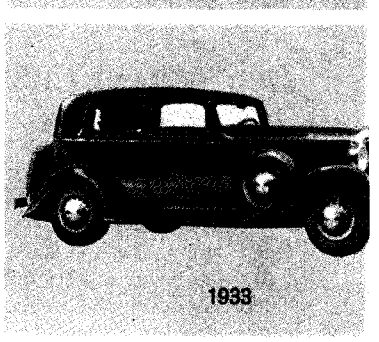
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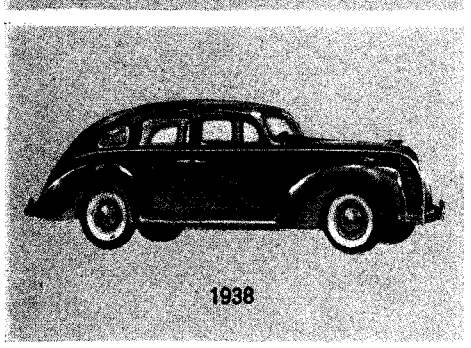
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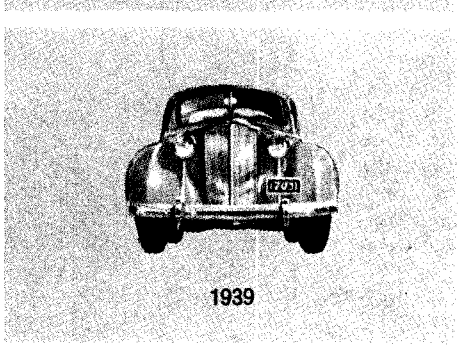
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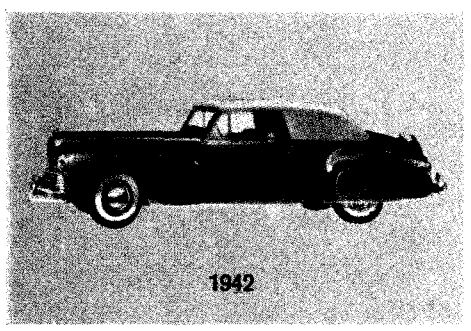
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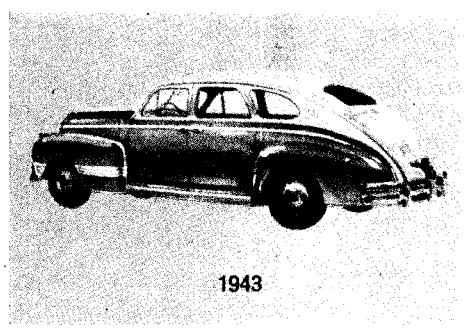
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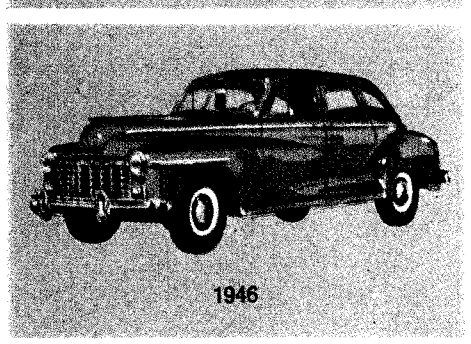
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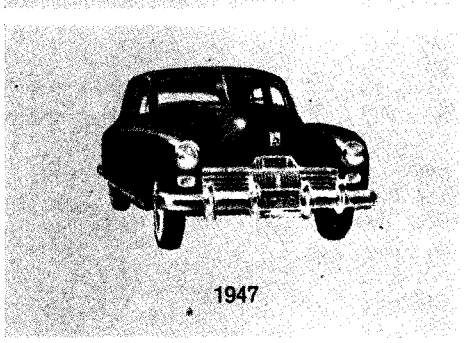
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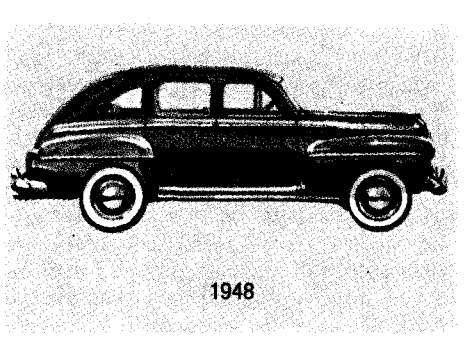
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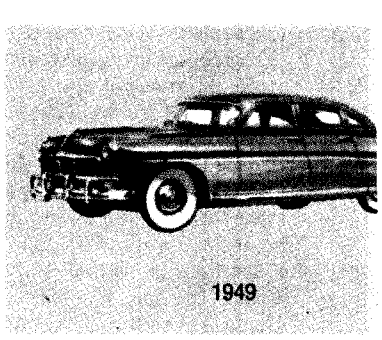
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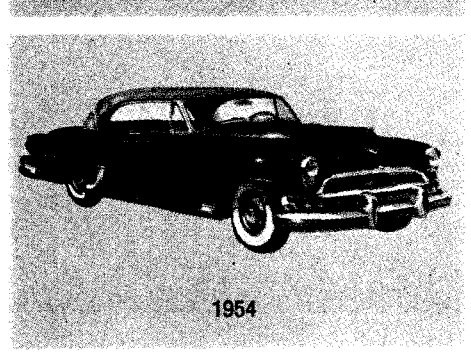
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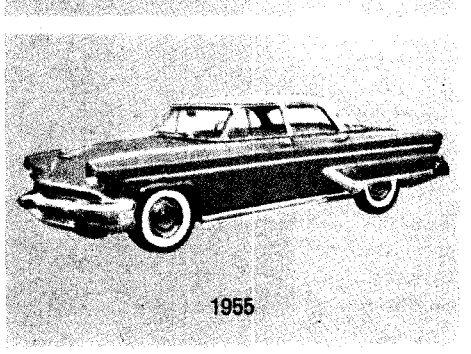
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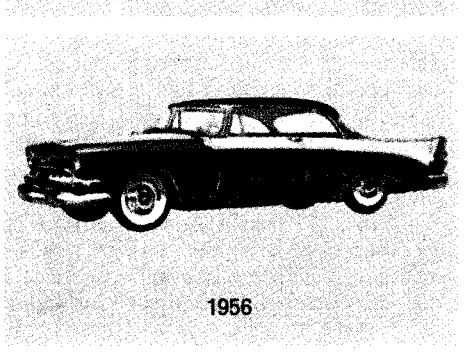
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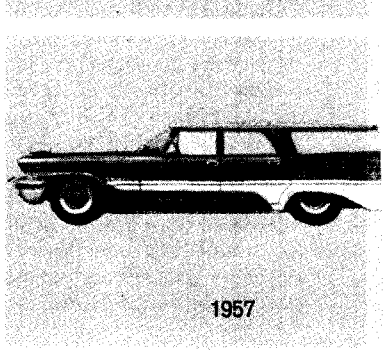
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How many can you name? Try it...then turn to the answers on page 65. And if you would like a full-color reprint of

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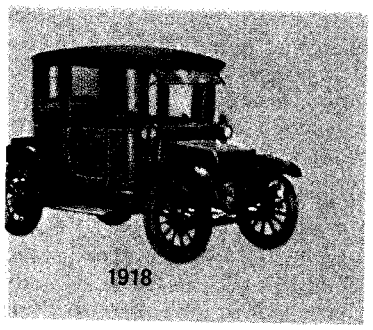
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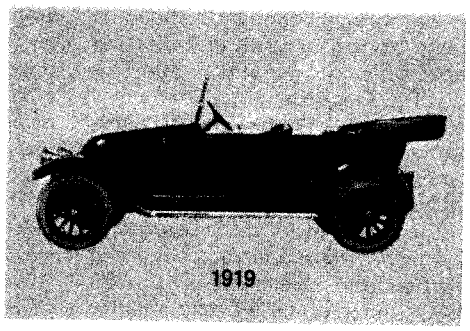
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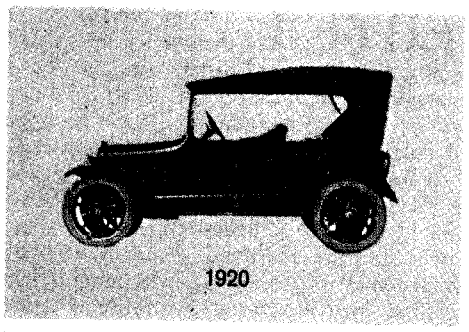
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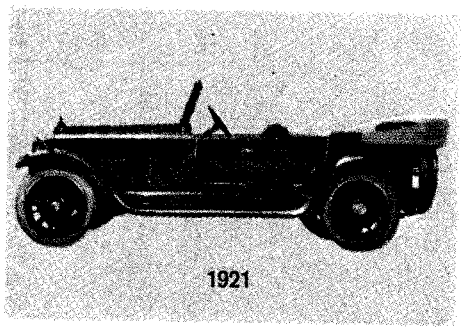
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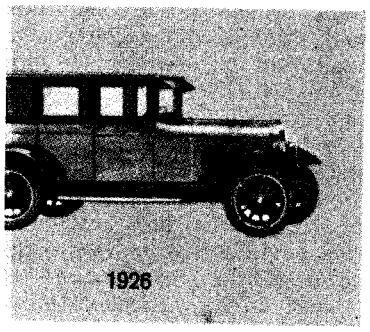
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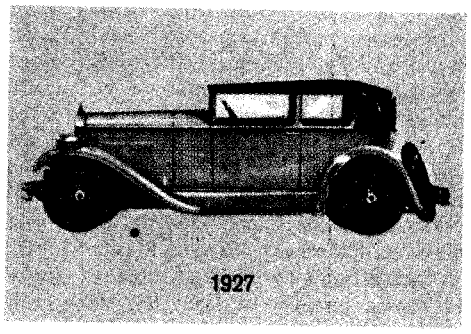
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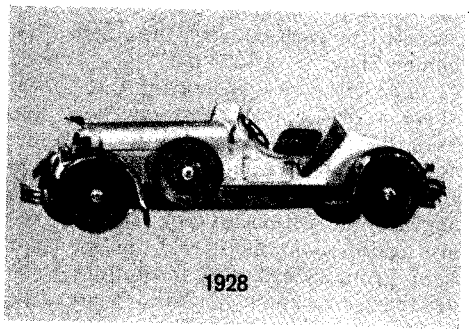
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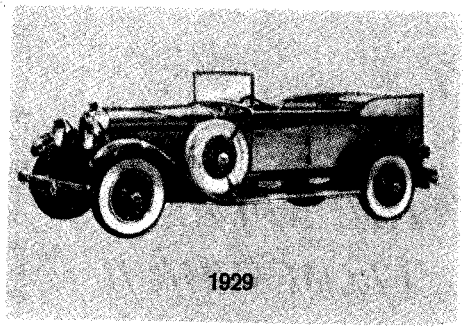
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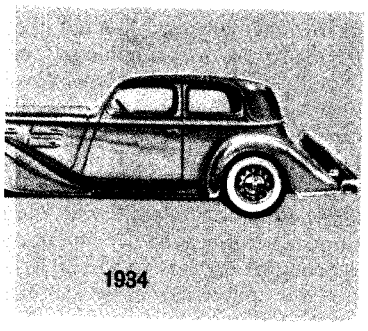
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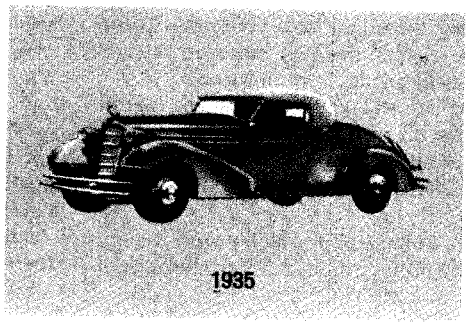
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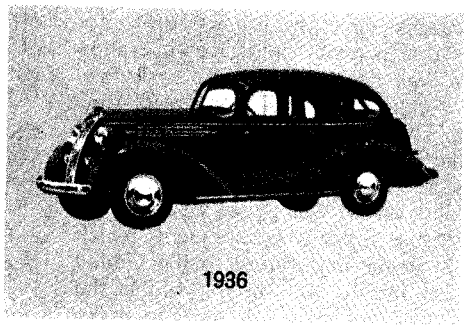
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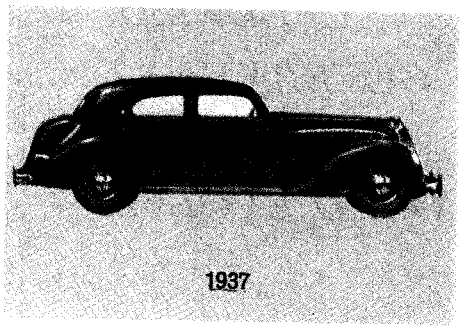
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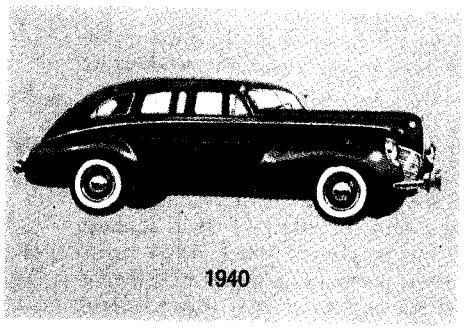
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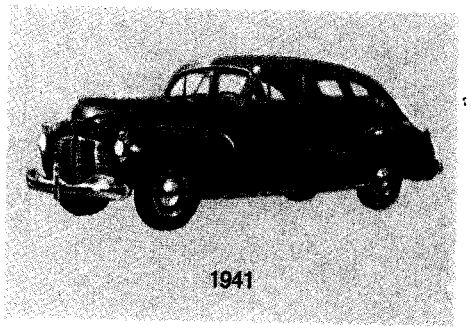
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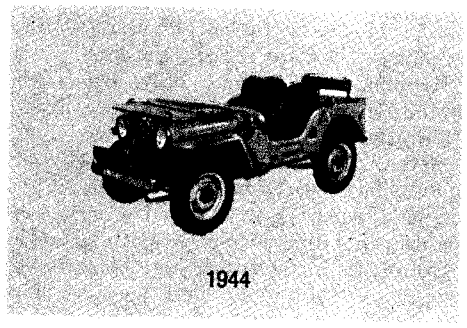
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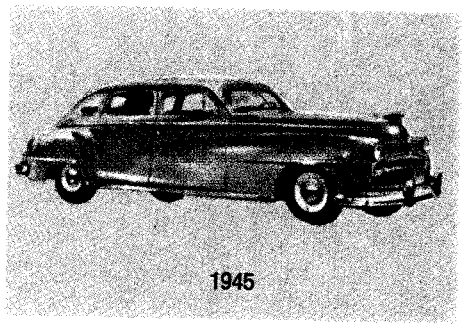
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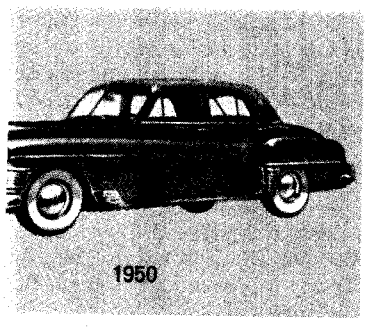
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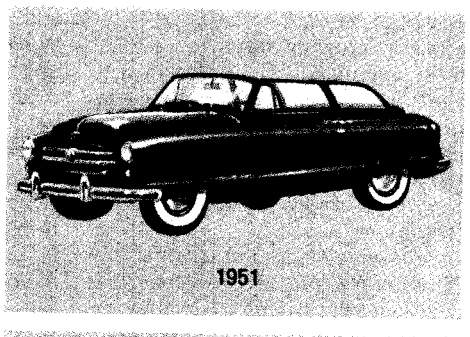
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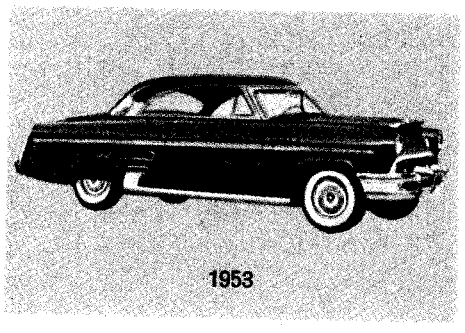
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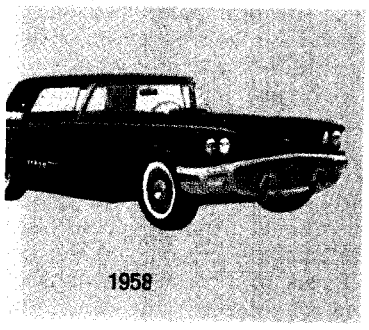
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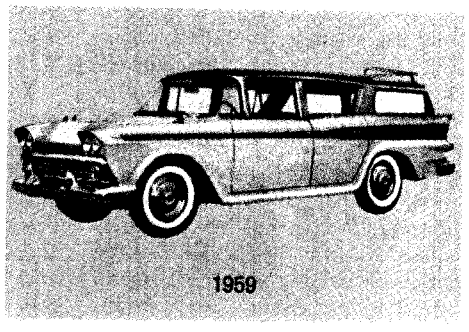
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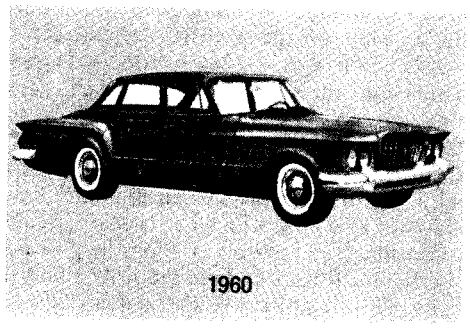
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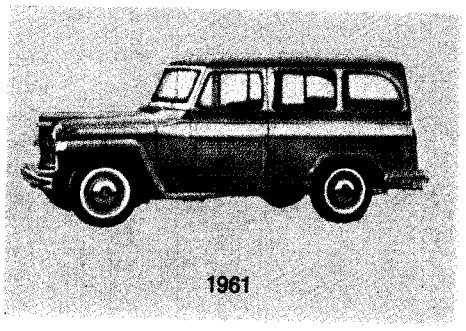
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"THE NUCLEUS FROM WHICH A FEDERAL GOVERNMENT FOR EUROPE COULD EVOLVE."

HERTER among NATO members, utilizing the Council of Ministers and the permanent representatives at NATO. However, differences among allies, in good part deriving from the transition of their former colonies to independence, have prevented the development of coordinated policies. I believe these differences can be resolved—especially since colonial problems are declining with time—provided new institutional arrangements for forging such policies are accepted by each country, including the United States.

The third category is economic. Actually there is considerable overlapping between the political and economic fields. I do not believe it is possible to overestimate the importance of the economic categories in the organization of a united defense against Communist cold-war aggression. From the economic institutions created to improve commercial and financial relations, political institutions must inevitably develop. As economic cooperation increases, political co-operation on a realistic basis is bound to follow. Developments in Europe are already startling. This is especially true with respect to the institutions created by the European Economic Community in order to put flesh on the skeleton of the Common Market. It is these developments which are of prime importance to the United States, and in relation to which the United States soon will have to make important decisions.

There are, however, at the present time differences in the economic field which have their political consequences. Consider the economic division of Western Europe between the so-called Six and Seven. To see the growth of economic integration among the nations in these two groups, and the effect of their development on the United States, a few words about the present organization of the so-called Six and Seven may prove helpful.

The "Six" are the countries joined economically in the European Economic Community. They are France, the Federal Republic of Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg. The European Free Trade Association is the "Seven." It consists of the United Kingdom, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, Austria and Portugal.

The principal difference between these two groups lies in their differing degree of integration. Not only have the six members of the European Economic Community agreed to a gradual diminution of their internal tariffs and a common external tariff, they have also established a number of institutions of an extraordinary character. The seven nations of the European Free Trade Association, on the other hand, are committed only to a gradual reduction of the internal tariff. Each of the seven nations is left to make its own arrangements with countries in the outside world and there are no international institutions similar to those in the European Economic Community.

The decision of the British, despite their association with the Seven, to seek admission into the European Economic Community is a revolutionary development in the relationship of European nations. Should these negotiations be successful, it is probable that Denmark and Norway will also join, with some type of affiliation likely in the case of the other members of the European Free Trade Association. This step by the British is revolutionary because the European Economic Community is in itself revolutionary.

The European Economic Community came into being as a result of the Treaty of Rome, which became effective on January 1, 1958. This grouping created a new phase in the age-old struggle for European unity. Its six members, and any additional adherents to the Rome Treaty, are pledged to reduce their internal tariffs over a period of years on a percentage basis. This process has already begun. In fact, it has been accelerated to a point where the internal tariffs may well be completely abolished before 1972, which had been set as the final date. Now 1966 seems more likely. Movement of goods within the area has increased enormously, producing an economic complex of tremendous vitality. The Rome Treaty provides for much more than the lowering of internal tariffs and the creation of common external tariffs. It provides for the free movement of services, labor and capital; in fact, a breaking down of most of the economic barriers between the six countries, so that from an economic point of view there can be a continual freeing of the elements which build up internal industrial production and trade.

The Rome Treaty outlines general policy. To fill out that policy with specific actions and to administer their execution, it has created the following institutions:

1. A *Commission*, which proposes community policy and has day-to-day administrative authority;
2. A *Council of Ministers*, which decides community policy and has prime executive responsibility;
3. An *Assembly*, which serves as a limited parliament;
4. A *Court of Justice*, which passes judgment on legal issues arising under the treaty.

The commission is a nine-man body charged with administering the Common Market, working out detailed policies and supervising the execution of policies approved by the Council of Ministers. Although the commission has no power to make policy itself, it initiates proposals for common policy. Under the leadership of its first president, Dr. Walter Hallstein of Germany, the commission's influence on policy has been great.

The Council of Ministers is made up of representatives of the six member states. The council makes all policy decisions. Many of them must be taken unanimously, giving each member a technical veto, but compromises have solved differences more often than vetoes.

The Parliamentary Assembly is a 142-man body appointed by the parliaments of the member states. It has little power at present. It debates and recommends. It may censure the commission by a two-thirds vote, which obliges the commission to resign. It has no power over the Council of Ministers.

But the assembly's importance may be greater than its present powers. The treaty calls for its eventual election by universal vote within the community; and this body, representative of the people, then could assume some of the council's powers. It is important as a possible forerunner of a federal legislature for the Six.

The Court of Justice is a seven-man body which interprets the treaty in cases brought by member governments or other Common Market institutions. It also hears appeals of firms or persons affected by decisions of the commission or council.

In addition, the Rome Treaty establishes a number of consultative committees designed to promote co-operation among the member countries on monetary policy, transportation policy and economic and social matters.

The importance of all these institutions is more than administrative. They represent the nucleus from which a European government could evolve.

The Treaty of Rome has one serious defect: it does not make detailed provision regarding the agricultural policies of the six countries. Perhaps the most knotty of all the economic difficulties, this was left for later resolution. The commission is currently making certain recommendations in an effort to co-ordinate the agricultural policies of the separate countries, which differ materially. Germany, for example, has maintained high prices with comparatively low subsidies and strong tariff protection. In France and Italy the price of foodstuffs has been kept down artificially, but there have been very large internal subsidies to the producers of grains and certain other agricultural products. The United Kingdom, which is now applying for membership, has a policy more like that of France than that of Germany. The British have kept prices down and given large subsidies to their own producers. In addition they have given special preferences to the agricultural exporting nations of the Commonwealth, particularly Canada, Australia and New Zealand, which are heavily dependent on their agricultural exports to Great Britain. The basic differences in agricultural policy of the various countries, including the special problem of preference for the Commonwealth nations, will have to be resolved if this divisive element is not to become a hazard to the undertaking.

The Treaty of Rome, as indicated, contemplates more than an economic understanding between the six countries. It aims at a continuing growth in political unity among them, constituting, in effect, the nucleus of a United States of Europe. Although political unity has not progressed as fast as economic unity, the trend is encouraging. President De Gaulle and Chancellor Adenauer have agreed that their experts and those of the other member nations should sit down together to see what can be done to achieve greater political unity within the framework of the treaty. Here, of course, is the really revolutionary aspect of this entire effort. For years people have dreamed about bringing together the nations of Europe into more than an alliance, into an actual single federation. Within our own lifetime Briand of France made such an effort, and at the beginning of World War II Winston Churchill went so far as to suggest the union of Great Britain and France. After World War II a number of individuals, notably Schuman and Monnet of France and Churchill in Great Britain, fostered through private channels earnest discussion as to how the unification of Europe could best proceed. It was due in large measure to their efforts that the Rome Treaty was eventually signed. But one of the ironies of the situation was that Churchill's political party shied away from association with the efforts of the Six when it came back to power.

The six original nations which signed the Treaty of Rome have a population of roughly 171,000,000. As of today, Greece is affiliated with the Common Market, and Turkey is negotiating for a similar position. Should the negotiations with Great Britain be successful, and Norway and Denmark also become members of the Common Market, and should the other members of the European Free Trade Association decide to affiliate with

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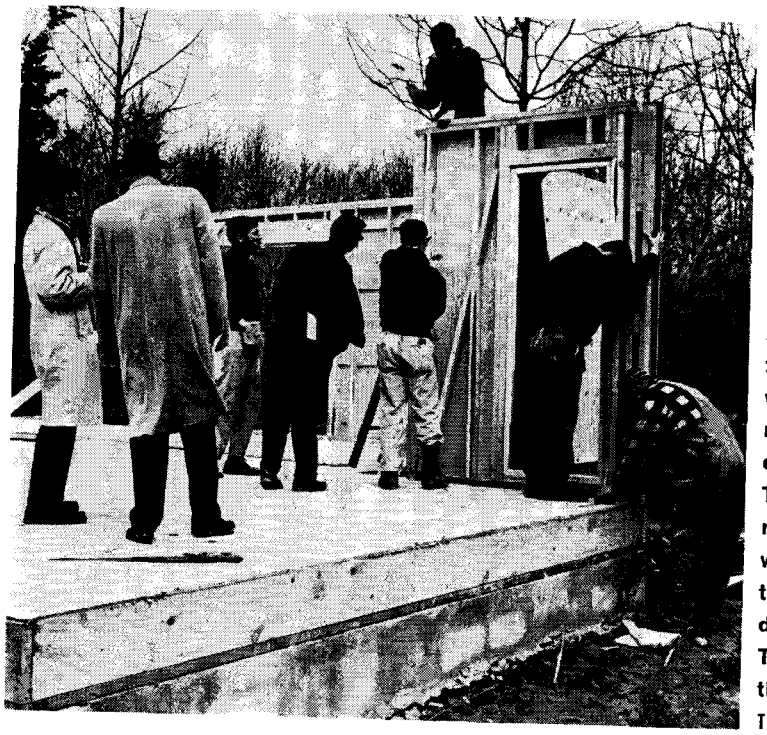
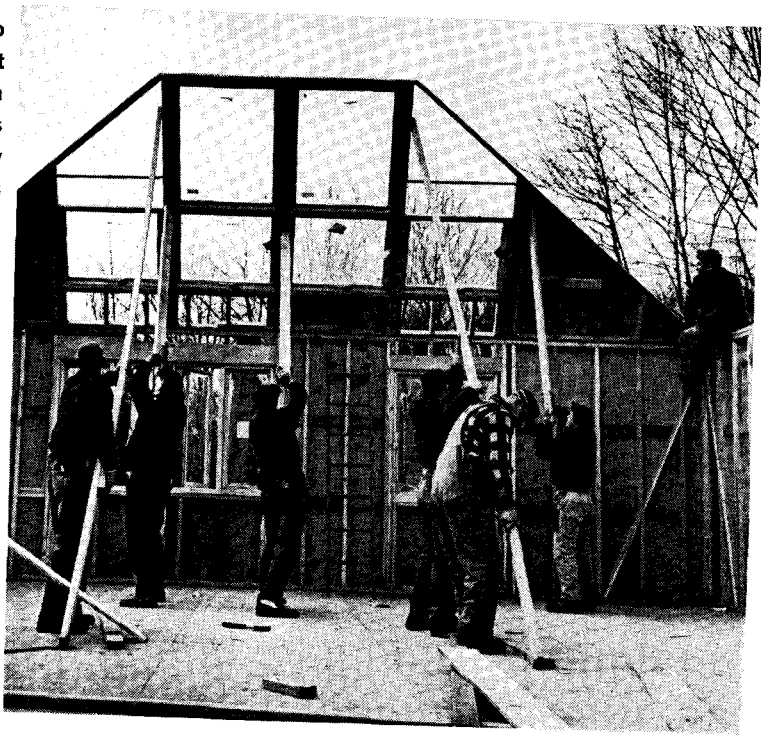
NAILING DOWN

ANOTHER LADIES' HOME JOURNAL FEATURE



Journal editing hits the nail on the head with women by being uncommonly authoritative and realistic. We go to great lengths to make it so. For instance, building a featured house ourselves (pictured here on the way up: one of the Journal's famed Portfolio Houses) to be sure everything we say works does work; testing 23 versions of a recipe to find the one most tasteworthy; or reading 22,000 manuscripts to get a half-dozen good short stories. There are easier ways of making a magazine, and we could probably use them without a single *man* detecting the difference. The chances are, though, that we would no longer be THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN.



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"WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE.... SURVIVAL OF THE FREE WORLD IS AT STAKE."

HERTER it, there would exist a Common Market of over 270,000,000 people.

This new development in Europe presents very real problems for the United States. Assuming that Great Britain and the other nations of the European Free Trade Association become members of the Common Market and develop the potentially large free-trade area, the United States will be competing with a tremendous internal-European market constantly marked by technological improvements and presenting not only tariff walls against the United States and other nations, but also serious competition in areas where up to now the United States has been the principal supplier.

Because we sell more abroad than we buy, the United States today has had a favorable trade balance running to as high as $5,000,000,000 a year. This sum, however, is offset by expenditures abroad by American tourists, for maintenance of military forces, for foreign-aid programs and by exports of American capital. We have had an over-all deficit in our international balance of payments for some years, which has been met by selling a part of our gold reserve in world markets. This drain on our gold reserve, however, cannot continue indefinitely without serious consequences. Deficits must be met by greater exports from the United States or by curtailing foreign expenditures. Increasing our exports is the best solution.

Our chief difficulty in competing with other industrial nations lies in our higher labor costs. In some instances American labor costs are three times as high as comparable costs in Europe. (This does not mean that the unit cost of production of goods is three times as great, since we have maintained great technological advantages.) The expanded Common Market gives a great opportunity to its own members for the mass production and sale of goods within its area. Its members are constantly making technological progress. Only a continuing rise in European wage scales, therefore, would cut down the labor-cost differential. However, higher wages in Europe, plus a continuance of trade expansion with consequent increase in demand for more goods, would also give us a larger market for the exports we can produce to best advantage.

It might appear that the policy of the United States in giving encouragement to the expansion of the European Economic Community would cause us serious economic difficulties. There is no question that we must be prepared to face the consequences of this policy of encouragement which we have adopted—a policy which I believe to be sound, but which at the same time requires some entirely new thinking on our part.

From 1934 on, the reciprocal trade agreements that we have made with many nations have been a fine method to encourage the liberalization of trade, not only for the United States but for other nations as well. In the years during which the reciprocal trade agreements have operated, we cut down very materially on many of our tariffs. With a permitted 50 percent reduction in the first trade-agreements act, another 50 percent in the renewal, then 15 percent and finally 20 percent in the last renewal, our tariffs now are about one fifth of what they were in 1934, and average only 12 percent of the value of dutiable goods which come into this country. This leaves very little margin for further bargaining for trade liberalization under the reciprocal Trade Agreements Act, even though it is renewed in this year, as I feel it should be.

Despite our enviable record through the years in reducing tariffs on a great variety of goods, the United States still maintains heavy protectionist restrictions on the importations of many agricultural commodities. Under the quota system we also have limits on the importation of lead, zinc, and oil, all three representing important exports from contested areas. We pay our cotton farmers a large bonus, or subsidy, for the cotton they export, resulting in our dumping it on foreign markets. This is a procedure which we deplore in our domestic legislation and retaliate against with punitive tariffs if other nations apply the same dumping procedure on us.

Our reciprocal Trade Agreements Act is coming up for renewal this year. The protectionist forces in this country are already organizing opposition to a further renewal. Some of those same protectionist forces, actually a small minority among producers in this country, are endeavoring to increase the protection enjoyed by their particular industries under our present tariff laws.

The vital issue of a long-range U.S. trade policy comes squarely before this country at this session of the Congress.

I deeply believe that our country should be taking an entirely new look at this whole situation. I think that the new look will indicate that we should prepare to associate with an enlarged Common Market, adopting its principles for an increasing degree of free trade.

Associating with such a Common Market would not mean drastic or immediate change. It would mean committing ourselves to a gradual elimination of tariffs, quotas and restrictions on trade in order to participate on favorable terms in a tremendous new market. It would also mean facing the prospect of giving up, in the economic field at least, a degree of American freedom of action.

The same opportunity for associating with this large economic pool should be made available to any nation or group of nations willing to abide by the rules and regulations as those required of members of the area. This is not a dream. It can be a reality. In my opinion it would be our most constructive economic step in the coming years—not only to counteract the Communist aggression in the cold war, but also to increase economic growth, production, exchange of goods and standard of living not only of the United States but of the entire world outside the Communist areas.

During the last Administration the United States took the lead in the creation of the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development. This was a long step toward the necessary co-ordinated action of the free nations of the industrial world in trade practices and monetary policies, and in their relation to the contested nations. The Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development is made up of the nations of the Six and the Seven, the United States, Canada, Turkey, Greece, Ireland, Spain and Iceland. It has made a hopeful beginning, but it is only a consultative and recommendatory body, lacking executive powers. Provided Great Britain and other European nations not presently members join the European Economic Community, we should exercise our influence and powers of leadership in the Organization for Economic Co-operation to bring about an ever larger Atlantic Common Market which might well include all the members of the Organization for Economic Co-operation.

This is the best way to strengthen and vitalize the free industrialized nations of the world and forestall the Communist efforts to divide them.

What effect would this long step forward have on the struggle for the contested area? A profound and beneficial one. In time this huge and progressively integrated industrial area would be a major source of expanding trade, offering ever-increasing markets for the exports of the developing or contested countries.

In these countries the average individual income is about $100 a year, as against some $2500 per year in the United States. Even with foreign assistance that gap is not narrowing. In some instances it is widening as population increases too fast for economic progress to keep pace. Such a situation is intolerable for the free political systems in the cold war. There is no doubt that the Communist bloc views this situation as an opportunity to convince the peoples of these nations that, by adhering to the monolithic concepts of Communism, they can make great industrial progress and raise their standards of living, just as the Russians have done. We must be prepared to meet Soviet competition, showing how standards of living can be raised through the free systems that we believe in.

Sharp adjustments in our political and economic thinking are essential to adopting the type of policy which I suggest. The sooner we apply ourselves to this type of thinking, the better it will be for the United States and the free world.

If the course I recommend is pursued, certain dislocations in some of our industries would be inevitable. Such dislocations have taken place throughout our history within our own economy. We have seen industries move from the New England area, particularly in the textile field, into the South. The adjustments and accommodations New England has had to make turned out beneficially.

During a transition period there is always bound to be hardship, just as there was temporarily in New England. In the European Economic Community itself, provision has been made for hardship cases of industries which are seriously injured through the process of shifting from a protected base to one where they must compete with similar industries in the other countries of the European Economic Community. We might have to make a similar provision.

Competition has been the driving force producing our tremendous growth. It has been a challenge—a challenge to develop new processes, new inventions, new managerial techniques and new ways to increase labor productivity. Our entry into a large Common Market could intensify that challenge, but the skills we can develop would fully meet it.

There is in the situation a time element which we cannot ignore. We have no time to lose. The cold war may be won or lost by what is done from day to day. We must accept the fact that the survival of the free world is at stake. Compared to what is at stake, the sacrifices which we may be called upon to make become insignificant. Let me repeat, the great industrial nations of the Atlantic community, if united economically under a common political objective, can present a united front, can bring the contested nations to their side and can save the great Western heritage for mankind. But this will take great political courage and economic statesmanship. THE END

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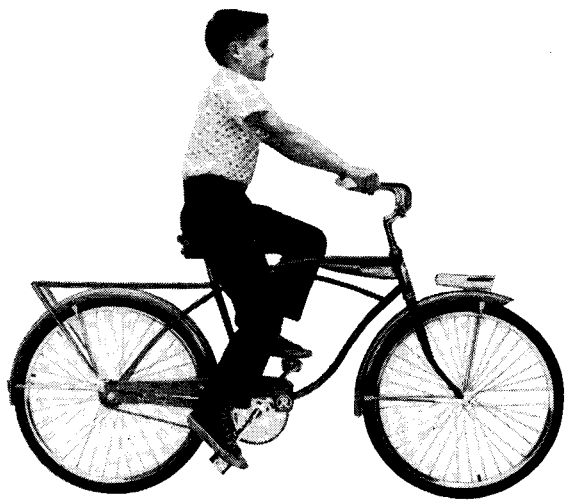

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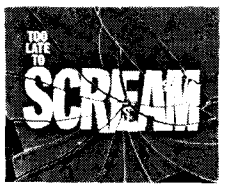

continued from page 29

him where he sat at his desk in the study. "You all right, Mr. Ryan?" she added, troubled. Nat Ryan put his hand to his face. Dry flakes of lather on the side he didn't know he hadn't shaved fell on the book he didn't know he was reading.

He had the rest of April and all of May still to go before graduation. Pride made him stay weekends instead of getting away, pride mixed with Archie's complete unawareness and fine new sobriety when Mary Melissa was there. The night before they got their degrees Chalmers gave a party at the inn. They were both plastered—but Nat Ryan the less so—and when they got back to the Tower and found telegrams waiting for them, he was able to read his while Archie poured a handsome slug, downing it as he tried to focus on the telegram. He finally put the empty glass down on the table and held the blurring words in front of his eyes with both hands.

"Eureka!" Archie said. "The Navy, God bless it, is sending my cousin to the Aegean. Nat, you're our best man."

"Not me, I'm not."

"You ungracious lout." Chalmers drew himself up, six generations of Old Baltimore in solid phalanx behind him. "Friendship, my dear fellow, has its obligations as well as its joys."

"You mean its trials. Anyway, I've got to get home."

"Sustained. Its trials." Chalmers swayed, caught himself and sat down carefully. "But I'm not asking you to marry the girl. Merely to officiate in a noble capacity. Merely to pinch-hit for a great sailor and gentleman."

Nat Ryan knew he was licked. The telegram in his pocket had told him.

ARCHIE'S GOING TO ASK YOU TO BE OUR BEST MAN. PLEASE, IF YOU POSSIBLY CAN, NAT. FOR ME. AND TO WARD OFF THE VIRUS ATTACKS. LOVE, MARY MELISSA.

"I just can't do it," he said harshly, doing his best.

"I know. I don't blame you."

Archie Chalmers said it so quietly that Nat stared at him, his face flushing. Then Archie's blue eyes fixed on the glass in front of him and clouded with tears. "Moment of truth, Nat," he said slowly. "Through a glass darkly." He held the glass up, staring through his tears at the remnant in the bottom. "It's you she belongs to. It isn't me. You ought to shoot me; then you could have her." The moment of truth ended abruptly, Chalmers quietly passing out.

In the churning black waters of his own private pit, his face burning with the mortification that the secret of his writhing torment had been no secret, a warning voice told Nat Ryan to get out before Archie came to. His car was at the foot of the steps. The rain was coming down in squalls, but he didn't notice it or stop to put the top up. It was what saved him when five miles from town, not knowing where or how fast he was going, he went into a vicious skid and landed on the top of a thick hedge of clipped yew at approximately the moment his car wrapped itself round a utility pole. When he came to he was in the infirmary at the medical school. Except for some bruises and abrasions, two cracked ribs and a broken bone in his right foot were all he had to show for the brush-off death gave him. They painted and patched him and put him to bed with tape on his ribs and a walking cast on his foot and let him sleep till noon. A nurse brought his breakfast.

"Archie Chalmers is waiting."

Oh no. I can't take it. Not after last night.

He needn't have worried. Archie was sober, brisk and unremembering. "You're not pretty, but they tell me you're not busted," he said. "Look, Nat, there's a problem. You know my cousin, the one in the Navy? He's going to sea. So we need a best man. You know we love you. It's what we wanted all along. Think you could manage?"

Nat had known he was licked. "Why, sure," he said. "Glad to."

Archie pumped his hand, killing his ribs. "Gee, that's swell! I'll go phone Mary Melissa. She'll be delighted. You want to get dressed? I'll pay the bill."

Ryan got dressed. The nurse held his coat while he managed to get into it, never having felt worse in soul, mind and body—until he felt his pocket. "Where's all my stuff?"

"I gave it to Mr. Chalmers, when he paid your bill."

Oh, no. Nat sat down on the bed. The telegram from Mary Melissa wasn't even in the envelope.

"Except this"—the nurse said—"in case it was private."

She took it out of her pocket. It took Nat a moment to say, "Thanks."

"You had a close shave," the nurse said. "You ought to watch it."

"Hereafter I will," Nat Ryan said.

HOMICIDE BUREAU, it said on the frosted glass panel of the door into the southwest corner room on the third floor of Baltimore Police Headquarters—no mention of arson nor any of rape, murder's twin brothers, evil wards of the same bureau.

It was Thursday, June twentieth, the third day of the heat wave. Detective Sergeant Dave Trumper, on the four-to-twelve shift, was alone in the room. Across Fallsway the white turquoise-capped tower of St. Vincent's Church shone, a beacon of grace in an area that could use it. People were inside their homes now, eating their suppers. Soon they'd be outside, hunting some coolness, swarming on the endless rows of white steps, the women half naked, men not much better, kids howling and screaming, yahoos on the prowl. Switch-blades and razors, beer and the jukes, heat and humidity—love, lust and liquor, the three-headed tiger in the nights' jungle.

Summer was the worst. In summer you just waited, hoping —— It was only in summer that Dave Trumper, hard-mouthed, bleak-eyed, face mean-looking and as serried and brown-dry as an old hand of tobacco, thought the city was a jungle. Tonight he was nervous.

Must be the heat. He went over to the door and looked down the narrow deserted hallway, past the dark windows of Pawnshops to the closed door of the Detective Division at the far end. Across the hall were two enclosed iron staircases, one down by Detectives, the other just left from the Homicide door. In between them were the public elevators, across from them an open space with an oak bench and the Inquiries window, where in the daytime a detective was on duty. The few lights that were on made it all seem darker and deserted.

He went back to the windows overlooking Fallsway. The traffic had died down. A few home-hurrying cabs and an occasional truck had the street to themselves.

The heat and the quiet. Kind of hypnotic. Trumper's eyes moved to the steel files under the side window between him and the coffeepot in the corner. If thought waves hung on, those files were a cesspool. They were the grim catalogue of the city's known scum, including the psychos. *Murder, arson and rape.* But it wasn't them that scared you in summer. It was the new ones and the old ones you hadn't caught yet.

He got himself a mug of the cold coffee left by the day shift and sat down at the battered desk in the corner, trying glumly to figure why he hadn't got to his own kid today, the eldest of the three, pushing fifteen. He wouldn't let her go out in a halter-and-bra top like the rest of her friends. There wasn't a row; she'd just looked at him with pity. "You need a brainwash, Daddy—you're ghouly." Even his doll had been on the kid's side. "You're too hard on her, dear."

He sat glumly while the evening sun changed the church tower to rose and then to purple. Then abruptly he got up and went to the window again. He wasn't conscious of doing it—no reason. Down below, a bus stopping was the only thing in the street. The bus let a man off just under the window. He was dressed up for this area in this kind of heat, with a wash suit, even a coat and a bow tie.

Space travel is what is going to separate the men from us cowards.

Phil H. Tuseth

Must think he's seeing the commissioner or something. It went through Trumper's mind, standing there in his sweaty shirt sleeves, as the man took off his coco-straw hat with a yellow band and wiped it inside. He saw another man come into sight then, on Headquarters steps. He was tall, lanky and weedy. Trumper's mouth was wry. That was John Isham, a reporter assigned to Headquarters, known to Trumper as Judas Iscariot, a great boy for police brutality, stupidity, incompetence—name it and the cops had it, according to Judas.

The neat man was stopping him then, asking directions and getting a loose-jointed wave in the direction of Central District police station, housed in the south corner of Headquarters.

City Hall clock was booming a slow eight as Trumper left the window. Four hours to go. He turned on the TV and watched the Orioles start lousy and come through in the eighth. Everything else was equally as usual. Nothing else happened. At midnight he went home.

The rape was reported at 2:46.

A gray '57 sedan reported stolen by its owner at Central District in Headquarters building at four minutes past eight had had its description and tag numbers broadcast to the other districts. At one minute past midnight, a rookie in cruise car No. 6, Northern District, headed out Charlotte Street, saw a gray car ahead, nudged his sergeant driving and pointed to it. Sergeant Garvey speeded up and brushed their spotlight over its license plates.

"Right make. Wrong number's all."

"We could'a stopped him." It was the rookie's first week in a cruise car.

"You got to have a reason," Sergeant Garvey said patiently. "Especially out here. Here it's blue ribbon."

Garvey was an old-timer out there, in precincts he loved, and when the gray sedan blinked its signal light for a right turn he said, "See? He's going to the Paddock Club. Stop one of them and you could be back on the pavement."

He sniffed at the honeysuckle in bloom on the chain fence along the golf course. Across the silver moonlit stretch of the fairways the lilt of a polka was sparkling out of a saucer of light, its rim the trees and shrubs that hid the pavilion.

"The Seaton-Chalmers wedding's day after tomorrow. Saturday at four, at the church on up a piece. This is a dance for 'em."

"You read the Society?"

"Sure I do, son," Garvey said. "You better too. These people go away, they tell the papers, like they think burglars can't read. Then they howl to the commissioner. I don't mean most of 'em aren't nice. Like this young Chalmers—many's the time I taken him home so drunk he don't know it, and his mother's a fine lady, though there's some don't like her."

"That him in that heap?"

"It ain't, but it could be."

The rookie was stubborn. "That heap don't look exclusive to me. We could follow him in."

"You want to look-see, it won't hurt to go in as far as the bushes. If there's any malarkey, that's where he'd stop." He was turning back to follow the gray sedan across the golf course when their signal came out of the babble from the short wave.

"Calling Northern Car six. Car six to 430 Orchard Hill Lane. Neighbors see lights, owners away. Orchard Hill Lane—number 430."

Garvey shot the car past the Paddock Club gates. "See? Like I told you. In the paper last week. Those people've gone to Cape May." At the end of the chain fence he whipped the car into a rat's nest of lanes, winding and wooded.

"Gee, how do you learn 'em?" The rookie was respectful, so impressed he forgot about the exclusive club called the Paddock and the gray sedan. If there were any malarkey, the car would stop at the bushes.

The bushes were a bank of laurel and rhododendron, black masses growing on either side of the road where it curved in from the fairway to round the pavilion and pass the service area to the parking lot in back. They were part of the rim of the dark saucer holding the light, with the lilt of the polka sparkling above it.

Sitting at a white iron table out on the Paddock Club lawn, watching the dancers, Nat Ryan did not see the gray sedan when it came through the massed rhododendron at the curve in the road. He might have seen it and its lights before they went off and the car crept to a stop on the grass, a few yards from a dark shining magnolia. But if he had, he wouldn't have known there was any malarkey. He was a stranger, just a guy from the West sweating it out now in Baltimore in his job as best man for Archibald Prettyman Chalmers III.

I should have told him, "Sorry, old fellow," and gone home to South Prairie.

He wasn't dancing on account of the taped bone in the arch of his right foot. He wasn't drinking on account of not stopping if he started. And that would have been fine except that they had

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SCREAM enough of a problem in that area now; the bridegroom was likely polluted already or heading in that direction.

I could kill him. He said that to himself just in passing, having said it so many times for the same reason in the three days he'd been in Baltimore. He kneaded his skull roughly through the short sandy thatch of his Ivy League cut and straightened up, not hearing the sudden crackle of the dead leaves on the ground around the big magnolia on the other side of the hedge as the driver of the gray sedan crept into his dark shelter.

I love her—I love her. It wasn't Nat Ryan saying it; it was his blood beat, constant, unstopping. He knew it was crazy. Love was a moonbeam, not a chunk of hellfire, a briny flow from the ache in his throat, the knife blade in his belly that gave a fresh twist now as he caught a glimpse of her dancing up there. The sane thing to do was ease out and go back to the Chalmerses'. Why sit and suffer? Nobody'd miss him. A few slugs of Scotch and maybe he could sleep out some of the hours. He looked at his watch. It was 12:35. Thirty-nine and a half hours till Saturday at four.

He was just testing his foot before he put his weight on it when he saw her again. She was at the opening in the white iron veranda with iron grapes like those on his bench. He couldn't move then, not for a second, and in it he saw her swirl laughing away from some white-coated lad. He thought for a moment it was part of a dream; then, her dress a silver froth like summer sea foam; her feet in silver slippers, small pointed stars twinkling down the steps on the Milky Way of the music, and then coming across the grass toward him, happiness the stardust aglow all around her.

It's what they call lovelight. It really exists. Its shine was so palpable that it seemed he could touch it, and for a moment of humility the ache in his heart was curiously still.

"I didn't know you were out here alone." She was at the table then, her small elfin face shining. She put her hand on his arm for an instant. "I'd have come sooner, but somebody said you were laid out at the pool. Why do all drunks think everybody else is?" She pulled up a chair and sank down in the silver foam of her dress, kicking off her silver slippers and propping her feet in thin gossamer stockings on the bench. "This is divine." She let out a long, happily relaxed breath and reached over for his glass, took a mouthful before he could stop her and leaned over quickly to spit it out on the grass.

"Young ladies don't spit."

"They do if they aren't crazy." She poured the rest of the lukewarm quinine water out. "Have you been drinking this stuff without gin all the time?"

"Just tonight." He lied as pleasantly as he could, but the stardusty glow had faded out slowly.

"You needn't to, really," she said gravely. "I think Archie's all right. I didn't smell liquor."

That's why he's drinking vodka. He didn't say it.

"You didn't want to come here anyway," she said then. "You wanted to go home. Is there—a girl, Nat?"

He said, "Haven't you been taught it's bad manners to pry?"

"I'm sorry. It's just that I've been thinking how horribly selfish we've been—or I have anyway."

The knife twisted in his lower midsection again. "Don't be silly, Mary Melissa."

"I'm not being. It's so odd, when you think of it. I wouldn't ever have gone back if you hadn't been there. I mean, up to school, after that first time, when Archie got so stinking drunk."

"Language, young lady." He took a cigarette out of his pocket, the ache in his throat making his mouth briny.

"Well, it's the truth. I'm not being disloyal. You know I love him." She looked down then, plucking at a creamy fold of her dress. "Nat, you don't think he's—really an alcoholic, do you?"

I just don't know. How could he answer, knowing he loved her? At law school he hadn't thought so. Three days here in Baltimore had been a jolt. The vodka was new, and so were the hidden bottles, two behind a law book he'd picked up out of Archie's bookcase. Tonight when they'd gone after Mary Melissa he'd thought he saw a glint of glass under the back seat.

NEXT WEEK····

BACKSTAGE WITH ACADEMY AWARD WINNER

SHIRLEY JONES

"You'd have told me," she said, not waiting for his answer, her face a little wry as she added, "and I'd probably have been furious. I keep saying it's his mother. She's just a stinker."

"She's been charming to me."

"I know—that's the trouble." She said it with a small, not-amused laugh. "But I shouldn't have said that. Maybe it's just me. I know Archie's no monk. But about me he's got standards. I must be a strain." Nat shifted against the unyielding white iron grapes in his back. "Let sex rear its head and he streaks for the bar. I'm so—pristine, or whatever you call it."

"That's what it is. Don't sell it short, Mary Melissa."

"Well, if liquor's the substitute, it seems sort of crazy. I'll end so pristine I won't have any children."

"Your sometimes sophistication is indecent, Miss Seaton."

The thin iron leaves of the grapes dented his spine. *Shut up, for heaven's sake. I, too, young madam—I, too, am flesh.* He wasn't conscious of his hand moving out to her feet. Before he could touch them he felt the shudder that passed through her to them, or through them to her. She drew them quickly down, glancing around her.

"I have such a strange feeling," she said, shivering. She put her hand up to her breast. "I keep feeling I—I don't know. It's like somebody was undressing me. I think I'll go in." She slipped her feet into the silver slippers. "I'll go find Archie."

She was gone before Nat could get up. When he got to his feet a swift stab of pain, as he put his weight down, brought back a flicker of sanity. She probably didn't know what had triggered her reaction. Just the same he'd better do something. *What I need is a drink.* That thought brought him back to Archie. *He's probably in the gents' room and I'd better go see.*

He hadn't noticed till then that the music had stopped and the tables on the lawn were beginning to fill up, with the young bringing plates of crab ravigote away from the buffet—the best time for a safari. When he got to the steps of the pavilion Mary Melissa was coming gaily back down, fooling him until he felt her fingers on his hand, splinters of ice.

"He's not any place." She whispered it urgently, still smiling. "I don't dare ask anybody. If he's very bad, they just *mustn't* know. Couldn't we walk around? I mean, if your foot ——"

"My foot's fine. Madam, will you walk?"

She took his arm, her fingers gripping hard. "It'll be simply ghastly."

"Take it easy, girl."

"I mean, all the horsing. Old Archie, big joke. Drag the pool for the body. Somebody'll dive in with all his clothes on. . . ."

It seemed strange she'd be so upset. They were among friends, and there were several others who hadn't been drinking ginger ale. "Let's try the golf course," he said. A sand trap was a natural.

They'd gone through the laurel hedge near the porch, where the orchestra was relaxing with drinks on the front steps. They turned right to avoid them, along the ribbon of asphalt toward the massed rhododendrons at the curve in the road. They saw the sedan, a gray ghost on the grass there, the big magnolia shining in a patch of clear moonlight from a break in the clouds.

"It's against the rules to park there," Mary Melissa said quickly. "It must be a nonmember."

"I'll have a look."

"You'd better be careful. You might be surprised."

"I'm blind except for Archie."

He went to the car and looked in the open window, on the back seat and on the floor. Archie was a snake for coiling in dark places, but he wasn't there. Nobody was, now. Whoever had left a slipper had left only one. It was small and pointed, white satin, innocent-looking on the front seat beside the pair of binoculars, or case for the same, Nat thought, not opening it to see, binoculars being standard equipment in horse-racing country. He brushed off his hands and went back to Mary Melissa. "Not there. I guess Cinderella'll be back for her shoe."

They heard a sharp crackle of the dry leaves beneath the magnolia. Ryan smiled until he saw Mary Melissa in a straying moonbeam. Her face was as white as the ghost faces of the magnolia blossoms. "Look, sweetie," he said gently. "Go back. Don't worry, I'll ——"

"No. I'll go with you." She said it quickly, catching her bare shoulders, covering her breast as she'd done before. "I feel sort of cold. Let's hurry, shall we? We'll find him and get him home. You can drop me on the way. I guess I'm just nervous." She couldn't tell him she was afraid, that she had the same feeling she'd had at the table. He'd looked at her then as if he thought she'd gone crazy. He took her arm, cold and covered with gooseflesh. When they got out in front of the black, massed rhododendrons, she seemed to relax. "It's just such a mess," she said suddenly. "I wasn't going to tell you, but daddy's just wild."

"Your father?"

Talbot Seaton was the last person he'd met in Baltimore whom he'd have thought of as wild. He was quiet and kindly, a little dry, more like a doctor than a big-city banker. And certainly patient—witness the trench yawning across the sloping front yard, including the cobblestoned drive from the iron gates in the brick wall that hid the Seaton place from the street. It was torn up, too, the gaps in it bridged over with planks, and you had to walk in through piles of dirt. "My wife's dig for the day lilies has fouled up the gas mains, I'm afraid," he told Nat mildly, before dinner Tuesday. "Also the plumbing. Some last-minute gardening for the reception on Saturday. And we can't have any light; some cardinals are nesting in the fixtures. My wife's a bird lover too—delightfully unsane in these matters." To imagine him wild was fantastic.

"I might as well tell you," Mary Melissa said reluctantly. "There was a scene at home—yesterday when you and Archie left after the photographers got through. Daddy raised hell. Archie had been drinking at lunch."

At breakfast. Nat Ryan amended that silently, too, his heart twisting as he looked at her, her dress in the silver light making her insubstantial as a shadow, very young and very vulnerable.

"You don't know daddy. He almost never puts his foot down, but if he does, you can't budge him—not even mother. And she's so—lovely. I wouldn't do anything —— I mean, I was stupid getting mad when daddy said Archie's an alcoholic." Nat said nothing. "That's why I don't want people to see him. They might tell daddy. Would he take the car?"

"I've got the keys." He'd taken them in spite of the sign on the fence. Driving while drunk hadn't been one of Archie's habits. But neither had the vodka and the hidden bottles.

As they went on, Nat looked up at the trees, their leaves whispering, stirring fitfully, as a prelude to the storm that seemed to be coming. Heat lightning was already playing out of the thunderheads piling up on the horizon. But he didn't see any floodlights. "Where's the car park?"

"Through there. They turn the lights off on account of the bugs."

"That makes it simple."

He was less worried then until she said, "I've never seen him—I mean, really drunk."

He didn't tell her it wasn't a pretty sight, trying to figure some way to cushion it as they skirted the laurel hedge and crossed the green of the last hole and he saw the post-and-rail fence enclosing the cars.

"We'd better crawl through," Mary Melissa said quickly. She pointed to a group clustered under an oak tree, plates on the ground, cigarettes like fireflies glowing and dying. "I don't want them to see us."

They didn't see Nat and Mary Melissa, not until they'd found Archie. She spotted the car first. It was too late for Nat to stop her from seeing him out cold on the back seat, the car top down. He was face

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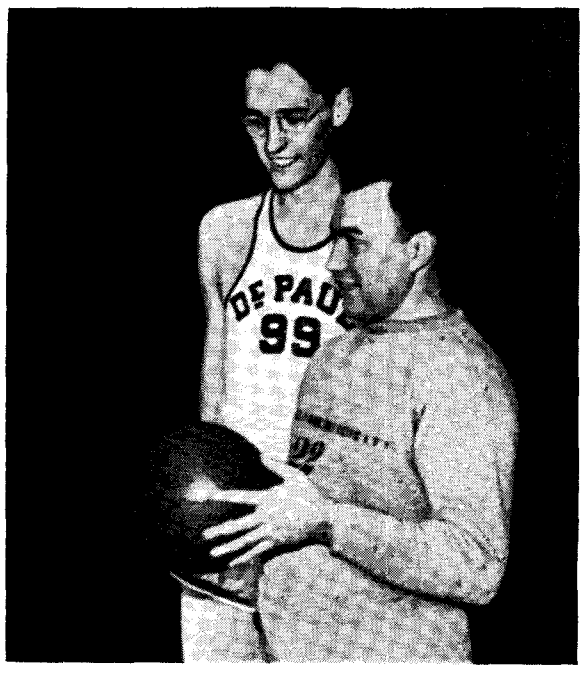
Why basketball's Ray Meyer counts on tea, the hot refresher



"There was only one thing wrong with George Mikan," says the affable Meyer. "He graduated." At left, the great Mikan, "Basketball Player of the Half-Century," with his illustrious coach, Ray Meyer, the year they both came to De Paul. As captain of two Notre Dame teams that won 40 out of 46 games, Meyer did some pretty classy basketballing in his own playing days.

For the best part of 20 years, De Paul University's *Blue Demons* have played a brand of basketball that has made their coach, Ray Meyer, known as one of the best in the business. And Meyer—who also was selected ten times to coach the *College All-Stars*—will be the first to tell you that he counts on tea to help his teams play their best.

"You give a man a cup of hot tea," he says, "and you give him a refreshing lift; he's ready for action, but he's relaxed and not all tense. That's when he can give you his best."

Tea brings out the best in a man, and Meyer and his teams are only a few of the thousands of coaches and athletes who swear by it.

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TEA
THE HOT REFRESHER

TEA COUNCIL OF THE U.S.A., INC., A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION

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SCREAM up to the moon, cold and white as a halibut's belly, sweat glistening on his forehead, his mouth hanging flaccid, the empty vodka bottle glinting on its side in the cave of his stomach.

In the black rage that hit him Nat didn't see Mary Melissa take a shocked step backward until her heel hit a mole run and threw her off balance. She was halfway down when he swung around and caught her. He lifted her up bodily, dumping her in the front seat, as a shout came from the oak tree.

"Hey, leave her alone!"

His foot gave him hell as he got around the car and under the wheel.

"Hurry, Nat, hurry!"

If they hadn't been drunk, the three white-coated crew-cut youths could have got there easily, and if Ryan hadn't been a stranger he could have gone out the back way. As it was, he took the road around the pavilion, in full view of the service area and the orchestra on the front steps. It seemed unimportant, as unimportant as Mary Melissa's sitting there huddled in the seat by him, her bowed head in her hands. If they hadn't jolted over a drain cover behind the kitchens, Chalmers would have been seen. As it was, he was face over, the bottle on the floor, his dark madras jacket a reasonable facsimile of an auto rug. When they got to the curve by the rhododendrons, the gray car was gone.

"They must have heard what I said about rules," Mary Melissa said. Neither of them remembered she had also said he could drop her at home.

A low rumble of thunder rolled on the horizon. Mary Melissa shivered and rubbed her bare shoulders. "It's started; it'll come quick."

Ryan glanced back. He thought again, *I could kill him.*

At the end of the chain fence Mary Melissa pointed to the right, the way Sergeant Garvey and the rookie from Northern had gone. "This takes us by Archie's. You can find your way back."

"We'll dump him first."

"No." She said it quickly. "His mother'll be watching. She'll think we're —— I forgot—she's charming to you."

She didn't speak again except to direct him until they came to the Seatons' street. "I hope daddy's in bed." She half whispered it. "And—I made daddy sound like an ogre then, and he isn't. I love him. But I love Archie too."

Catherton Road was winding and narrow, not much more than the carriage track it had been before it was paved. In the 200 block there were only three houses on the north side and one with the Seatons' on the south.

"No, he's still up." She shook her head. There were no lights on the front porch because of the cardinals, but they were on in the library, hall and front parlor.

The moonlight was gone with the black-clouded sky, and the streetlight half lost in the leaves of a plane tree. Inside the gate a pink glow from the fusees marked the trenches, lingering on their retinas. The car lights were bright in the dark street. The house was on a knoll rising to the masses of lilies like a snow border, an illusion of light too. Down by the wall along the street, curving up the cobble-stoned drive, were shining leaves of the camellias, high and lush-growing, glistening like the magnolia where the lights caught them.

"At least Mother's dig's a blessing. It's been a nuisance, but daddy can't see us." Nat put his hand down to open his door. "No, Nat, you mustn't!" she said quickly.

"I'm not going to let you go in alone."

She pulled her own door shut and sat still a moment. "I didn't want to tell you. But daddy said if Archie got drunk again he'd stop the wedding—even if it was five minutes off. He says he's not going to let me marry a drunkard. And he means it. Nat, I couldn't bear it. I mean, for Archie—everybody'd know why, and it'd be so humiliating. Archie's not nearly as arrogant as he seems to most people. It wouldn't help him to blow it all up now. You—you do like him, don't you?"

"I love him, damn him, or I wouldn't be here. But I'm not ——"

"Listen, please!" She put her hand on his arm and turned her face to him, the first tears he'd seen her have brimming in her eyes. "If daddy sees you come in, he'll know right away what's the matter. I've been in here alone hundreds of times when mother's garden stuff's all over the drive. You stay and I'll call when I get to the porch. Please, Nat. Not for me. I just couldn't bear to have it all wrecked."

"All right. You call."

What else could he do? He felt her relief and saw the smile light her face as she shook back the tears. "Oh, Nat, you're an angel! Thanks, Nat! Get him home quick; pneumonia'd tie it." She leaned over to him quickly, her face shining. "Next to Archie, I love you most in the world. What would I ever do? . . ."

Her lips were soft and warm on the lobe of his right ear where he'd twisted his face sharply away from her kiss. *I, too, young madam—I, too, am flesh.*

"I'll call you, Nat."

He only half heard her door shut softly and the quick whisper of her feet as she ran across the sidewalk and through the gate. Her kiss was racing like wildfire through every nerve of his body, the blood pounding in his ears.

I've got to get out—just for one day. I'll go nuts if I don't.

He heard her call then. "'Night, Archie dear—see you tomorrow."

The pounding blood in his ears demolished his time sense, making the time seem far longer than it was. In his right mind he might have realized that she was only a few yards from the gate, this side of the plants with the familiar dark masses of camellias behind her, their leaves shining in the glow of the car lights, standing there smiling, confident in her universe, amused at her mother's dig with its dirt piles pink from the fusees, seeing her father's shadow crossing the library windows and realizing she needn't have been worried; with the windows closed for the air-conditioning unit, he wouldn't hear her.

"'Night, Archie dear!" Mary Melissa called louder a second time. A few drops of rain had already fallen. Nat started the car, memory prodding him to be careful. Mary Melissa heard him and turned laughing to run on. But without the car lights she was in a sudden pitch-black, the shine gone from the camellias, solid dark masses with no shining leaves. The pink glow near the ground from the fusees made it seem darker, and the instant she waited for her eyes to adjust she knew there was someone ——

She froze into stone, the naked feeling she'd had at the table with Nat—that had been sharper when she waited for him on the asphalt while he looked in the gray sedan—with her again, a paralysis for a horrible fraction of an instant before she heard the movement in the mulch of dead leaves under the camellias, like the crackle from behind the magnolia at the club.

She tried to run then, opening her mouth, her throat tearing with an agony of fear as she tried to scream. "Nat! Nat! Daddy—oh, daddy!" Then a hand was crushing her mouth, and as the lightning came, a great fork stabbing the sky, she saw the hand that had her head thrust back and a white face glaring up at the sky before the dark came again. Somewhere in her mind, thought, swift as the lightning, flashed the knowledge that Nat had gone and her father wouldn't hear her. Then there was nothing but the white terror of the hand, the salt taste of the blood of her lips and the voice out of the wet mouth horrible against her ear.

"Scream and I'll kill you. This is a knife."

I've got to get out—just for one day. Nat Ryan didn't notice the time when he left Baltimore. It was nearly 4:30 Friday morning when he registered at a downtown hotel in Washington. He gave the bellboy his dinner clothes, sodden with rain. "Get them back for me by five this afternoon." Archie's bachelor dinner was at eight. He'd left a note that he'd be back for it, beside Archie still prone in his car in the garage out of the rain.

It was broad daylight before he got to sleep, with the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the door. The dinner tonight, the wedding Saturday at four, then home to South Prairie—home to forget.

He awoke in the late afternoon and ordered some food and the evening paper. He might as well dress here when the valet brought his clothes and go directly to the dinner—at a downtown men's club, not to the Chalmerses'. Eating with the paper propped against the coffeepot, he glanced at the heading POLICE ADMIT SEARCH FOR MISSING BEST MAN, his eyes moving on till the Baltimore dateline caught them and jerked them back. A bride-to-be had been attacked on her return from a late party. The Homicide Bureau of the Baltimore police in charge of the investigation, tight-lipped when questioned about the missing man, admitted they were making inquiries. "We want to talk to several people," Capt. Will Justice of the Homicide Squad had told reporters. From a reliable source the reporter had learned that the prospective groom had been found in a dazed condition early in the morning, wandering on an exclusive golf course in the northern part of the city, drenched to the skin in the worst storm of the season.

It was not till then that what it was saying got through to Nat Ryan. *Archie.* It was a dry, soundless whisper in the slow dawn of recognition. *That's Archie.* The rest of it seeped slowly into his paralyzed mind. *Mary Melissa—it's Mary Melissa.*

A beatnik is a person who eliminated the job, but kept the coffee breaks.

Dave Murray

The Ritter Meades had overslept Friday morning in their row house in a once substantial section of Baltimore city.

"I was supposed to be early." Ritter Meade was forty-three, a dog-faced man with alive brown eyes, happy except when he was at home. He took the dead rat out of the trap under the sink, put it in the garbage pail, reset the trap and went for the paper on the white-marble front steps.

"There are only three eggs." Clara Meade put his plate on the kitchen table. She was a small, dark, intense woman with a touch of extra thyroid to make her eyes brilliant, dressed ready to go to work with her husband. "Brother likes two, so one's all right, isn't it?"

It wasn't a question and Ritter Meade didn't answer as he opened the paper. But something special in his silence made her turn to look at him.

"Good lord," he said softly. He pointed to the late bulletin boxed on the front page. "Bride-to-be raped—and it says two-hundred block Catherton Road. Clara, it must be Miss Seaton—the job I did out there Wednesday. She's the only one out there."

"Oh, how awful!" Clara Meade picked the paper up. "Oh, what a shame! She was so nice to brother. She ——"

"Oh, for heaven's sake." He jerked back the paper, flushing angrily. "How can you? Miss Seaton doesn't even know he's alive. You swallow this stuff of his like it's the Bible. You ——"

He dropped his head in his hands. *Here we go again, why did I start it?* He had a headache, his mouth tasted foul, he was already late, and here he had to go and turn her into a fury defending that jerk. He closed his eyes and his ears. He knew it by heart, the tape recording that began with the Year One. "Mother died when he was born, because father didn't believe in doctors for uremia. . . . I nursed him. . . . It was me that dropped him. . . . I was just ten—that's why he's lame. . . . Father was a beast to him; nobody loved him, nobody but me. . . . You're jealous because all the customers like him. . . . You hate him because he's gifted." She'd got through that now, standing over him at the table. In a minute she'd start crying and come up to date. It was always the same. "You begrudge him his eggs. You want him to starve. And now when his car's stolen, you won't even wait and drive him downtown." She was sobbing now and he couldn't stand that. He pushed his chair back.

"I'll wait if he'll hurry," he said quietly. "And I don't hate him except for the way he treats you—taking your money. You work like a dog while he's lying in that stinking bed all day. I tell you he's a nut; you ought to do something. He only limps to make you feel bad. Outside he don't notice it. And he's not going places with me any more, I tell you, and that's flat. Go tell him to hurry if he wants a ride."

It didn't matter what he said, now that she'd got her way. She was out in the hall calling upstairs. "Brother, we're waiting. Hurry down, dear." Her voice was warm honey, her eyes velvet-lighted.

"He went to bed at nine-thirty, you'd think he'd be able ——" He broke off abruptly, afraid he'd start her off all over again. "I'm sorry. My head's splitting. Was anything wrong with that beer he brought home? Where's the pitcher?"

"Brother took it upstairs." Clara Meade poured some black coffee. "I feel dopey myself, but it's not brother's fault. We overslept the same as he's doing. Cobby's to blame—he was the one sold it. I'll tell brother to ask him when he takes the jug back. Here he comes now—you make his toast, dear." She broke the eggs in the pan. "But don't make a fuss, Rit. He's upset already, them stealing his car."

The paper was on the table. They'd forgotten Miss Seaton.

TO BE CONTINUED

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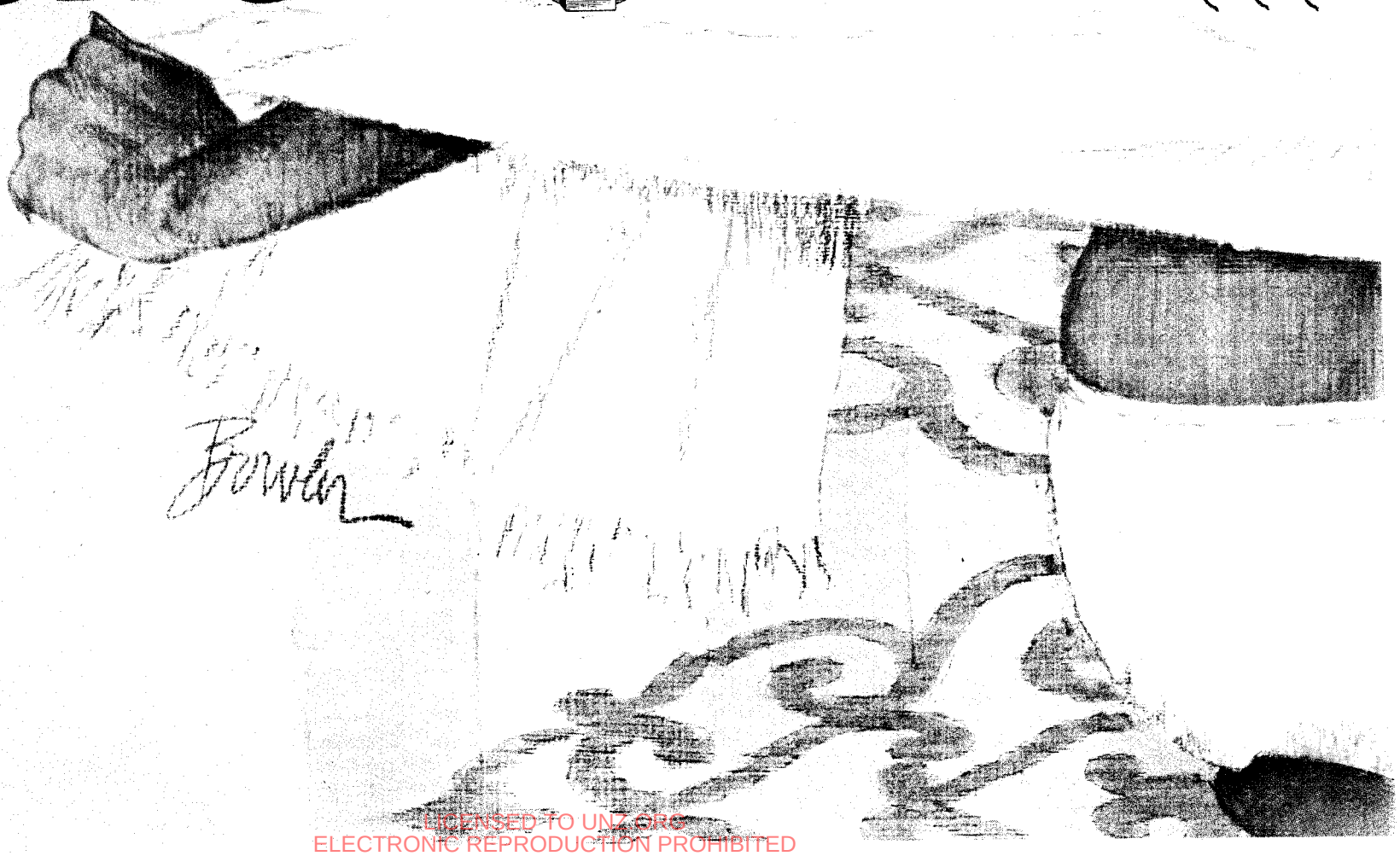
RUN OF LUCK

BY JAN COX SPEAS

A SCHOOLTEACHER'S HOLLYWOOD WEEKEND COMPLETE WITH MINK, MAN & MONEY.



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Standing in a quiet corner by the buffet table, Anne Wilson ate a handful of delicious frosted grapes, one by one, and tried to remember the obscure minor poet who had once said that many a dangerous temptation came in fine, gay colors.

She had never seen such a lovely room. But the crowd of people milling about it laughed and chattered heedlessly, ignoring the incredible view of the city beyond the wide windows, abandoning their glasses to leave damp circles on the priceless antique furniture, crushing the white carpet, demolishing the lavish buffet like a horde of greedy locusts.

They were obviously accustomed to temptation, Anne thought ruefully, and it took a simple schoolmarm from the suburbs to be impressed. She had recognized a television star or two, as well as a famous blonde

from Hollywood, and earlier Nina Fleming had pointed out the producer she had come to town to see and the young actor with two Emmy awards who wanted the lead in Nina's new show. There were others who were undoubtedly important in Nina Fleming's world, and some who were not, but, since they wore no labels, Anne had no way of distinguishing the mink from the dyed squirrel. The young man, for instance, who had spoken briefly to her a few minutes ago. She could see him across the room, leaning his shoulders against the wall as he conversed with the man beside him.

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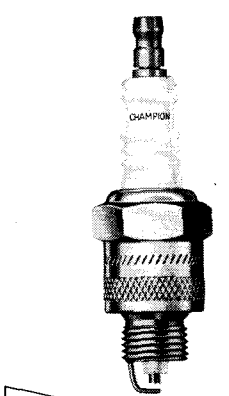

CHAMPION

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LUCK Very dangerous. Very tempting. As for the fine, gay colors, Anne could only be grateful that he was dressed in a conservative dark suit. Enough was enough, after all, and a schoolmarm could cope with just so much splendor.

He had paused beside her with a casual, "Hello, I'm Gard Mitchell. Can I get you anything? Food? A drink?"

"Nothing, thanks," she said, privately admiring his tan, the hard bones shaping his face and the ridiculously thick black lashes that seemed almost to hide his gray eyes.

"Don't you know anybody in this mob? I'll introduce you around if you like."

"Please don't bother. I'm having a wonderful time, really."

"Standing in a corner all by yourself, eating grapes?" He had a slow, friendly smile. "If you're the retiring kind, why did you come?"

"I don't know," she said with candid amusement. Then she added, "I came with Miss Fleming."

He looked down at her thoughtfully. "Do I know you?"

"No," she said gravely.

He waited. Then he said patiently, "I would like to, if you please."

Someone came by and said, "Scott wants to see you."

He said absently, "Sure, be right there," and kept looking down at Anne. "Well?"

He looked as if he might stand there indefinitely, waiting, so she said, "I'm Anne Wilson."

"Thank you. That wasn't so hard, was it?" He shook his head and sighed. "Where did you come from, baby dear, out of the nowhere into here?"

"I came with Miss Fleming," Anne repeated, trying not to laugh.

"I know—you told me." His gray eyes were a little puzzled, as if he knew very well that she didn't belong to the elegant black Mainbocher dress. But he smiled at her and said, "Nina's taste is improving. Look, I'll be back. Don't go away."

Anne didn't tell him that she wasn't likely to go anywhere. She had two crumpled one-dollar bills in her purse, a magnificent fortune which must last her until payday, and in any case she doubted if she could stretch it to cover cab and train fare back to New Pelham.

The whole thing was ridiculous, of course. She had gone out to mail a letter, as unsuspecting as the poor fellow in the fairy tale who tilted his jug at dinner one ordinary evening and was stunned to pour out a genie instead of red wine.

The man in the fairy tale, however, was not cursed with a warped sense of humor. He would never have stopped on the sidewalk to stare, entranced, at the woman who came out of a house, carefully placed a lounge chair on the lawn and then stretched out on it with an air of happy contentment.

Anne had known very well that the neighbors frowned on the rude practice of staring at Nina Fleming. While curiosity, envy and mild disapproval were inevitable over the local bridge tables, New Pelham prided itself on a standard of public good manners that disregarded celebrities as if they didn't exist.

But she couldn't tear herself away from the fascinating sight of Nina Fleming reclining on a lawn chair in the late afternoon of a gray November day, surrounded by snowy lawns and trees that rattled desolately in a raw north wind.

Then it was too late to turn away. Nina Fleming called, "Please don't go away," and walked toward the gate. "Are you one of my neighbors? I've lived here three months and you're the first person I've met, other than delivery boys and the gardener."

She looked lovelier in person than across the footlights, and younger than a woman her age had a right to look.

"Isn't the weather atrocious?" she asked in the famous deep, throaty voice.

"You seemed to be enjoying it," Anne said mildly.

Nina Fleming laughed. "Is that why you were staring? I was only trying to remember where I planted my bulbs. The day I planned the garden I was sitting in that exact spot, so I thought it might jog my memory to do it again."

A little awed, Anne asked, "Did it?"

"Of course," Nina Fleming said, and added abruptly, "You have the most extraordinary face. Egyptian, perhaps, with a touch of the Oriental in your bones. It's really quite interesting."

HOW NATURAL IS HUMAN NATURE?
a distinguished philosopher looks at the way we act and why.
NEXT WEEK

Anne thought it wise to keep a discreet silence.

"There, you see," Nina Fleming said triumphantly. "You're laughing at me, but only your eyes give you away. I had a fascinating Siamese cat once who had the same sort of inscrutable face." She gave Anne a brilliant smile. "Please come in for a cup of tea. I baked some delicious coffeecake this morning."

Looking back, Anne had to admit that she was lost from that moment. The temptation to learn more about Nina Fleming was irresistible; anyone who sat in the snow to recall decisions made on a warm autumn day, and invited a perfect stranger in for tea simply because her face had the look of a Siamese cat, was obviously not in the usual run of celebrities.

But in the end it was Nina Fleming who learned more about Anne. Before the second cup of tea she had somehow discovered that Anne was twenty-two, lived rather quietly at home, had seen her parents off that morning for a weekend visit to Aunt Ethel in Boston and was one of New Pelham's youngest schoolteachers.

"How delightful," she said. "Do you really like children? I've always wanted a dozen, but I have only one of my own."

Anne, who vaguely remembered the local rumors about Nina's love life, but none about a husband or children, tactfully said nothing.

"Perhaps it's just as well, since I've never had time to be the kind of mother a child needs. I wish you could meet my son, Anne. He's always been lonelier, I think, than he'll ever admit. You'd be very good for him."

Anne, touched by the thought of a lonely little boy, probably tucked away in military schools and camps most of his life because his mother had no time for him, said, "I'd like to meet him."

"Then you shall," Nina Fleming said. "Why not today?"

Anne, standing there in Nina's luxurious city apartment, wearing one of Nina's dresses and smelling delightfully of Nina's most expensive perfume, had to admit that she had only herself to blame. She could have refused.

But she also had to admit that she was enjoying herself hugely and didn't regret anything, not even the absence of the sad-eyed little boy, apparently still tucked away and forgotten by his mother.

"Anne, what are you doing alone?"

She turned to Nina. "Enjoying myself."

"I hope so, sweet, that's why I brought you. But now I have the problem of getting you home again."

"Don't worry about it," Anne said, considering the possibility of asking one of the maids for a small loan. "It's still early, and I can catch a train."

"Don't be foolish. I'll find somebody to run you out if you insist. But didn't you tell me that your parents were away? There's no urgent reason for you to rush back, and I have a much better plan."

Anne asked, "What sort of plan?"

"They want to see me on the Coast," Nina said vaguely, "about some tiresome decisions they could very well handle without me. But Scott had the marvelous idea of flying out, if only to get away from this weather for a day or two."

Anne's eyes widened. "A marvelous idea," she agreed faintly.

"Admit you think it's utterly ridiculous," Nina said and laughed. "But it might be fun. Wouldn't you like to come along?"

Anne opened her mouth to speak, then closed it.

"It won't cost you anything. Scott has his own plane, and he keeps a house in Los Angeles open for us to use whenever we're there. We'll fly back Sunday."

"It does sound like fun," Anne said.

"Do come," Nina said with a dazzling smile. "I'll send Gard along to see that you aren't left behind in the general confusion. He's such a love, you know, I couldn't manage without him."

Anne drew a deep breath and looked across the room. Gard Mitchell. Not a famous name, at least in New Pelham. A hanger-on then? An ambitious young actor who had caught Nina's interest?

She watched as Nina reached him, spoke to him briefly, then reached up to kiss his cheek. He smiled down at her and put his arm around her waist. A love, Nina couldn't manage without him.

Anne edged slowly along the wall toward the bedroom, hoping she could find, somewhere among the mink stoles on Nina's bed, her own battered tweed coat and wool dress. But suddenly she was trapped between a maid with a tray of drinks and Gard Mitchell.

"Nina tells me you're going out to the Coast with us," he said. "Are you sure you're doing the right thing?"

Anne, her mouth open to deny that she was going anywhere, said instead, "No, I'm not at all sure. Why?"

He put one finger under her chin and lifted it. "You might make it," he said thoughtfully. "It's just possible that somebody out there will have enough intelligence to see it." He added, "An interesting face. Very."

Anne said. "Like a Siamese cat's."

"Good bones. Unusual eyes. Did you know they tilt up at the corners when you smile?" He hesitated, said, "Mouth, very ——" and stopped abruptly.

Fascinated, Anne waited. But he took his hand away and scowled at her. "Nina ought to be shot. Why don't you go home and forget the whole idea?"

Temptation was a sneaky thing. "I expect it'll come to that eventually," she said, immensely diverted by the idea that anyone could mistake her for an aspiring Hollywood starlet.

He shrugged. "I know, it's none of my business. Well, not much can happen over a weekend."

She could have told him that he was dead wrong, that enough could happen in a few hours to make any normal person's head whirl. But everything in life was relative, and what seemed fantastic to a schoolteacher from New Pelham was probably the dullest old hat to the inhabitants of Nina Fleming's world.

The plane, for instance, which seemed incredibly large and luxurious to belong to a private citizen. And the nonchalant passengers, one still carrying a plate of food, who seemed to think it nothing out of the ordinary to fly from a cocktail party to California simply to escape the weather for a day or two.

"You can unbuckle your seat belt now," Gard said in her ear. "You're on your way. The next time you put your dainty foot on solid ground it'll be El Dorado. The Gold Coast. Home of the beautiful and famous and rich. A guinea hen in every pot and an Alfa Romeo in every split-level garage." He leaned his head back and looked at the ceiling. "If Nina promised to help you, she'll do it. But most of the way you'll be on your own, and you're not hard enough. You don't know how to push. You ought to know better."

He sounded tired and cross. "Do you?" Anne asked curiously.

"Do I what?"

"Know how to push."

"I might," he said, "but don't think I'm going to teach you."

Scott Vaughn stopped in the aisle beside them, a tall man with graying hair, who gave Anne a brief smile and bent to say to Gard, "How long did you say we'd have in Kansas City? Long enough for you to make a couple of calls for me?"

Gard nodded. Anne watched the man move away, big and taciturn, everything about him hinting unobtrusively of money and prestige and power.

"Who is he?" she asked, watching him sit down beside Nina.

Gard sighed. "Don't you know?" Then he added quite casually, "It may look good, honey, but it's not for you."

After a stunned moment Anne laughed. "I only wondered if he's important."

"Important enough. He dabbles in oil, television, the theater, a few other odds and ends. But oil comes first, I'd say."

"Do you work for him?"

He turned in his seat to stare at her.

"I'm sorry," she said apologetically. "Should I know about you too?"

"No," he said slowly, "I'm not important. Don't own a single oil well. I don't work for Scott either."

It slipped out before she thought. "Then you belong to Nina."

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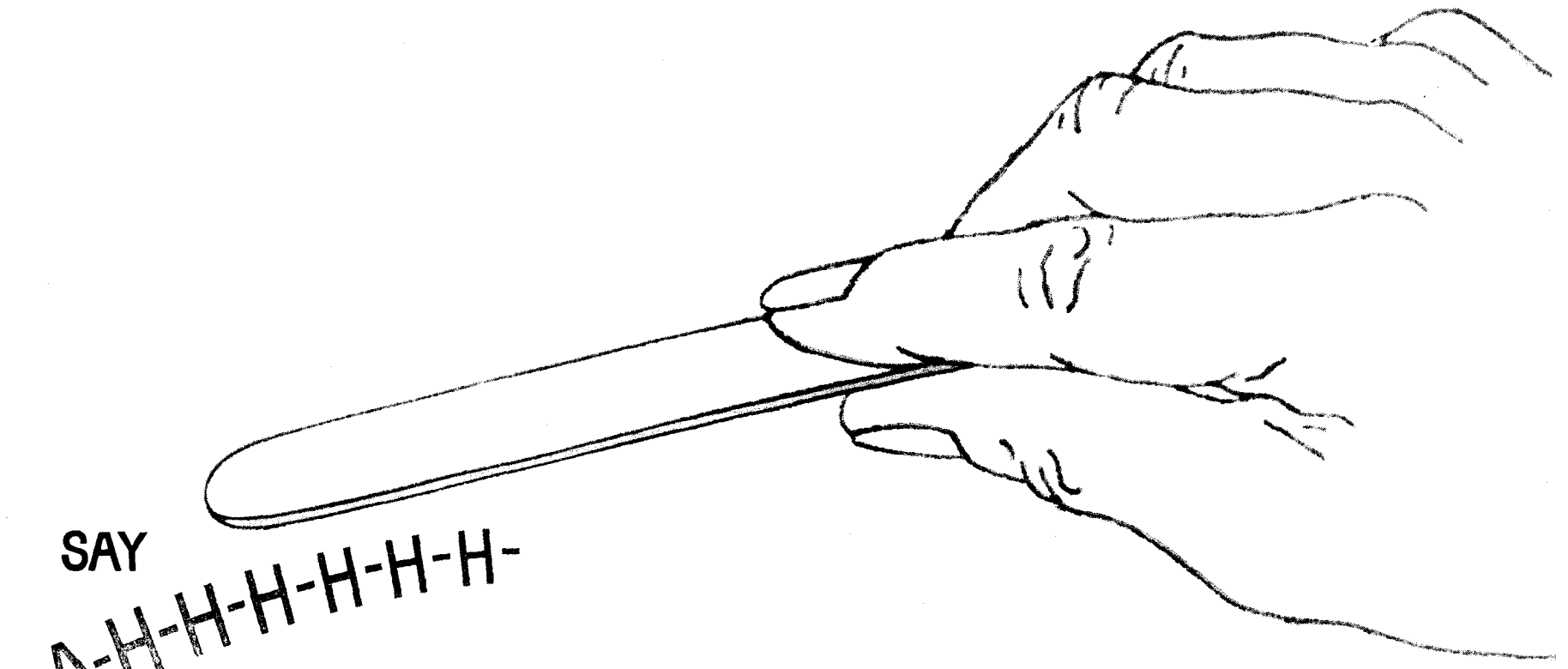

...AND EVERYTHING ELSE THAT'S IMPORTANT

Here's a suggestion that could make your next health examination the most *complete* one you've ever had.

Your doctor, of course, has many diagnostic instruments and laboratory tests for checking the state of your physical health. But he has no way at all of knowing what's on your mind —*unless you tell him.*

A frank talk about any worries, pressures, fears or frustrations that you may have, can, in fact, be as important in an appraisal of your health as anything your doctor may detect with instruments or tests.

That's because emotions that are "bottled up" account for many physical complaints—including headache, backache, digestive troubles and certain disorders of the heart.

So, whenever you have a check-up, be sure you tell your doctor about any situations you may be up against—at home or at work—that keep you worried, tense or anxious. He will welcome your frankness in discussing such problems. The more you tell him about yourself as a person, the more he can do for you as a patient.

Putting together the results of the tests he makes, his findings as he examines you—*and what you tell him*—your doctor gains a unique understanding of you as an individual whose physical make-up and reactions, whose personal problems are never quite like anyone else's. And this knowledge of you as a person deepens with each check-up you have.

Then, too, these check-ups give your doctor a chance to uncover early signs of some illnesses —often before there are symptoms—and while possibilities for successful treatment are best.

Are you in the habit of having regular health examinations? There's no safeguard you can take that's more important to your physical *and* emotional health—*now and in the future.*

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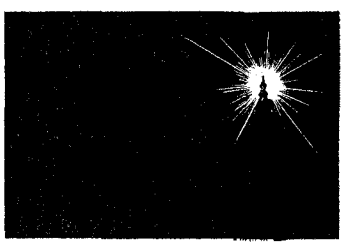

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LUCK

He smiled his slow, warm, charming smile. "You might say that," he said. "But she's generous; she won't mind sharing me." He reached across her to push a button, reclining her seat, and tucked her arm inside his. "Go to sleep. My shoulder is exclusively yours."

Anne closed her eyes. The whole ridiculous affair had long since gone beyond her control.

When they landed in Los Angeles, Anne blinked sleepily at her first sight of the fabulous Coast. But there was very little to see in the faint gray light before dawn, and Gard's firm hand guided her down the steps to a waiting limousine. Unable to keep her eyes open, she was asleep again within seconds, and later had only a blurred impression of being led down a carpeted hallway.

Somebody's low, amused voice asked, "Do you think you can make it the rest of the way?"

"Of course," she said with dignity, and leaned her head against a wall.

"You had too much to drink," the voice said firmly. "I'll come in and see that you get to bed."

Anne's eyes flew open. "I didn't have anything to drink," she said.

Gard laughed down at her. "Awake now? Straight through the door and turn to your left."

He pushed her gently inside the room and closed the door. Obediently she turned left, but before she collapsed across the enormous bed she conscientiously removed the borrowed mink coat and expensive dress. When they left Nina's apartment in New York they hadn't been able to find the old tweed coat; Anne hoped none of the maids had taken it home by mistake.

She awakened with bright sunlight in her eyes and Nina's deep voice saying, "I hate to bother you, darling, but your breakfast is on the way."

Anne sat up in bed.

Nina said, "Feeling better?"

"Much," Anne said, eying Nina cautiously. "Any new plans for me?"

Nina laughed. "You're very nice," she said. "Just have fun—do anything you like. I'll be tied up for the afternoon, but Gard will look after you. The house and pool are yours, and if you need a car, use any you find with the keys handy." She closed the door, then opened it again. "Help yourself to any clothes you need."

It occurred to Anne that Nina's generosity was not only inexplicable but definitely suspect. Have fun. Help yourself to my clothes, my house and pool, my cars. And Gard Mitchell. Yes, the first tiny seeds of madness could certainly be detected there.

Later, wearing a swim suit which seemed abbreviated to the brink of disaster, she wrapped a large towel around her and went walking through the grounds in search of the pool.

A fat man with a newspaper hiding his face slept peacefully on a lounge chair, and two gorgeous blondes were draped over the diving board. But the pool was empty, and no one seemed at all interested in Anne Wilson, bikini or not, or in anything so strenuous as swimming.

She didn't care. It was pure bliss to be swimming in November, and she lapped the pool a dozen times without tiring.

Gard Mitchell arrived. "You're wasting your time," he remarked, waiting for her at the top of the ladder. "Nobody's casting for an Esther Williams spectacular." He grinned at her. "Too bad. You look fine, in or out of the water."

Suddenly aware that the bikini had never been designed for such energetic use, Anne reached for the towel.

"You're blushing," Gard said, on a note of surprise, and added, "all over."

Anne ignored him. Wrapping the towel around her, she stretched out on a yellow mattress and closed her eyes.

"Mind if I join you?"

Anne sighed. "Why not? You're at my disposal, along with the house and pool and any car with the keys handy."

"Nina's idea of hospitality," he said, sounding amused.

Anne gave it up. He didn't seem to mind being shared; perhaps he was accustomed to the chore of entertaining any of Nina's odd friends who couldn't be left to wander around alone. For a fleeting moment she considered asking him about Nina's son, that lonely little boy she had gone to New York to meet, but in the end she decided against it.

"What's with you?" Gard asked. "I thought you'd be up and at 'em, not sleeping in the sun."

"I have the afternoon all mapped out," she said, opening her eyes. "I was only waiting for you to help me."

"I thought so," he said with a lack of enthusiasm. "Well, let's hear it."

"I want to see everything," Anne said. "Disneyland. The freeways. Muscle Beach, the Sunset Strip, Farmer's Market. And Beverly Hills, of course." The gray eyes rested thoughtfully on her face. "I can go alone," she said gently, "if you have other plans."

After another long interval of silence he stood up abruptly and reached out a hand to pull her up. "Be my guest," he said, and smiled at her.

He was, Anne decided, a most satisfactory person.

By dusk, when he finally turned the long white nose of Scott Vaughn's sports car toward Santa Monica and the Pacific, he had shown her all of Los Angeles that could be crowded into a brilliant, sunlit afternoon. More than that, he had seemed to enjoy it, even Disneyland.

Anne gave him a brief, wondering scrutiny. He was whistling under his breath as he drove; in his sweater and chinos he might have been any ordinary young man taking his girl to the beach for the evening.

But she was not his girl, and he was not an ordinary young man, and the lovely bright afternoon was almost over. She sighed, wondering what had become of her sense of humor.

"Tired?" he asked immediately. "We'll grab a bite to eat and take a quick run up the beach before we head back. I'm afraid it's too late to admire any muscle men, but the Pacific is something to see in the moonlight."

It was, indeed. After driving up the coast highway until Malibu and the streams of traffic were left behind, Gard parked the car and they climbed down the rocks to the beach. Then they took off their shoes and wandered along the sand, hand in hand; like two sinners in paradise, Anne thought, and it was a very good thing that the New Pelham P.T.A. was almost 3000 miles away.

Gard turned suddenly, his hands pulling her to a halt. He looked down at her silently in the moonlight, and for a long, unsteady moment she held her breath, waiting. Then he said, "We'd better go. Nina plans to leave at dawn, so you'll need some sleep."

Well, there it was. The setting was certainly pure Hollywood, but Anne had a sneaky suspicion that the script would be a sad disappointment to even the most uncritical of movie fans.

When Scott Vaughn's plane landed in New York, a quiet, subdued crowd looked out of the cabin windows at the cold November snowstorm.

Anne stayed in her seat until the last blonde had left the cabin in a flurry of mink and dramatic farewells, but no one paid her the least attention. Gard sat down, long legs out before him, and closed his eyes, and Nina curled up on a seat, with her hand in Scott's; they looked settled for the night.

Then Scott said, "Gard, Nina and I plan to stay in town tonight. Will you drive her car home?"

Anne glanced at Gard. It was obvious that he didn't stand a chance against oil wells and private airliners, but she'd think that anyone with an ounce of pride would make a fight of it.

But he only opened his eyes and said easily, "Sure, be glad to."

"I'm getting too old for this, Nina," Scott said. "Next time you might try writing. I'll buy you an airmail stamp."

"A drag, wasn't it?" Nina said sleepily. . . . "Gard, did you and Anne Wilson enjoy yourselves?"

"I did," Gard said, "but I can't speak for Anne."

There was a brief silence. Then three pairs of eyes turned toward Anne.

"Age must have nothing to do with it," Nina said contritely. "She looks very tired, Scott, and she's at least twenty years younger than we are."

The only way to make a mint these days is to go into the candy business.

John J. Plomp

Despite everything, Anne found it very difficult to dislike Nina Fleming. "I had a wonderful time," she said, and added apologetically, "but it is late."

"And you're anxious to get home," Nina said. "Do you mind driving out with Gard?"

Gard didn't move, but suddenly he seemed to be all there, as if a light had been switched on. "Where is home?" he asked casually.

"New Pelham, of course," Nina said. "Anne is a neighbor of mine. Didn't you know? And she must get to bed early so she can face a classroom of children tomorrow. I've never seen anyone who looked less like a teacher."

"No, I didn't know," Gard said slowly.

Nina smiled at Anne. "I knew you'd be good for him," she said fondly. "A mother always knows." Anne found herself with absolutely nothing to say.

"Did you really think I was one of Nina's admiring gigolos?" Gard asked.

"Gard, that's a nasty, old-fashioned word," Nina protested indignantly.

"I like old-fashioned words," Gard said, "and old-fashioned girls."

Anne met his steady gray gaze. "Did you really think I had ambitions to be a Hollywood starlet?"

Nina gave a little crow of laughter. "So that's why you both glowered at me all weekend, and after I worked so hard to set it up for you."

"Don't be a doting mother," Scott said. "They can get untangled without your help."

"I suppose so," Nina said doubtfully. "But they've wasted so much time."

Gard smiled at her. "No, it wasn't wasted. Run along now, like a good girl, and let me take it from here."

She went meekly, turning at the door to say, "Come to see me soon, Anne."

Anne took a deep breath. "*Please come in for a cup of tea. I baked some delicious coffeecake this morning.*" She wondered if the fellow who uncorked the genie had ever opened another wine jug without a tremor of misgiving.

Gard, his eyes on her face, said, "Nina means well, you know. It's just that she's been happily married to Scott for almost ten years, after being a widow for almost that long, and she can't resist the temptation to arrange other people's lives as satisfactorily as her own."

Anne, considering the perils of temptation, smiled.

Gard stood up. "Where's your coat?"

"It isn't mine. Neither is this dress."

"Don't worry. You'll get yours back."

Since any worry about the exchange of a worn tweed coat for a full-length mink would not logically be hers, Anne said nothing. She was silent, in fact, most of the way to New Pelham, absorbed in the task of trading a few fond fancies for hard facts.

She bade them all an affectionate farewell. The lonely sad-eyed little boy, rejected by a heartless mother. The powerful and sinister millionaire, the shocking decadent life of untrammeled sin.

It was all illusion, pure and simple. Instead she was stuck with Gard Mitchell and a tired middle-aged man who loved his wife, and a fond mother who wanted everyone to be happy.

Gard said, "We've arrived."

The house sat peacefully behind its maples, lights shining across the lawn. The wind was dying and the snow drifted against Anne's face.

Gard paused on the steps. "Anne, I don't usually tag along at Nina's heels. I'm a lawyer with a practice in Boston, and it keeps me pretty busy most of the time." His hands came out and held her shoulders. "I'm not important. I told you that. Just an ordinary guy without an oil well to my name." His hands tightened. "The first time I saw you I wanted to tell you how I felt. But Nina's life isn't mine, and I like to do my courting on home ground."

Courting, Anne thought contentedly; what a deliciously old-fashioned word.

"May I come back to see you? This coming weekend?"

"I'll have to think about it," she said. "Not a single oil well, did you say?"

He grinned. "Maybe Scott will give us one for a wedding present."

Anne's eyes widened. Gard bent his head and kissed her gently. "That's to seal the bargain. See you next Saturday."

She watched him go down the walk. Then the door opened behind her, and her mother's voice said, "We've been wondering where you were, dear." And her father said fondly, "Did you miss us?"

Anne stepped into the light. "Did you have a nice visit?" she asked dreamily. "How was Aunt Ethel?"

They didn't speak. Anne was suddenly aware of their startled faces staring at her, at Nina Fleming's mink coat, at her sunburned nose, at her mouth that had obviously just been kissed.

"I can explain everything," she said.

They waited, faces blank with astonishment, for her to go on.

"You see," she began bravely, "I just went out to mail a letter." THE END

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PARIS continued from page 31

visit. Until I hit on the phrase, "forced obsolescence," I did not realize an abrupt about-face by Paris had given women their biggest fashion break since World War II. Today, for the first time in more than a decade, a woman can plan her wardrobe intelligently with the assurance it will not be outmoded overnight by a bizarre innovation.

Paris has not launched a radically different style since 1958, when it tried to fob off on the public the sack, trapeze and balloon dresses in one season. That convulsion of bad taste and worse clothes climaxed the ugliest fashion period since the flapper era of the 1920's. Manufacturers did not ask whether designs were practical or becoming to women. The only question they asked was, "Is it new?" Parisian *couturiers* with artistic pride in their work must have been appalled by the ruinous results of straining to produce novelties, for they went back to the chemise, and the majority have concentrated on modifications of it ever since. They have not even tinkered with the hemline, always an easy substitute for originality.

Dior was the only leading Paris house that deviated sharply from the loose silhouette, an outgrowth of the chemise, at the recent fall showings. My sparring partner, the woman copyist, and American buyers with similar demands for new gimmicks probably threw conniption fits at later collections which differed from the 1960 displays in just a few technical details. Balenciaga, the dean of the profession, continued to refine the elegantly austere two-piece effect he brought out six years ago. The indestructible Chanel's exhibit was a synthesis of her tailored, boyish look that revolutionized high fashion forty years ago.

After the openings, trade papers were cluttered up with stupefying trivia, but the big story was brushed off because it spelled bad news for manufacturers. Paris has restored stability to the retail market by reverting to the traditional pattern of evolving a new style gradually and staying with it until the trend runs a natural course. For reasons no one can explain logically, styles come and go in cycles that last seven to ten years. Skeptics regard the process as a racket to stimulate sales, but a stronger motivation is behind it. Women seem to need the emotional lift a new fashion outlook gives them. Sure, overhauling wardrobes periodically runs into money, but I submit it is more desirable than the drab uniformity of clothes in countries where individuality is suppressed.

The development of the loose silhouette—and straws in the wind indicate it is on the way out—is a typical example of a fashion cycle in operation. It began with the sack, a distinct change of pace from a period of excessively frilly clothes. Although I did not like the sack—what man did?—I must concede that the chemise, a modification of it, was a comfortable, practical style. More importantly, it was a common leveler for women whose figures can be charitably described as undistinguished. That factor was chiefly instrumental in the chemise's acceptance despite the opposition to it at first. Some girls with fine figures, and probably proud of them, wore the tight—shall we say revealing?—sheath, but the majority conformed to the trend once it gained momentum. The shapeless look of the chemise soon was relieved by adroit touches that gave it more subtlety, but this is the fifth year the loose silhouette has been in vogue, and the ladies are stirring restively for something new.

Dior might have jumped the gun by a season or two last August in featuring form-fitting lines. It was significant, though, that all the French collections defined the waistline or cinched it with belts, a sure sign that Paris is leading up to a new cycle.

There was a time when I condemned Paris for sabotaging the orderly evolution of cycles by concocting a rash of eyesores that debased *haute couture*, an authentic art form when practiced properly. The accusation was valid, but I realize now that I was firing at the wrong target. The culprits were trade papers and Seventh

IN THE NEXT POST
THE NEGRO UPPER CRUST
A REPORT ON AMERICA'S LEAST-KNOWN "MILLIONAIRE SET"
By Bill Davidson

Avenue, the garment center in New York, the most destructive influences in the industry.

Both groups put pressures on Paris to produce novelties that could be promoted regardless of merit or suitability for consumers. Trade papers want a sensation every other week for headlines that will boost circulation and advertising. Seventh Avenue wants extreme variations on styles to force retailers to turn over inventories every season. Both factions are parasites that feed on the creativity of Paris, but Seventh Avenue is the worse offender because it stifles American designers by exploiting the snob appeal of foreign labels.

Ever since I began manufacturing on Seventh Avenue in 1950, I have argued that American craftsmen such as James Galanos, Norman Norell, Pauline Trigère, Luis Estévez, Arnold Scaasi and Ferdinando Sarmi are as talented as any Parisian *couturier*, with the exception of Balenciaga. Top fashion schools—Parsons, Traphagen, Pratt Institute—give their graduates better training than European students receive. Our young people quickly discover, however, that "interpretations" of foreign styles bring more money on Seventh Avenue than original designs.

Unfortunately, a style unique to the United States is Seventh Avenue's meal ticket in pushing fads that are distortions of genuinely artistic styles. Women in other countries dress to please men. Here they dress to impress other women. In Europe, a woman's social life revolves around activities with her husband, but America's high standard of living gives wives a good deal of leisure that is spent in the company of females. It is unthinkable, of course, to be seen too often in the same outfit, so the gals go overboard for new ideas that smack of status symbols—and Seventh Avenue constantly baits the trap with gimcracks. The painful truth is that too few women know the difference between chic and elegance.

The chic woman slavishly follows minimal changes in fashions. She is the first one in her set to adopt a new wrinkle, to buy anything advertised as "distinctive," "sophisticated" or "amusing" as soon as it hits the counter. It never enters her mind to wonder whether an innovation is appropriate for her. The sole concern of the chic clotheshorse is to be *au courant*, even though she looks as though she is paying off an election bet.

The elegant woman exercises rigid restraint in selecting clothes. She observes two inflexible rules. Everything she wears must: (1) Look well on her; (2) complement her personality. She may have more money than the National City Bank, but if an evening dress she bought ten years ago is more becoming to her than anything she sees in a shop, she will wear it with complete confidence. She never follows the herd. She establishes her own criteria of attractiveness and good taste.

Paris spearheaded a revival of elegance in 1958 when it recognized the futility of trying to meet the insatiable demands of trade papers and Seventh Avenue. The effort to supply them with fresh ideas every year had degenerated into a rat race to grind out new gimmicks every season. *Couturiers* were fed up with the back-breaking routine after producing in rapid succession the sack, trapeze and balloon dresses, three monstrosities that the witches from *Macbeth* would have rejected. Then Paris made a startling discovery. It didn't need a large volume of orders from America to survive.

In 1957 the European Common Market was organized, eliminating trade barriers among six countries—France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg. England may soon join the union, further strengthening it. [See "COMMON MARKET"—WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO US?, by Christian A. Herter, in this issue of *The Post*.] A consumer bloc almost as large and prosperous as America was opened up to the French fashion industry. These customers wanted conventional, not eccentric, styles. Leading houses stopped catering to Seventh Avenue, which never had taken more than 25 per cent of their output anyway, and went back to making the clothes that pleased them artistically.

That was the big breakthrough in curbing excesses which were—and still are—symptomatic of the times. Although there is an awful lot of chichi nonsense in high fashion, clothes have more sociological significance than most people suspect. Styles always have been accurate barometers of political and social conditions throughout history. To cite a few examples, the upheaval after World War I brought such drastic changes as raising skirts from the ankle to the knee and reshaping voluptuous contours into figures as flat as cardboard cutouts. During the stability of the Victorian era, fashions were virtually static for two generations. The American and French revolutions, then Napoleon's conquests, lifted middle-class clothes out of the Middle Ages in a turbulent half-century. In ancient times, the attire of the ruling castes hit the depths of vulgar ostentation just before the Egyptian, Greek and Roman empires collapsed.

Today, despite recent refinements, fashions continue to reflect the decadence in the social climate reported daily by the newspapers. Women who adhere to the old maxim that elegance is the art of omission, seem to be vanishing. The great majority have a tendency to overload themselves with gewgaws and to fuss over superficialities. Proportionately more money is spent on clothes than ever before, and it is thrown around with an abandon that suggests women are latching onto new styles as an escape from reality. That's great for me as a designer and a manufacturer, but I can't help deploring the aesthetic damage to fashion.

Most of us are beset by problems far more urgent than worrying whether Paris will decree that slim skirts and bulky coats are to be all the rage next year. Such headaches, however, are posing a crisis in an industry which grosses $4,000,000,000 a year and employs 1,170,000 people. Paris now is competing directly with Seventh Avenue—and American firms are paying a heavy price for their lack of imagination and initiative in the past.

Our manufacturers have no one but themselves to blame for the disaster threatening them. They built up and cashed in on the prestige of Paris, downgrading our own designers. They took the easy way out by using Paris as a laboratory for ideas, making no effort to cultivate American creativity. Their default in the most vital facet of the business was an open invitation to Paris to sell finished products in this country. French houses were content to let Seventh Avenue interpret their styles for mass distribution because they had no manufacturing experience, but once they got it in the European Common Market they began invading our stores.

Two types of French clothes are making open windows an occupational hazard on Seventh Avenue. Line-for-line copies of original Paris designs, cut and assembled here by licensed contractors, are available six weeks after the models are first shown abroad. American manufacturers cannot duplicate and distribute a Paris original in less than three months, a time lag driving customers to the French hand over fist. Then there is the *prêt à porter*, or ready-to-wear, line that is manufactured overseas. The ready-to-wear field is an American specialty, but the French are killing us on prices.

We cannot compete with Europe's cheaper labor. It costs us $750 to produce a sample of a dress that retails for $69. Foreign firms can make the same sample for $150 and sell it for $39. Imports are flooding metropolitan centers. In three years the garment industry will be hit as hard as our textile mills, now fighting to survive against the influx of foreign goods.

There is no easy solution. High protective tariffs will bring retaliation against American exports in other fields and run contrary to government policy. Labor unions may co-operate in cutting costs to preserve jobs, but it is unrealistic to look for sharp reductions. Manufacturers already have slashed their profit margin to a minimum to hold the price line.

I see two possible rays of hope. The French have pulled a bad boner by spreading their line-for-line copies indiscriminately among stores with clienteles several cuts below the carriage

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rade. Women willing to pay fancy prices nay prefer to buy American creations if 'arisian labels become commonplace. 'his reverse snobbery is a shrewd merhandising gambit, and America has the esigners to put it across.

Reports circulating through the grapeine indicate there is mounting dissatisaction with the poor workmanship in eady-to-wear imports—no surprise to nyone in the business. European manuacturers are far behind us in production echniques because their experience is so mited. There aren't ten stores in France ke Macy's or Marshall Field, and none emotely approaching the caliber of Saks ifth Avenue or Neiman-Marcus. Save or a handful of socialites who can afford o patronize posh *couturiers*, French omen depend largely on the legendary ttle dressmaker who copies a magazine ketch and turns out a vague approximaon of it after interminable fittings.

The average American woman can take nything in her size off a rack and wear it ith just a slight hemline adjustment. ur advertising and distribution methods ave cultivated in her a sophisticated shion sense that calls for first-class roduction skills. That ace-in-the-hole of urs may eventually overcome Paris's resent advantage in originality of styling, American manufacturers give our degners a chance. It will take a lot of time, oing and thought.

Actually American manufacturers, uyers and editors are likely to rally in upport of Paris as the fashion capital of ie world if for no other reason than to istify frequent trips there. Having been orn in Paris in 1913, I can't blame them. o one can deny its wonderfully stimuting atmosphere.

Further, Parisians regard fashion as a ork of art, while we think of it mainly in rms of mass volume. Superb artisans iere are willing to devote weeks to perecting a design. Workers in America ould starve if limited by such painstakig attention to details.

Having conceded Paris's matchless reources, I still contend its monopoly of igh fashion could be challenged by merican designers if Seventh Avenue ave them a free rein. I'm abandoning y one-man crusade, however, with the enviable record of never having swung vote to my side.

When I was known as the rebel of eventh Avenue, the animosity of my itics added zest to the pleasure of rowing harpoons at the sacred cows of *ute couture*. The industry resented my fusal to go along with the arbitrary desions of Paris. I lampooned the abirdly pretentious names given dresses—A Night to Remember," "Breathless omance"—by calling my numbers Missionary's Downfall" and "The Naves Are Restless Tonight." I also was onsidered a subversive character because escorted beautiful girls around town.

"serious" designer was supposed to ad a life of monastic seclusion, dedicatig himself to his art—to me a preposterus premise. It is precisely that attitude iat produces styles completely unrelated o the needs of vibrant women.

I learned my concept of fashion in an nvironment that regarded clothes as a ultural attribute—and it took me more an twenty-five years to gain acceptance f that idea in New York. My father aveled twice a year from Moscow to Milan to be fitted by a tailor who had a eft touch with a tail coat. My mother, ne of the great *élégantes* of Europe efore the First World War, was once perfectly described by my brother Igor, the syndicated society columnist of The New York *Journal-American*, as the first glamour girl.

At the age of sixteen mother was the official hostess for her father, Count Arthur Cassini, Imperial Russia's first ambassador to the United States, at glittering functions in the Russian embassy in Washington. In 1911, my mother married an aristocratic intellectual. My father, after taking degrees in Oriental languages (Moscow Lyceum), archaeology (Grenoble), and political science (Heidelberg), was at that time studying law at the Sorbonne. He then entered the Imperial Russian diplomatic service. The Bolshevik Revolution blew his world to pieces.

Father, who had been on the staff of the Russian legation at Copenhagen, left to join the White Russians fighting the Bolsheviks. Mother, stranded with Igor and me, sold all her jewelry. We went to Montreux, Switzerland, where mother opened an accessory shop with the help of the Greek royal family. Not knowing whether my father was dead or alive—actually, he and other defeated White Russians were interned in Japan until 1922—mother eventually opened a fashion salon in Florence. It was a typical Russian *émigré* story. Mother couldn't thread a needle, but her flair for clothes made the salon a fabulous success. We went from poverty to luxury practically overnight, with a town house, a country villa, an Alfa Romeo. The salon grossed 2,000,000 lire a year, a fortune. Then came the 1929 Wall Street crash. Mother's wealthy American patrons disappeared, and the salon crashed too.

What Johnny seems to have the most trouble reading is stop signs.

Pep Mealiffe

Life was real and earnest again. I studied law and took courses at the Academia Belle Arti in Florence because my mother hoped I would become a designer, a prospect that left me cold. My ambitions were the army or diplomacy. But the only army in Italy was the Fascist Army, and I was a stateless Russian with a Nansen passport. So I went to Paris, worked for the great Jean Patou for a year, and opened a small salon of my own in Rome on a knotted shoestring.

I gave a splendid imitation of a cosmopolite sustained mainly by extravagant dreams. The trouble was that my clients worked the same side of the street. They never paid their bills on time, and since good manners precluded mention of such crass matters, I generally was flat broke. I finally scraped up enough money to show a collection in Florence—and somebody stole my two huge suitcases with forty-five sample dresses in them while my back was turned. At that, I *had* to go to America, the only place to make money quickly.

That illusion faded while I was with a prominent firm on Seventh Avenue and later a small salon. The depression still lay heavy. In 1939 I went to Hollywood on a blind stab and hit the jackpot with designs I submitted to Paramount for a Claudette Colbert movie. Then came a better job with Twentieth Century-Fox, four years in the Army in 1941–45, and back to the same studio. I thoroughly enjoyed working on thirty-six movies—especially the money—though Hollywood was a fashion desert.

In the past twenty years, only four stars have shown superior taste in clothes: Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert, Audrey Hepburn, and Gene Tierney, whom I married in 1941. Few stars come from backgrounds that cultivate a sense of style. Even wealthy Grace Kelly, early in her career, was straight out of Philadelphia with conservative clothes that would have looked old on a woman twice her age. Later, when I made her wardrobe, it amused her that a few smart dresses quickly elevated her to the top of the best-dressed list.

Hollywood wiped out its last vestiges of glamour after World War II by stressing the girl-next-door and sex-pot types. Both clash with the concept of elegance. One type is too unassuming to wear sophisticated clothes, the other wiggles too much. Ladies have more restraint—they wiggle with delicacy.

I could say that I left Hollywood in 1950 because it was obvious that Western films would reduce designers to making horse blankets and squaw tunics, but that would be an evasion. However, the truth is that my impending divorce from Gene Tierney, whom I loved deeply, made it intolerable to live in the same town with her.

That the last word in fashion today becomes a snicker tomorrow was impressed on me recently by a TV rerun of *The Razor's Edge* with Gene in it. The clothes I designed for her for that picture looked ludicrous, with ankle-length skirts and more shoulder padding than a football player. Yet that wardrobe drew rave notices in 1946–47.

Fashion concepts change constantly, but one principle is always reaffirmed: Classic, understated simplicity is the basic ingredient in all styles with true distinction. After every bizarre cycle, the pendulum swings in the opposite direction. We are, happily, in that transition now. Evening gowns look like copies from ancient friezes. Informal clothes follow the trend to flowing, form-fitting lines. As we say in the trade, the cloth is getting closer to the figure.

Designs are deceptively uncomplicated, but I offer one warning to women who aspire to great elegance: Bring money—an awful lot. *Haute couture* has no pity for the pure in heart with holes in their pockets. However, women who can spend only $250 instead of $25,000 a year on clothes need not kill themselves in chagrin. Simplicity and good taste will stretch their dollars farther now than in the past ten years if they follow a few practical rules:

Limit your horizon. Build your wardrobe around two subdued colors. Your expenditures for accessories will be reduced and you will establish an identity that is unaffected by sudden changes. Choose clothes with underplayed lines suitable for a variety of occasions. Utility is an integral element in good styling. Buy one good thing a year—a dress, suit or coat—instead of frittering away money on odds and ends. I once heard an impoverished former society leader say, "I'm now much too poor to buy inexpensive clothes." Cheap is cheap. Shoddy merchandise does not wear well or stay in style long.

The well-dressed woman makes clothes her servant, not her master. Good taste is ageless because it survives capricious changes—and transforms the old gentleman with the scythe from a grim pursuer into a gallant suitor. THE END

Answers to the Goodyear Automobile Quiz

(SEE CENTER SPREAD)

1915 Buick
1916 Apperson
1917 Oakland
1918 Baker Electric
1919 Franklin
1920 Chevrolet
1921 Case
1922 Mercer
1923 Stearns
1924 Chandler
1925 Locomobile
1926 Cleveland
1927 Jordan
1928 Kissel
1929 Auburn
1930 Cord
1931 Durant
1932 Essex
1933 Dodge
1934 LaFayette
1935 Cadillac
1936 Terraplane
1937 Hupmobile
1938 Ford
1939 Packard
1940 Mercury
1941 Plymouth
1942 Lincoln
1943 Nash
1944 Willys Jeep
1945 DeSoto
1946 Dodge
1947 Kaiser
1948 Ford
1949 Hudson
1950 Chrysler
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1952 Plymouth
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1960 Valiant
1961 Willys

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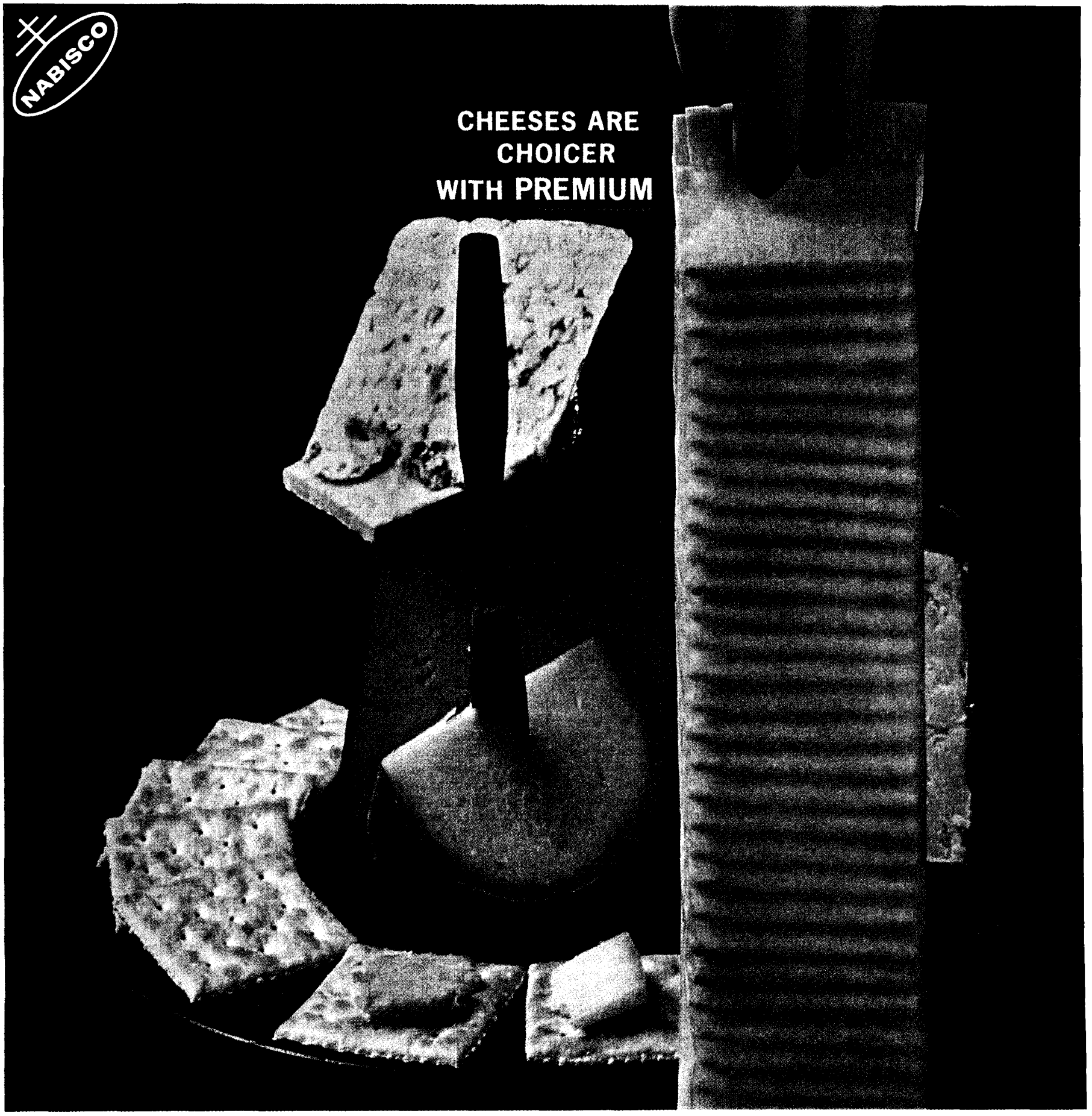
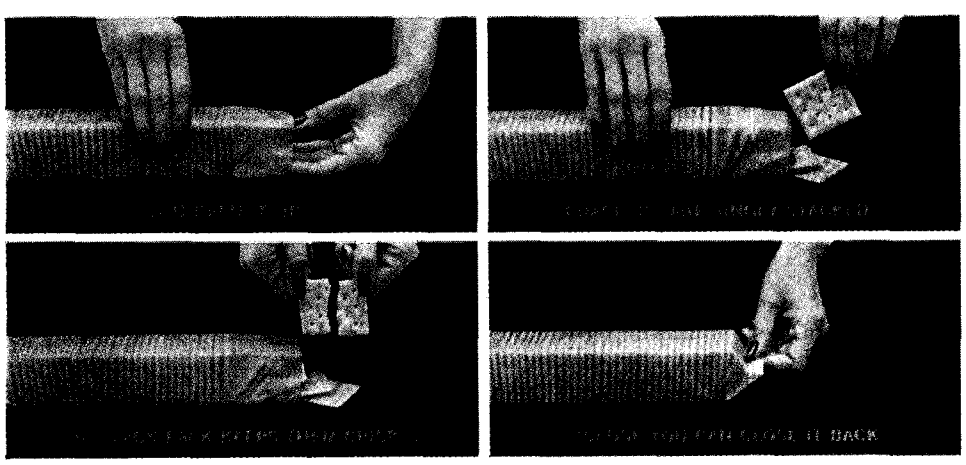
NABISCO

CHEESES ARE CHOICER WITH PREMIUM



THE RECLOSABLE STACK PACK KEEPS PREMIUM SNOW FLAKE CRISP TO THE VERY LAST CRACKER



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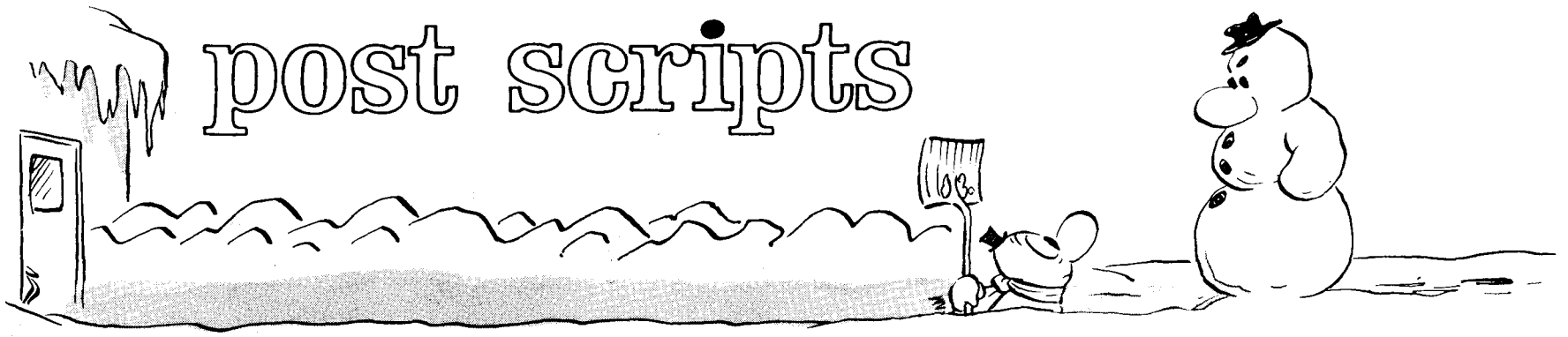
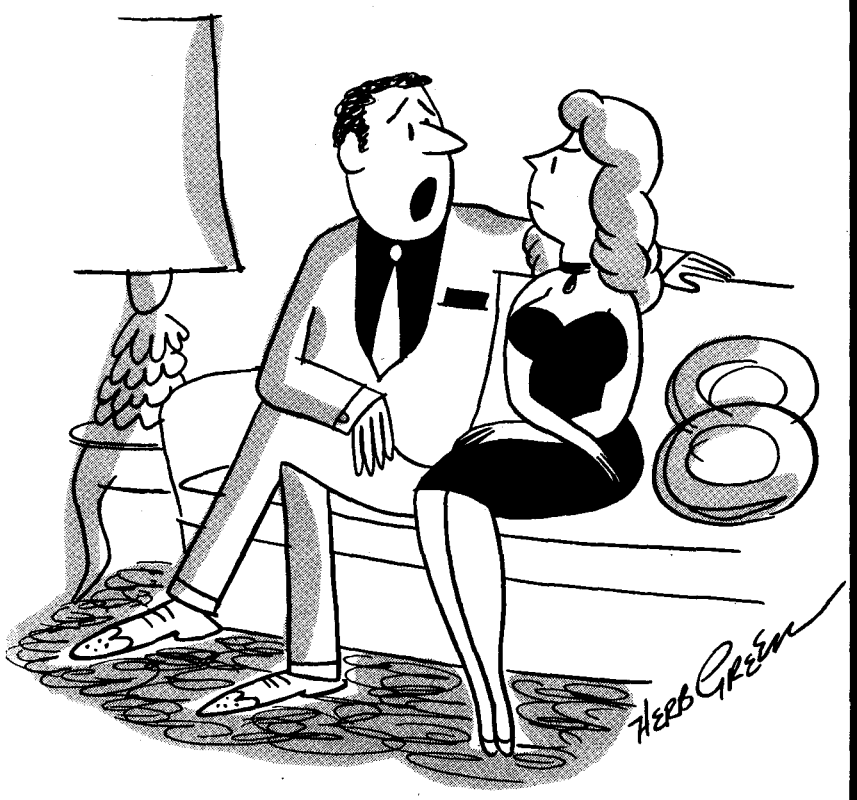
post scripts





"Of course I respect you—haven't I told you a hundred times you're my kind of broad?"

"It sounds like fun. I must get up there some weekend and try it."

"Wonderful news, Mildred! I found a baby sitter who has never heard of us!"

UNACCUSTOMED AS HE IS

The speaker stands with easy grace,
  Beginning his oration.
Bright eyes are fastened on his face
  In rapt appreciation.

The gestures, pointing up his theme,
  The pear-shaped tones beguiling
Rate glances of profound esteem.
  He cannot keep from smiling.

Whatever summits he may reach,
  He'll never find sincerer
Approval of his entire speech
  Than in his bedroom mirror!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

turn

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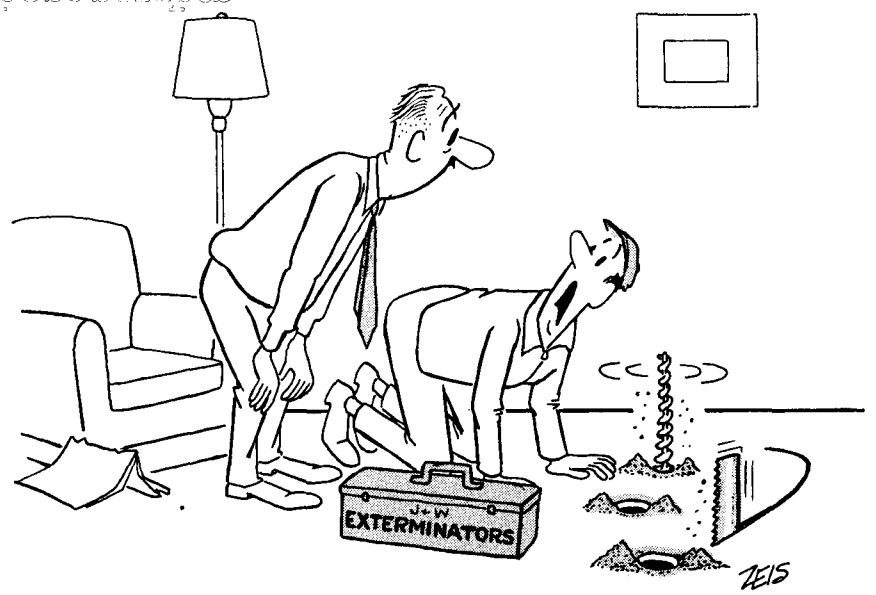

"I think they're carpenter ants."

"It was a wonderful party. You should have seen Herbert trying The Twist."

"I said those veal cutlets—what's holding up those veal cutlets?"

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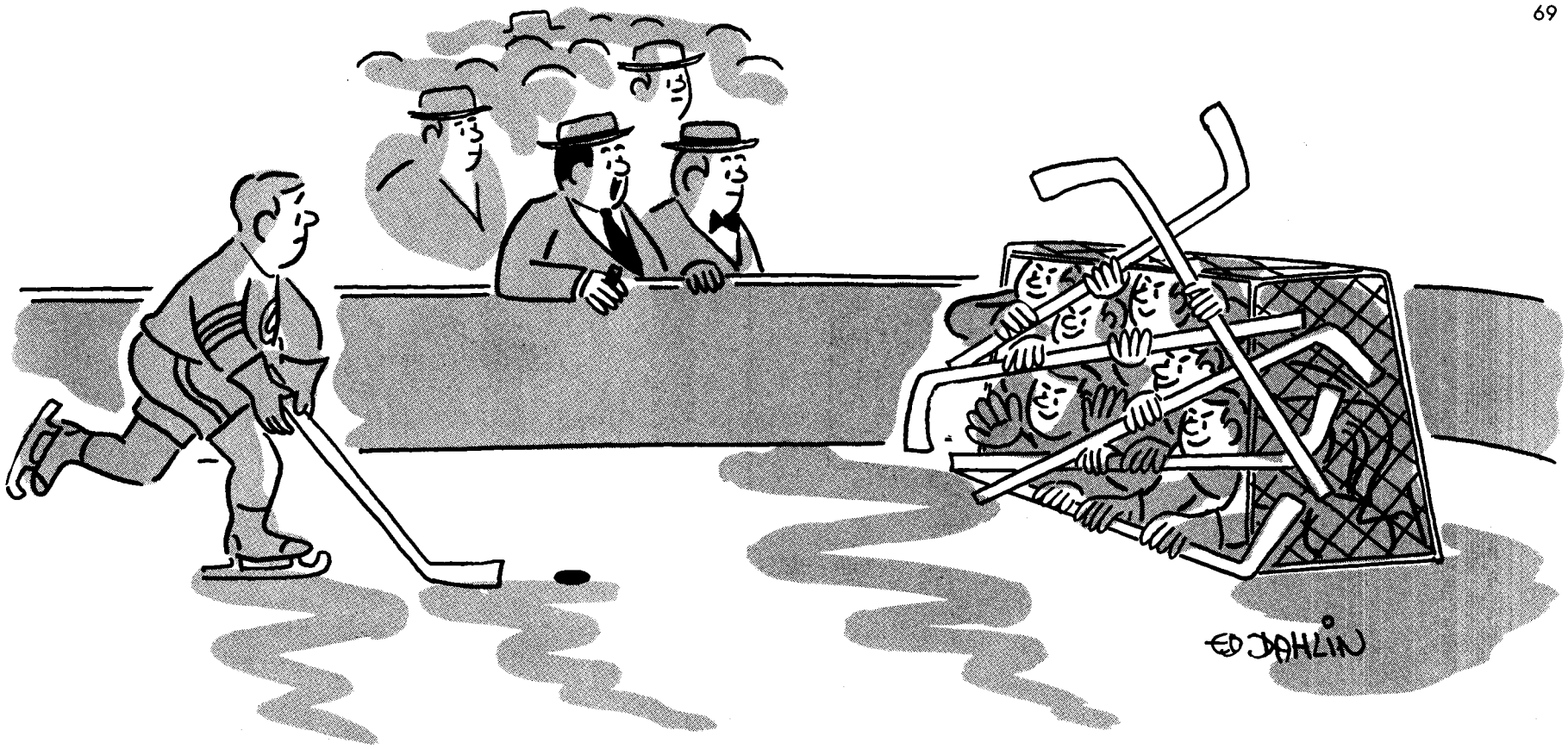


"Greatest defensive team in the league."

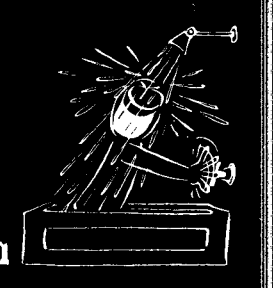
MODERN DUEL

The villain's time has come around,
His killin' days are gone, sir,
And Ah'm a-gonna gun him down. . . .
Right after this word from the sponsor.

B. F. NORDBERG

"At times like this I forgive you for being such a moneygrubber."

"Oh, come now, Murphy, be reasonable.
You're not supposed to like it here."



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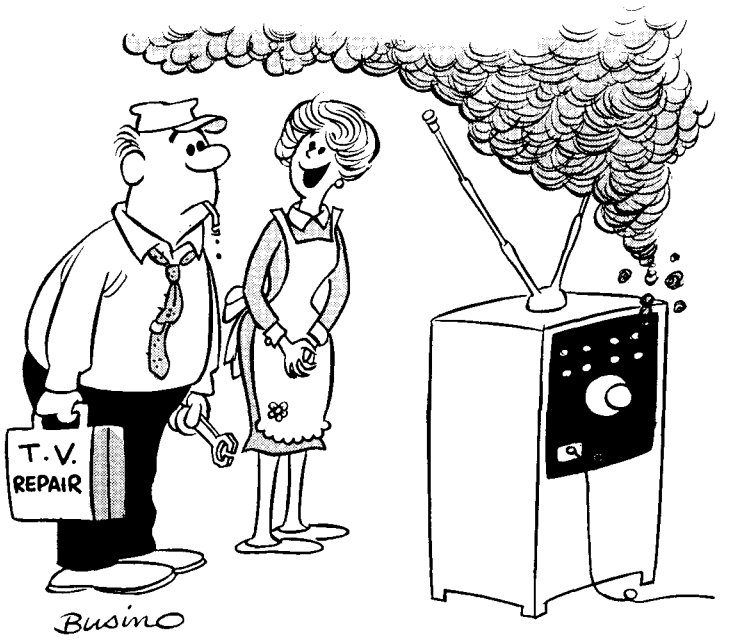
"This suit can hold forty-two snowballs."



"At first I thought it was part of the cigarette commercial."

"Frankly I think these family reunions are getting too unwieldy!"

"I'm afraid we've got to let you go, Briggs, in spite of that wonderfully sincere smile of yours."

MINUTES FOR FIRST MEETING OF THE FAMILY COUNCIL

Father, as chairman, called meeting to order. He explained that all family decisions would be settled by vote from now on. Announcement was greeted by vigorous applause from younger members. Father called younger members to order.

Roll was taken. One daughter was found to be absent, having braces fitted. Other daughter and son each claimed proxy vote for absent daughter. Bitter dispute took place on the floor. Mother called younger members to order.

Father explained that, in absence of a quorum, chairman had deciding vote.

Son raised first point of business. Wanted evening meals delayed on afternoons when football games were on television. Father suggested brief discussion. Mother said they could discuss till cows came home—evening meals would remain as usual.

Father explained use of veto power to younger members.

Second issue was raised. Daughter called for vote on what to have for lunch today. Vote was taken, by ballot. Mother counted votes and proclaimed victory for cold meat loaf, by margin of four to three. Father suggested recount, on grounds that only four votes were cast. Mother said he could recount till cows came home—meat loaf was what was in the icebox.

Meeting was adjourned.

D. G. LLOYD

the end

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"My pop says you'd never need a push if you had AC Spark Plugs"

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AC SPARK PLUG ⚛ THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

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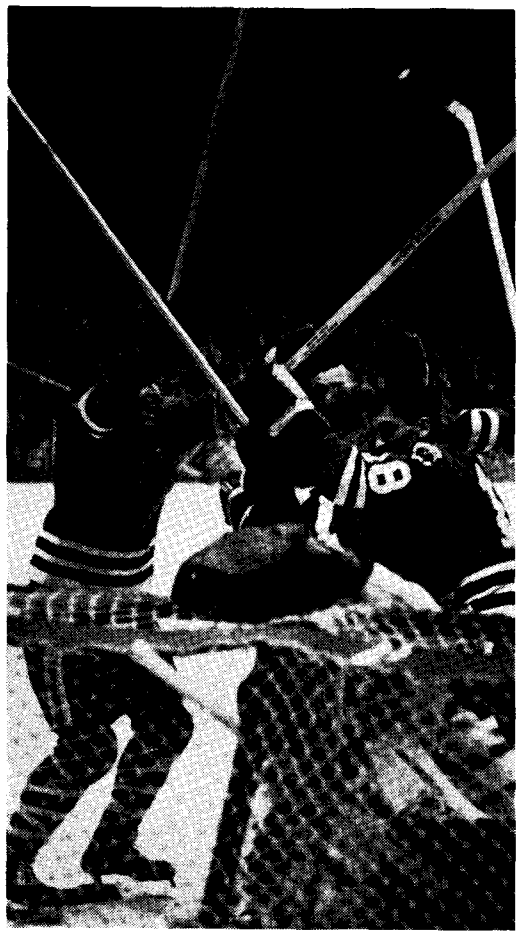

Chicago's rampaging pucksters whoop it up after scoring a last-minute goal—which tied Montreal, 3-3—in the hair-raising style that won them last year's championship.

The story of the rambunctious Chicago Black Hawks, the team that scrapped its way to ice-dom's coveted Stanley Cup.

HOCKEY'S GASHOUSE GANG

BY DAVE ANDERSON

In ice hockey a certain gangsterlike glamour goes along with being a "bad man"—a player who serves an excessive amount of penalty time for committing illegal violence upon his opponents. Such a man is Pierre (Pete) Pilote, the fiery captain of the Chicago Black Hawks. At five-ten and 178 pounds, Pilote is one of the smaller defensemen in the National Hockey League, but he is one of the best and one of the meanest.

Last season Pilote was banished from the ice more often than any other player in the National Hockey League, drawing a total of 165 penalty minutes. Not long ago he was asked, "How does it feel to be the league's bad man?"

"The what?" Pilote said.

"The bad man. You led the league in penalties last season."

"I did?" Pilote exclaimed. "I thought it was one of the other guys on our club."

Pilote's assumption was neither unreasonable nor surprising. On the Black Hawks nearly every player is something of a "bad man." Four of Pilote's teammates—Reg Fleming, Eric Nesterenko, Murray Balfour and Stan Mikita—each were in the 100-minute bracket last season, and the team as a whole set a new National Hockey League record of 1072 penalty minutes.

Excessive belligerence ordinarily sabotages hockey success, because when a player is sent to the penalty box, his team has to play shorthanded. The Black Hawks, however, seem to thrive on crime. They are the defending world champions of professional hockey, and a gashouse gang on and off the ice.

They are the beefiest team in the league, too. They have eight players of more than 190 pounds, and the squad average is a hefty 188 pounds.

As Tommy Ivan, the club's dapper little general manager puts it, "We don't want to have anybody who gets pushed around." Ivan needn't worry. His Black Hawks do most of the pushing. They weren't the best club in the six-team league during the regular season last year—the same was true in the early stages of the current season—but as time went on, their strength and roughness began to tell. After finishing third last season, they bulled their way right through hockey's world series, the Stanley Cup play-offs. In the process they drew a whopping 162 penalty minutes, and there were those who felt that the Black Hawks still hadn't been policed properly.

In the semifinal play-off they so battered Montreal, which had held the Stanley Cup for five straight years, that Frank Selke, the managing director of the Canadiens, charged, "The Black Hawks deliberately racked up five of our best players." Surveying his blood-spattered players after one punishing game, Montreal coach Hector (Toe) Blake observed sardonically, "We must be cutting ourselves with our own sticks."

There is a theory that the Black Hawks get away with some of their rough stuff unpunished because the referee can't call every infraction. "That's true to some extent," agrees Carl Voss, the league's referee-in-chief. "The policy in hockey officiating is not to call twenty penalties against one team and two against the other. But there are certain players you keep an eye on."

One of these is the most inflammable of the Black Hawks, a utility man named Reg Fleming. He is nicknamed Mister Clean, but because of his bullnecked, crew-cut appearance rather than his competitive style. Fleming is used chiefly as a penalty-killer—a player who specializes in disrupting the opposition's attack while a teammate is sitting out a penalty. All too often, however, Fleming winds up in the penalty box himself. He spent 145 minutes there as a rookie last season, an implausible figure for a spot player.

Fleming established himself as a "bad man" early in the season when he was assessed thirty-seven minutes—a one-game record—after throwing punches at three different members of the New York Rangers. First he slugged it out with Dean Prentice. This resulted in a five-minute major penalty for fighting. Upon returning to the ice Fleming crashed into the boards with Eddie Shack—now with Toronto—and both came up swinging.

After that brawl was broken up, Fleming quietly glided toward Ranger goalie Jack McCartan, the former United States Olympic hero, who is now in the minor leagues. Thinking that McCartan had deliberately whacked him on the leg with his extra-thick stick, Fleming threw a left hook to the jaw that dropped the unsuspecting McCartan to his knees.

When the smoke of battle finally cleared, Fleming drew a two-minute minor penalty, two more five-minute penalties and a ten-minute misconduct penalty, plus a game-misconduct penalty which exiled him for the duration of the game. All this cost him $75 in automatic fines and another $100 in a personal fine that was levied by league president Clarence Campbell.

The previous season Campbell had cracked down on another member of the Black Hawks, star left-winger Bobby Hull, after Hull and the Rangers' Lou Fontinato—now with Montreal—chopped at each other several times with their stick blades. They missed, but both were ejected for a "deliberate attempt to injure." It cost them $100 apiece.

Ordinarily the blond, handsome Hull is a comparatively peaceful player. He possesses the most massive muscles in hockey—his biceps measure fifteen and a half inches, compared to fourteen for ex-heavyweight champion Rocky Marciano—but he prefers to use his strength to score goals.

Two years ago Hull, then only twenty-one, led the league in scoring with eighty-

The Hawks' bashing blades: Pierre Pilote (left), Murray Balfour, Bobby Hull, Bill Hay, Jack Ev

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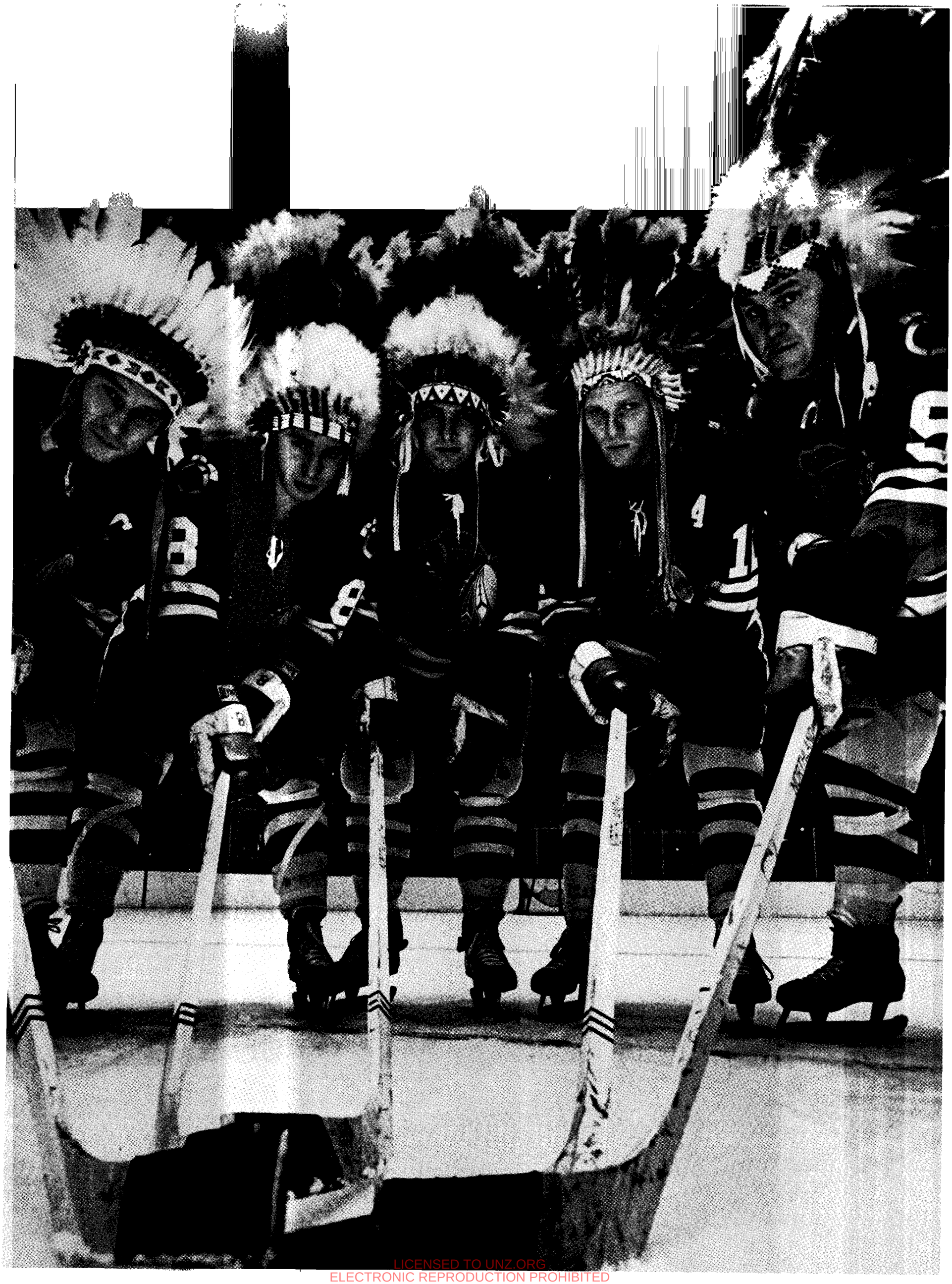

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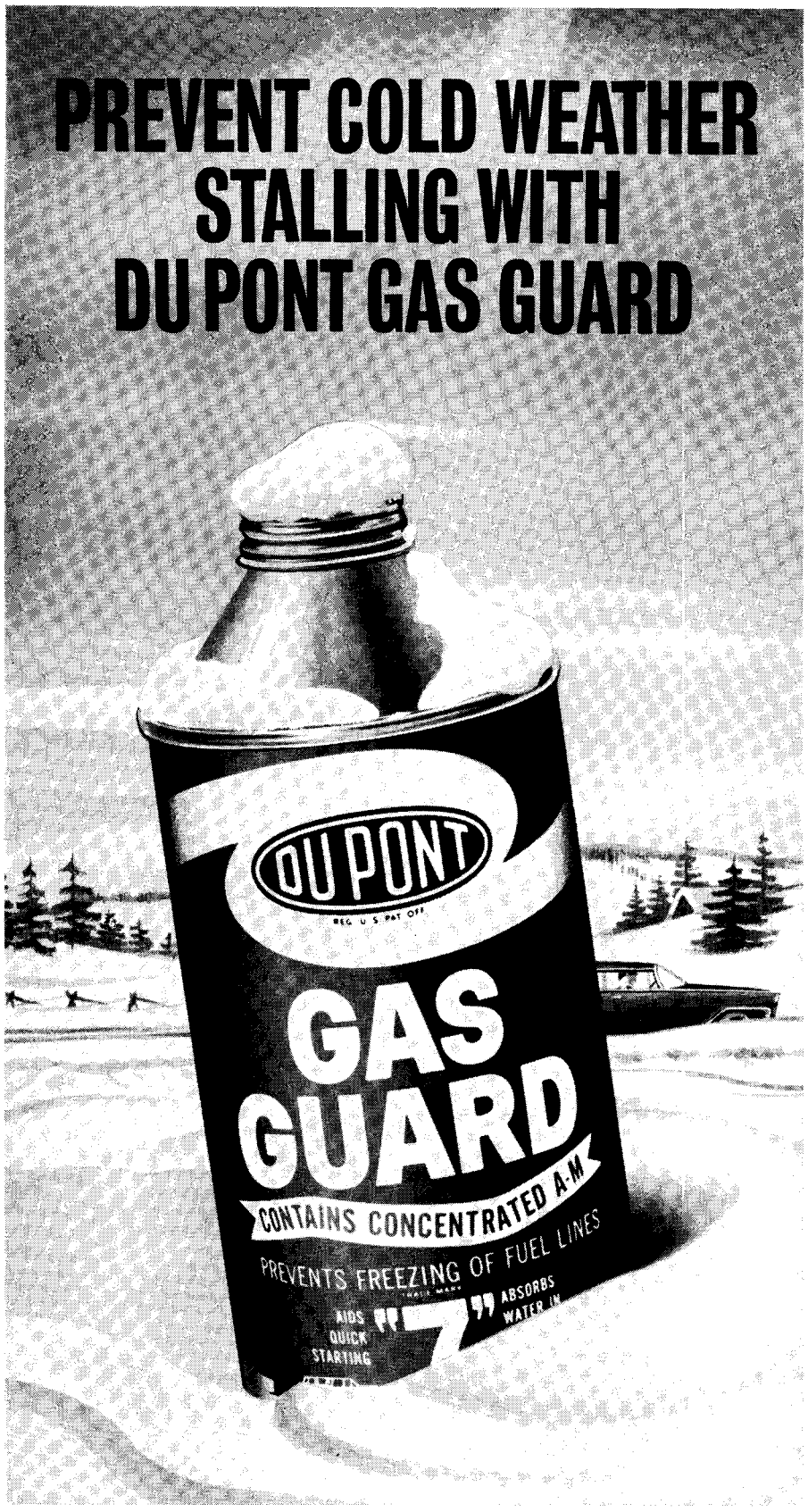

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HOCKEY one points, registering forty-two assists and thirty-nine goals. The record for goals in a season is fifty, set by the fabled Maurice Richard seventeen years ago and tied last season by Bernard (Boom Boom) Geoffrion of Montreal. "In my heart," says Hull, "I know I can score fifty-one someday."

One of Hull's most dramatic goals came late in the third period of a game with the Rangers last season. Bobby was battling for the puck along the boards when a stray stick suddenly was in his face. The sharp-bladed tip ripped through his lower lip and jammed between two of his lower teeth. When the stick was yanked away, there was a chunk of ashwood, resembling a miniature cigarette butt, protruding from his blood-splotched mouth. Moments later, Hull was sitting in the first-aid room at Chicago Stadium.

"I never saw one like this," the doctor said. "We've got to get the wood out and then you'll need some stitches."

"Just get the wood out for now," Hull said. "You can put the stitches in later. The game's almost over anyway."

The doctor agreed, but the wood was wedged tightly in Hull's gum. Finally the wood loosened and Hull returned to the ice. In the final minutes of the game he scored his third goal of the night to defeat the Rangers, 3–2.

Later nine stitches were needed to close the ugly wound. Recalls Hull with a shrug, "It hurt—but hell, we get paid to play."

Such a statement may sound like bravado, but this attitude is typical of hockey players in general and of the Black Hawks in particular. They possess some of the game's most durable performers, notably goal tender Glenn Hall, whose job involves exceptional pressure. Now in his seventh big-league season, the thirty-year-old Hall went into the current campaign with the remarkable achievement of never having missed an N.H.L. game. By early December his streak had reached 442 games.

The record for consecutive games played is 580, held by Johnny Wilson of New York. However, as Black Hawk general manager Ivan points out, "Wilson is a forward. It's a lot different when you're a goalie. The last two seasons, Hall was the only goalie in the league to play the full seventy-game schedule."

Hall shrugs off his streak with, "I've been lucky." He has also been tough. He once was carried off the ice unconscious after being hit in the mouth by the puck. Half an hour later, with twenty-five stitches in his upper lip, he skated back and finished the game.

Hall has acrobatic skill to match his durability. Many observers consider him the best goal tender in the National Hockey League. Says Lorne (Gump) Worsley, the veteran New York goalie, "Hall has been terrific with both good teams and bad teams. That's the test."

During the 1959–60 season, for example, the Black Hawks finished fifth, but Hall was voted the league's all-star goalie. In Chicago it is not unusual for the public-address announcer to introduce him as, "Mister Goalie, Glenn Hall."

This sort of boosterism fits in very well with the revival of fan enthusiasm that has taken place at Chicago Stadium, largest arena in the league. Organized in 1926, the Black Hawks won the Stanley Cup in 1934 and 1938 to the delight of overflow crowds. After World War II they took a virtually permanent lease on the league cellar, but at first their devoted

In Chicago's truculent, (left) squares off with Linesman George Hay(

fans didn't waver. Despite a last-plac team during the 1946–47 season, th Black Hawks drew a total attendance o 521,831 for thirty home games—a recor 17,394 average. Since then, stricter fir regulations have limited Chicago Stadiun capacity to 16,666.

Less than six years after the peak sea son, a succession of losing teams reduce attendance to the point where the Blacl Hawk management scheduled some of it "home" games in Indianapolis, and late in St. Louis and Omaha. Multimillionair Jim Norris, a controversial figure as hea of the now defunct International Boxin Club but a dedicated hockey man, be came co-owner of the club in partnershi with ice-show impresario Arthur Wirtz During the 1953–54 season, when th Black Hawks won only twelve of thei seventy games, Wirtz proclaimed, "I'(like to pull the team out of Chicago We've lost $300,000 already."

Within six weeks, the N.H.L. boar of governors called a "Help the Hawks' meeting. But first the Black Hawks had t prove that they were willing to help them selves. Norris turned to the Detroi Red Wings—owned by his brother an sister—and hired the businesslike Tommy Ivan, who had never played pro hockey but had coached Detroit to six straight pennants and three Stanley Cup titles.

In Chicago Ivan was elevated to general manager beginning with the 1954–55 season and given carte blanche with the checkbook. It is said today that Norris has invested nearly $2,000,000 in the Black Hawks. Whatever the exact figure, Ivan began spending money for established players and, more important, for a farm system that eventually produced Bobby Hull, Pierre Pilote, huge defenseman Elmer Vasko and scrappy center Stan Mikita. Ivan says proudly, "They are the nucleus of our Stanley Cup team."

There was, however, no overnight miracle. The Black Hawks remained in the cellar for three seasons, but, man by man, Ivan was building a championship squad. Although hockey is a six-man

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radition, Hawk Bob Turner
Al MacNeil. Peacemakers:
o's Dollard St. Laurent.

game, the fast pace calls for frequent rotation of players, and N.H.L. teams carry seventeen men. Ivan pounced on surplus talent from the Montreal dynasty to obtain such productive scorers as Ed Litzenberger (now with Detroit), Bill Hay, Murray Balfour, Ab McDonald and Reg Fleming, as well as defenseman Dollard St. Laurent. Ivan traded shrewdly to get goal tender Hall from Detroit and left-winger Ron Murphy from New York. He also reached into hockey's grab bag, the annual league draft, for defenseman Jack Evans and right-winger Eric Nesterenko—each a $20,000 bargain.

The 195-pound Evans perhaps was Ivan's best buy. Says coach Rudy Pilous, 'He's our cop"—meaning the man who keeps opposing "bad men" honest. "He's a helluva fighter, but the fans don't realize it, because none of the other players want to get mixed up with him."

Nearly every N.H.L. player was born in Canada, but the Black Hawks have an exception in Stan Mikita. Born in 1940, Mikita grew up in Sokolce, Czechoslovakia, during the Nazi occupation. "The Germans didn't bother us," he says. "There wasn't any fighting where we were." As a boy, Mikita skated on nearby ponds with what he calls "screw-on skates—like roller skates, only with blades. I didn't have a hockey stick. I'd just grab a branch off a tree and trim it down."

When he was eight, he left Czechoslovakia, with his parents' blessing, to live with his uncle in St. Catharines, Ontario. Ignored at first by the Canadian children, he soon discovered the town hockey rink. "It's been my life ever since," he says.

Possibly as a result of his early years of war-torn poverty, he developed into a steel-eyed spitfire who asks no quarter and above all gives none.

Teammate Bill (Red) Hay, a 195-pound center, is another rarity in the National Hockey League—a player with a college degree. Imported from Canada on an athletic scholarship by Colorado College, he was graduated as a geology major in 1958. Two years later he was the N.H.L.'s rookie of the year, after being installed on a line with scoring champ Hull and another rookie, Murray Balfour, whose background is strikingly different from Hay's. Reared in the tough North End of Regina, Saskatchewan, Balfour says guardedly, "Hockey kept me out of a lot of trouble." Balfour, Hay and Hull clicked so well that Rudy Pilous, their phrase-making coach, began to call them, "The Million Dollar Line."

The bushy-browed, forty-seven-year-old Pilous—pronounced "Pil-us"—took over the Black Hawks in midseason four years ago with perhaps the strangest background of any coach in N.H.L. history. As a boy in Winnipeg, he exercised race horses with famous jockey Johnny Longden. In hockey he was regarded as too slow for the big league. Settling in St. Catharines, Ontario, he spent some time as an automobile shipping foreman and later as a promotion man for the nearby Buffalo Memorial Auditorium.

The Buffalo job included trouble-shooting for the hockey club there. This led him into a brief career as a minor-league coach in Houston, San Diego and Louisville. Then Pilous made his hockey name as the organizer and coach of the successful St. Catharines Teepees of the Ontario Junior Hockey Association—one of the best teen-age leagues in Canada. There he polished the skills of Hull, Pilote and Vasko. He was polishing Mikita's when general manager Tommy Ivan, then doubling as coach, offered him the Black Hawk coaching job during the 1957–58 season.

Pilous was skeptical. Chicago, he knew, was a graveyard for coaches. Over the years eighteen different men had come and gone—not counting Ivan, who was filling in reluctantly while searching for another replacement. Pilous decided to turn down the offer. Then co-owner Jim Norris taunted him, "You've proved you can coach kids, but I was hoping that you might be ready to handle the men."

Pilous accepted the challenge. At first he made more of an impression with his homespun humor and dialect jokes—he's a master storyteller—than he did as a coach. The Black Hawks finished fifth. In his first full season, however, they climbed into third place. This put them in the Stanley Cup play-offs—which are staged among the top four teams—for the first time in six years and only the second time in thirteen years.

They finished third again the following season. Last year they stormed to the Stanley Cup. Suddenly Pilous was a genius—to the amazement of at least one of his players. This was right-winger Eric Nesterenko, an intense individualist, who once told a reporter, "Pilous couldn't coach a girls' basketball team."

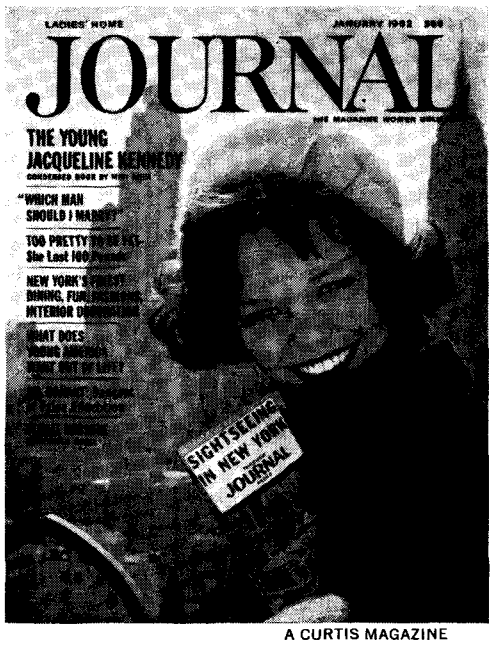
Pilous privately blew his top but publicly laughed off the incident. "Handling men," he says, "is the most important phase of coaching in the N.H.L."—and this was his way of handling the high-strung, fiercely opinionated Nesterenko.

With all his eccentricities, however, the 199-pound Nesterenko—he swings two of the sharpest elbows ever honed—is a talented player. He has averaged fifteen goals a season with the Black Hawks while shackling some of the league's best scorers.

When the big, bad Black Hawks won the Stanley Cup last year, somebody asked Nesterenko, "What about Pilous and the girls' basketball team now?" Answered Eric, "This is a pretty good girls' basketball team." THE END

JANUARY

NOW ON SALE



A CURTIS MAGAZINE

The Young

Jacqueline Kennedy

"She came flying in with a big camera slung over one shoulder and wearing a most devilish smile. 'I've come to interview you,' she said."

Mini Rhea, custom dressmaker, recalls this incident and many others about her favorite customer, the Inquiring Camera Girl of a Washington newspaper, in the days when she was interviewing Congressmen (especially one from Massachusetts); schoolchildren; Shakespearean scholars; movie stars, and even a dog named Trudle!

An informal picture of the First Lady in her "career girl" days.

Like a Giant Wonderland New York

EATING IN NEW YORK IS AN ADVENTURE

The Journal takes you to eight of the city's greatest restaurants—"21", The Four Seasons and six others where the food is exciting, the company fabulous. As souvenirs: recipes for such masterpieces as Duckling Casserole, Frozen Soufflé with Hot Strawberry Sauce.

NEW YORK EXECUTIVE

Meet Carole Breckenridge, pretty, 27, who is in business for herself as a dress designer. What's it like to be competing in this highly specialized business? Carole reveals the secrets of a working beauty, gives recipes for small-kitchen cooking, tells how to dress well in New York on practically nothing.

PERSONALITY ROOMS

Visit the homes of famous people: Mary Martin, Edward Stone, Patrick Dennis.

FASHION

What to wear to a matinee at the opera . . .
What to wear on a winter vacation cruise . . .

Too Pretty To Be Fat

Rita Hornak was the target for all the "fatty-fatty-two-by-four" rhymes ever invented. Today, after losing 150 pounds, she gets a secret thrill from wolf whistles, delights in her new clothes, her interesting job.

Also . . .

FALSE EDUCATION IN SLUM SCHOOLS by Dr. James C. Conant

WHAT DOES YOUNG AMERICA WANT OUT OF LIFE? by Dr. George Gallup

DO PARENTS TEACH PREJUDICE? by Dr. Spock

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a man's man

continued from page 23

just a little nearer the more aristocratic streets near Cavendish Square. Only two of the servants lived in—Mrs. Reed, the cook-housekeeper, and myself, the butler-cum-valet or what you will. Anguish couldn't keep servants; he spied on them and was parsimonious with the groceries, although passing him in the street—all got up in his astrakhan coat and breathing kindliness along with the smoke of a very good cigar—you would have sworn that here at last was somebody who would leave the world a great deal better than he had found it.

This overcoat of Lord Anguish's was, in its way, the beginning of the curious complications of which I will tell you. It was a lordly garment, sir, designed to lend its wearer an air of importance, of immensity, which air Anguish emphasized by the wearing of built-up clothes. Although his miserable, mean head was something like my own, he wore a wide hat. The shoulders of his jackets were skillfully padded, too, presumably in order that when he shed his outdoor garments he might not conspicuously shrink. Moreover, he wore what they now call "elevator" shoes to make him look two or three inches taller. He smoked thin cigars to make his face appear bigger.

Take him all in all, Lord Anguish reminded me of one of those penny mutton pies they used to sell in the street—all crust and illusion, and precious little meat—and that meat, cat's meat.

Now one spring day, when Anguish was supposed to be out of the house and busy about some benevolent business—the nature of which you may guess was blonde by artifice and lisped baby talk—I beset myself to tidying his dressing room. And then I took it into my head to try on that famous astrakhan overcoat of his. So I slipped it on, but it was too long. Then I put on a pair of his architectural shoes, and the effect was much better. I clapped one of his hats on my head—dead straight, brim over nose—and discovered that I was enjoying myself. I took one of his long, thin, extra-special cigars and stuck it into my mouth at a cocky angle. But one thing was missing. What? Why, the air, the expression of Lord Anguish. Now to catch an expression, sir, you must catch a mood. So I remembered the man I had most disliked, a thievish footman who used to beat me for his own misdeeds when I was boot-and-knife boy at Ballsacre Hall. He was abject and ferocious, and his mouth was like a half-opened oyster. I tried that expression, and upon my soul, sir, I had Lord Anguish pat!

But then, as in a bad dream, I saw two of myself in the same long glass; and one of us was wearing a black overcoat. This, of course, was Lord Anguish, who had crept up and caught me posing.

I stood, waiting for an outburst—for he had one of those vile and sudden tempers, you know—but he simply looked and looked, and then said, in an unctuous kind of voice, "Elwes, you look almost as good as your master!"

Expecting the worst, I said, "Shall I resign, or will you dismiss me?"

He said, "Neither, man, neither! Hang up that coat and lend me yours." So he slid out of his padded-shouldered jacket and put on my round-tailed servant's coat, and while he looked at himself in the glass, I watched him. I saw him become a nobody, sir; I saw Lord Anguish become Elwes—just as minutes before, Elwes had transformed himself into Lord Anguish—and I was humiliated.

Then he said, scraping his chin like Uriah Heep, "This provides food for thought."

"Meaning that clothes make the man?" I asked.

He snapped, "Meaning nothing of the sort, you fool! What's your wages?"

I replied, "Eight pounds a month, my lord."

"How would you like to make an extra two or three pounds a week?" Lord Anguish asked. And when I said that I should like to very much indeed, he sat me down and gave me a glass of brandy and said, "Elwes, seeing you dressed like me just now made me humble."

I said, "Me too, my lord, when I saw you dressed like me."

"Shut up! You must know, Elwes, that my humanitarian activities take me to all kinds of places at all kinds of times."

SPEAKING OUT:
DANGER ON THE RIGHT
BY SEN. STEPHEN M. YOUNG
NEXT WEEK

I knew all about that from gossip of other servants here in this very house, but I simply said, "Indeed, my lord?"

"Indeed," said he, "and it's a wicked world where a man can't keep clean without putting his hands in dirty water. You cannot possibly know half the naughtiness of high society after dark."

"No, no," I said.

"I should hope not," said Lord Anguish. "Now it so happens that for a while I must be about my Master's business on Sunday evenings. Sunday, I believe, Elwes, is your day off?"

I said, "Oh, but my lord—her ladyship ——"

"I know all about her ladyship," says he. "Lady Anguish defers to me in all things, but her Sabbath is sacrosanct. She *will* have me at home on Sunday. Yet it so happens that there is an unenlightened young person in St. John's Wood who dances in flimsy costume six days of the week and is available only on Sunday for improving discussion. Now I ask you, is your Sunday off worth three pounds to you?"

"Four, perhaps," I said.

"So be it. Now you are aware that Lady Anguish is all but blind?"

"Her ladyship *is* somewhat short-sighted," I said.

"As a bat! So. We'll change clothes. I'll take your Sunday off, and you'll take my chair by the fire. When I return, we exchange coats. It's as simple as A B C."

"Yet it seems to me, my lord, that there are complications."

"Such as?"

Knowing that I lied, but curious to hear what he had to say about it, I said, "Between man and wife, I understand, there are generally little—ah—sweet interchanges—endearments ——"

He stopped me. "Why, you fool, if you so much as said 'Please' or 'Thank you' to her ladyship in my character, she'd smell a rat at once. Oh dear no. I seldom speak to her. There seems to be nothing to say. You simply occupy yourself with newspapers and things. If she ventures a word just say 'Madam! Be quiet! I'm thinking!' Could you imitate my voice?"

Thoroughly tired of the fellow, I said, "I used to imitate the barking of the Earl of Wye's asthmatic French bulldog for the amusement of his grandchildren. The sounds are similar."

"If she becomes wise to the game, which is unlikely," he went on, being the sort of man who can simply not hear an insult, "why, then I'll say I was just trying her, to test her attentiveness to me."

So to cut a long story short, I fell in with Anguish's mean little game. While he went out in my clothes on my Sunday off, I sat with his poor, patient, peering wife and read books. At seven, Lady Anguish and I had a cold collation—for Lord Anguish allowed no cooking on the Sabbath—in stony silence. At exactly ten o'clock I would bark, "Hetty! Go to bed!" And she obeyed.

Anguish was always back by midnight, somewhat languid from his works of righteousness in St. John's Wood and smelling strongly of champagne and perfume. We swapped coats, and he went to his room and I went to mine. It was as simple as he had said it would be. But in the course of all those evenings, although we never spoke, I took the opportunity to observe Lady Anguish pretty closely; and I'm far from being a bad observer, sir. She was somewhat unprepossessing, yes, and lumpish and stooping if you like, but above all she was frightened and unhappy and insecure; she had no faith in herself as a woman, and this alone is enough to turn a staggering beauty plain.

Somehow, she being so miserable and so far from her Michigan home and her friends, incarcerated by the ogre Anguish in this musty London house, she brought out something of that spirit of romance in me which I have told you about. And along with this hopped mischief. So one evening, having helped myself to some of the stuff you are drinking, I suddenly barked at her in Anguish's toy-bulldog voice, "It makes me sick to look at you!"

She put down her crochet work—she was making a most complicated lace tablecloth—and said, "I'm not surprised, John. I never was much to look at, and now I'm even less."

Her simple dignity touched my heart, but I yelped, "Well, there must be *something* underneath all that suet you're smothered with. You're supposed to be a woman—of a sort—and not an infernal slug. So I'm taking steps to dig you out."

"I don't understand," she said.

"No, you wouldn't. But tomorrow morning at nine I've arranged for you to take the car and go see Mrs. Blackadder."

Now Mrs. Blackadder was one of those poor but predatory gentlewomen who live on their connections. They fix things up, effect introductions and generally make a moderate living out of commissions. They know all about the latest in interior decoration. They start craze and are hand in glove with all the mil liners and dressmakers, to whom the manage to steer a constant stream o wealthy but bewildered customers. The are on intimate terms with restaurateur and hairdressers. You know the sort

I went on, "Mrs. Blackadder will hel you buy a complete new wardrobe, fash ionable but discreet. You are forty year old and look sixty. I want you to lool thirty. Get your hair cut, have it tinted I suggest dark chestnut. Mrs. Blackadde will take you to the best—that is, th most costly—beautifiers of dowdy women They will massage you. They will rul mud in your silly face, and cosmeticiz it—elegantly, but with discretion. Sh will show you what underclothes t buy—silk, lace, et cetera. Oh, I'll neve look at them," I said truthfully, "but am told they make a woman like yo feel better, and that if you feel better yo therefore look better. Do you hear?"

Lady Anguish was flabbergasted. Sh began, "But you have always ——"

"Never mind what I have always!"

"But the cost!"

"It's your own money, isn't it?" snapped.

"I suppose so. But you ——"

"Well then!" I was magnanimous. " don't care if it costs you a thousan pounds—and if Blackadder has a hand i it, you'll be lucky to get away with spend ing double that. Come back beautifie tomorrow night, or I'll know the reaso why! Only I forbid you to wear you skirts too short. And if you are very good I'll let you wear my mother's pearls."

She made as if to embrace me, but waved her away, saying, "You know hate to be mauled. Go to bed!"

She blew me a kiss, almost handsom in her new-found delight. There woul be little sleep for her that night, if I knev anything of the stimulation of anticipate joy. Lord Anguish came in later, and w changed coats.

"Nothing so fragrant as virtue, m lord," I said.

"What d'you mean?"

"Only that in your evangelistic zea you appear to have exuded opopanax," said, sniffing my sleeve and brushing it

"Go to bed!"

Next day he asked me where Lad Anguish had hidden herself. I said, witl a perfectly straight face, "Why, my lord you sent her out shopping. You told he ladyship last evening that she neede some clothes and other items. Her lady ship is likely to be out most of the day."

He snarled like a ferret. "I ——" he be gan, and swallowed it. "You ——" h started, but gulped. "This——" And a last, "You'll pay for this!"

I replied, "Not I, my lord. I was in St John's Wood, doing righteous works a the house of Miss Hyacinth Burbage o the Frivolity Theater."

"What do you know of Miss Bur bage?" he demanded.

"Her house is at Number Six, Catter mole Villas. We pay the rent. Her maid is named Constance Green. Constance Green is engaged to marry Lord Tygoe's chauffeur—a decent young fellow named Hitchens. Hitchens sometimes plays a game of darts at the you-know-where in Marlowe Mews, a respectable house where he and I occasionally exchange shoptalk. Miss Burbage uses opopanax perfume. She regards me as a harmless old mug and has referred to me as an 'amorous clothes moth.' She ——"

"Enough!" cried Lord Anguish, mottled with rage.

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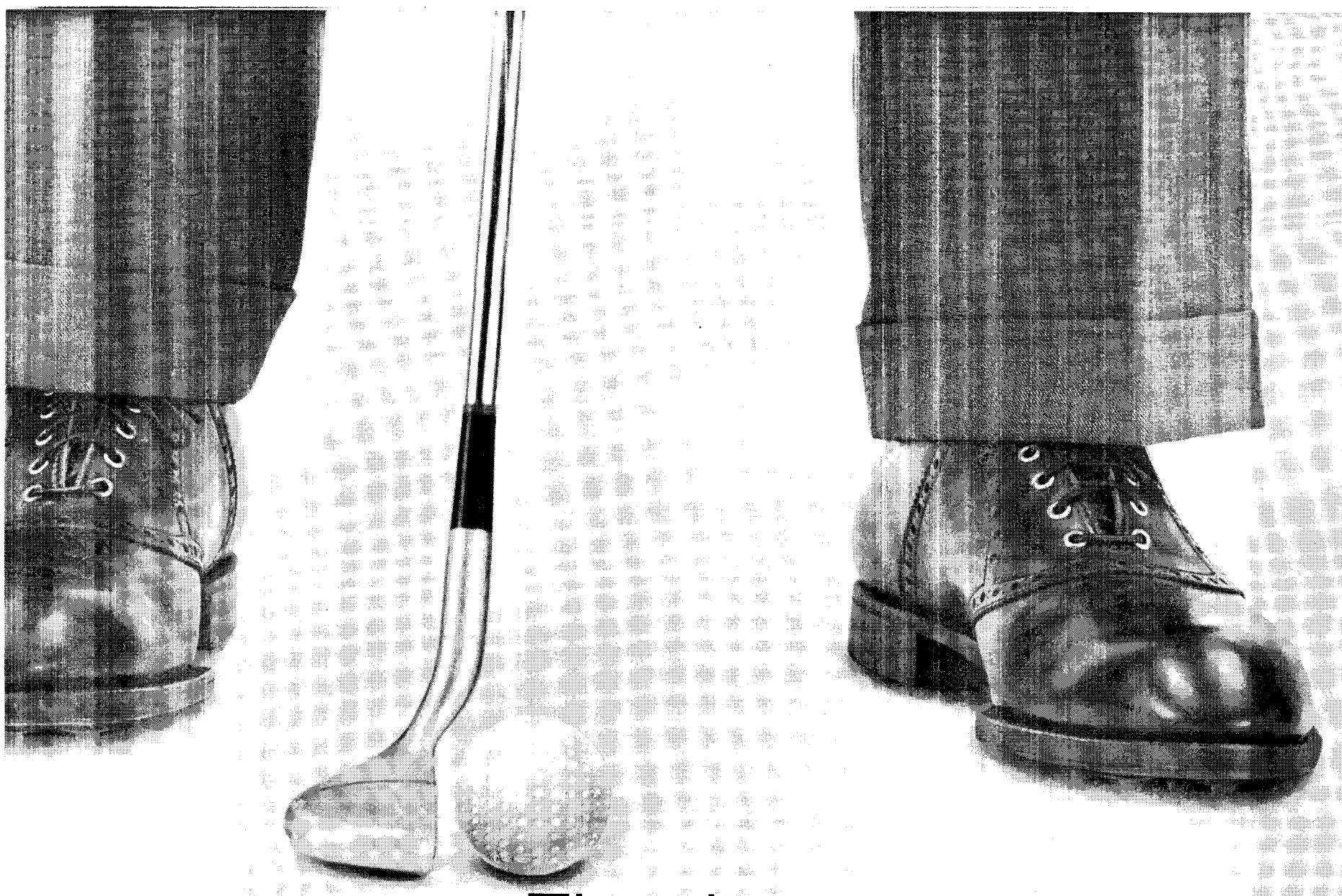


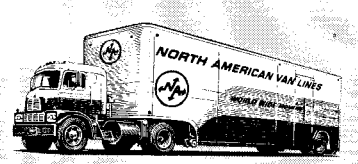
The day before moving–1962

Not everyone plays golf on the day before their North American move. You might prefer reading or shopping, or a good day at the office. Or, even watching the efficient, quiet manner in which the professional North American packers go about your work. The point is, from the very beginning you can tell the difference in a North American move. You get full home-to-home concern and attention to your special requirements and instructions. We make as little intrusion in your normal life as possible, respecting your thousands of large and small possessions for what they are . . . your way of life. If you are moving soon, ask your local North American agent (he's in the phone book under "movers") for a free copy of his booklet, "How to Buy a Move." It will be very helpful in making your Moving Day—1962, a far more pleasant experience than you might have thought possible.

NORTH AMERICAN VAN LINES

the GENTLEmen of the moving industry

WORLD WIDE MOVERS



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man's man

"She believes that I may finance a musical comedy."

"I say, enough!"

I concluded, mercilessly, "Of course, I shall not be lightheaded enough to do any such thing, amorous clothes moth though I may be, for Hyacinth Burbage is completely devoid of talent, and it would be money down the drain. And however ardent I may be in my desire to snatch her as a brand from the burning, the fact remains that she is in love with a Captain Bosville of the hussars, and I inspire her with nothing but disgust."

That floored him, sir, so that much as I despise a scripture-spouting hypocrite, I was almost sorry for him in his misery and shame. I said to him, "Come now, my lord; we'll play our little masquerade just once more next Sunday. Give the Burbage girl a parting gift, and then take my lady on a nice long healthy sea voyage. She deserves it, because she is a good woman and a sweet woman, and you don't know when you're well off."

Before he could find breath to answer, Lady Anguish came home; and then even I so far forgot myself as to gasp. She had gone out clay and returned a statue! Her hair, cut short and subtly tinted a reddish brown, fell into the most agreeable waves. Her mouth, prettily colored, had definition now, and her gray eyes shone. One could see that here was a lady conscious of fine silk next to the skin. She carried herself erect, and the effect was very fine—almost Junoesque, as the novelists say—although she was not yet perfectly sure of her footing on her high Spanish heels. She was wearing a rich black satin dress, not too short, as I had advised, and gun-metal stockings such as were fashionable about that time, which revealed the fact that she possessed quite remarkably shapely legs. Over one shoulder was slung a magnificent silver fox.

"Well, John," she said, smiling. I had never seen her smile before, and it was good to see now, for it made her radiant. "Well, John, does it still make you sick to look at me?"

Staring, openmouthed, he said, "No. No, it doesn't."

"And now will you let me wear your mother's pearls?"

"My mother's pearls? I suppose so."

"Mrs. Blackadder says pearls get dull and sick if they aren't worn. It was so sweet of you to send me to her, John!"

"Yes," said he, vacantly, blinking at her. "Yes, yes . . ."

"Wait until you see my new glasses," she said. "They've got French frames—tortoise shell set with teeny diamonds! Oh, I know I'm horribly vain and wicked, but I just can't help it—I feel like a girl, and I've never felt like a girl before!"

So she chattered on, like somebody newly released from solitary confinement, while Lord Anguish stood in a sort of numb daze. But I noticed that the looks he darted at me from time to time grew less and less malevolent, so that by dinnertime he was almost polite to me—and he was the kind of man that regards any expression of common courtesy as a symptom of spinelessness. So we got through that week easily enough. Come Sunday, however, Lord Anguish was uneasy.

He said, "Elwes, I'll put an end to our idiotic game tonight. But I'm afraid we mightn't get by with it. Who would have suspected my lady of having so much vivacity in her?"

"Well, my lord, diamond-studded frames don't make better eyesight; and this being Sunday, never fear but Lady Anguish will do her crocheting nice and quiet until bedtime. I shall complain of a headache. Disembarrass us of that Burbage girl, and we'll all live happily ever after."

He said, "I am a fool, and I'm afraid I've ruined my life."

"Nonsense," said I, "there's a good time coming, although we may never live to see it, as the saying goes. Be off at six o'clock sharp, and I'll hold the fort."

But at a quarter to six, after we had exchanged clothes and identities, there came an insistent ringing at the front door. "Better answer it," I told him. So

"So we want your signature on two checks," said McGee.

"On the Sabbath?" I asked, frigidly.

"Hell, yes!" said McGee. "Sabbath or no Sabbath, unless you cosign with Daphnis and me, the deal's kaput. You can ease your conscience by giving a few pounds to the Society for the Abolition of Practically Everything from your cut."

I howled at Lord Anguish, "Champagne! The Brut, 1906!"

I had some idea of getting him in the cellar and swapping clothes again. But now Lady Anguish came on the scene, and McGee and Daphnis were ravished and charmed by her new look; so she must needs order up a cold buffet.

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

"As one engineer to another . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

he went downstairs and opened the door, and to my horror I heard a great big Canadian voice booming, "Ah there, Elwes. We must see Lord Anguish, if you'll show us up. Sorry to burst in on his Sunday, but it's rather urgent."

I peeped down and saw in the hall two of Lord Anguish's most important business associates—John McGee of Toronto and a Grecian gentleman named Daphnis. What could I do but play the game cool and steady? I barked, "Show the gentlemen up, Elwes, you fool!"

And up they came into the dim old reception room, McGee hearty, Daphnis jovial, both telling me how well I looked, while Lord Anguish, indescribably servile in my skimpy little coat, stood by and trembled. So I pushed him out of the room in true Anguish style, ordering refreshments in a piercing voice, while I whispered between two sentences, "We'll find a moment and change back."

Daphnis said to me, "We are truly sorry, Lord Anguish, but the Alberta Copper deal has gone through ahead of schedule."

There I was, hemmed in, while Lord Anguish, looking like some symbolic figure of disaster, was performing miracles of ineptitude with plates at the sideboard. Three times I tried to get him alone in the kitchen, and thrice I was headed off. How, you ask, did my true identity escape the sharp eyes of those two visitors? Why, sir, they took it for granted that I was Anguish and found no need to look twice. And I behaved like his lordship too.

I gave him hell. "You're drunk, you knock-kneed inebriate!" I yapped. "Give me that knife, you monkey!" And so forth, praying for a psychological moment. It came when he brought in the trifle.

This was a tremendous trifle, sir, a beauty—a real creation of spongecake soaked in sherry, with fruits and jellies and masses of whipped cream artfully embellished with brandied cherries and angelica. Now I pretended really to lose my temper. I snarled, "You staggering chicken! Is that the way to serve a trifle?" I snatched the servers out of his hands and gesticulated with them, like a man gone crazy with rage. "What, are you making mud pies? Why don't you chuck the stuff at us and have done with it?"

Here I simulated a nervous jerk of the wrist—and got him right between the eyes with a great spoonful of trifle. It was a magnificent and terrible moment! Taking advantage of the shock, I grabbed Lord Anguish by the collar and ran him out of the room, shouting, "See what you made me do! To your pantry, sir!"

There, while Lady Anguish was apologizing to the guests, I wiped Lord Anguish's stricken face with a wet towel, peeled my coat off him, gave him back his own, and his elevated shoes, and said, "Back now, and sign your checks!"

Five minutes later, having smeared myself a little with trifle, I went in and said, "My lord, tomorrow I consult my solicitors!" Then I left the house, vibrating with wounded dignity.

Next day I put it to Lord Anguish that he owed me two thousand pounds. He was a good businessman. He said, "You have me cornered. I'll pay. But you must go to Miss Burbage and confess that it was you whom she has been receiving these past few weeks—you, dressed up in my clothes. That'll put paid to *that*."

And save you an extra five hundred, I thought, admiring the man's cunning.

I asked him, "The lady is presumably not a fool, why should she believe me?"

He actually blushed and looked away, and answered, "You will call her by a pet name, Tweetness, and you will know that her pet name for me is Ickle Tickleums."

So I agreed, though appalled, and took my money. As I was leaving, Lady Anguish called me to her sitting room and gave me an envelope. "For you, Elwes—don't open it now. Good-by!" She dislocated my hand with a farewell grip in the Michigan style and let me go.

The envelope contained a note. It said, *The Blackadder bit was clever, but that business with the trifle was a masterpiece. Thanks a lot.* Enclosed was a check for one thousand pounds.

Sir, the sea is deep and mysterious. But a woman . . .

Mr. Elwes laughed and said, "So I put my savings together, and persuaded old Robbins to retire, and took this old house, as had long been my ambition."

"Having first achieved your heart's desire," I said.

"Just so, sir."

"Did the Burbage girl give you any trouble?"

"No. She said, 'I've been fooled. Keep your mouth shut—I can get your legs broken for a fiver.' Then she insisted on returning a diamond bracelet I was supposed to have given her—she was sure I must have stolen it."

"Did you keep the bracelet?"

"As a *quid pro quo*, sir."

"And this wonderful whisky?"

"I had it sent to myself. There were no complaints. Pray take a little more."

"And the Anguishes?"

"Oh, Lord Anguish fell in love."

"With another dancer?"

"No, with Lady Anguish, his lawful wife. And they lived quite happily I am told—and I am told everything, sir—only she henpecked all the savagery out of him." Mr. Elwes yawned without opening his mouth, as only butlers, lawyers and psychoanalysts know how. "It's all like a dream," he said. "Touching the matter of which ——"

"It's time I said good night," I said, taking the hint.

"If you absolutely must," said Mr. Elwes.

THE END

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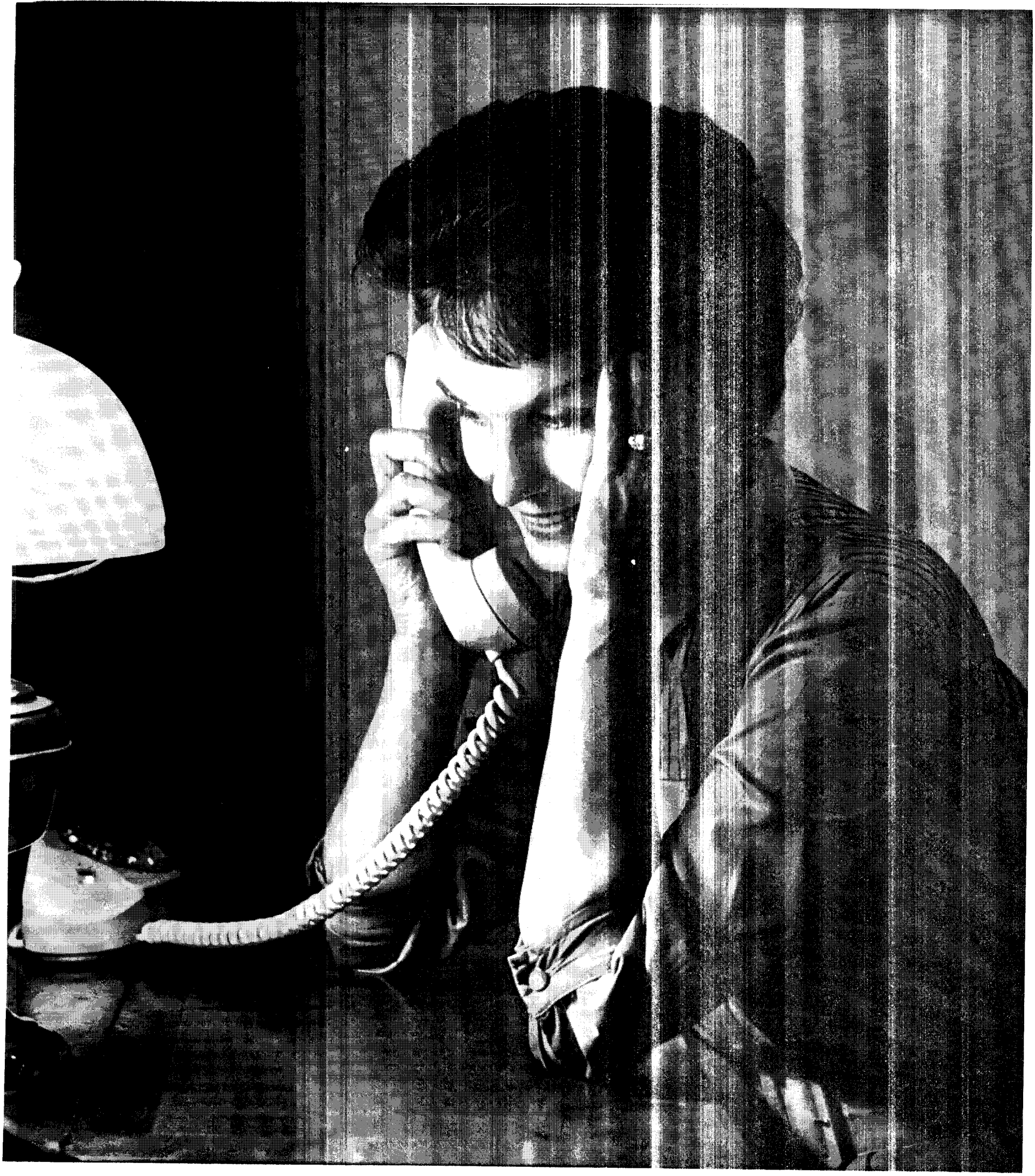

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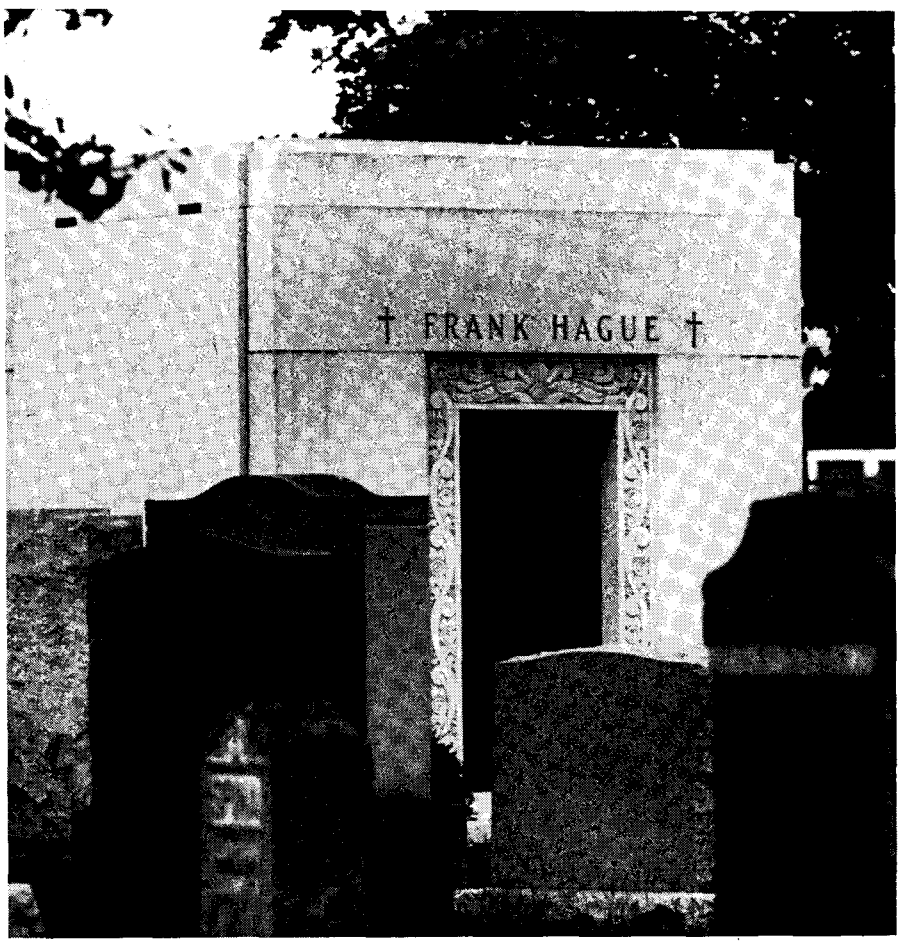
CITY IN THE SHADOW

Under Boss Hague, Jersey City was corrupt but lively. Since his fall the old town has flirted with reform from time to time, but the ghost of Hague still stalks Journal Square.

By THOMAS J. FLEMING



The Boss's tomb in Jersey City s Holy Name Cemetery. He died in 1956, but, says the author, "People who have lived in Frank Hague's shadow do not forget easily."

"And furdamore, fella Democrats," screamed the little man on the tail gate of the sound truck, which amplified his words until they seemed likely to awaken sleeping babies in Toledo, "Bernard Berry is a product of that very organization of which he is now tryina bite the hand that fed him!"

I was back in Jersey City again after ten years. When I heard that my beloved birthplace was sponsoring a municipal election under a new form of city government, I ran like a prodigal to see if the old home town was, as some rumors claimed about to submit to reform.

I was certain the rumors were wrong the moment I heard that little man on the sound truck. I was even more certain when he went on to indorse his candidate in the following thunderous and overwhelming encomium: "And furdamore, Tom Gangemi is based upon a foundation which the Rock of Gibraltar itself could not crumple!"

Home sweet home! I leaped into a passing taxi and asked the wizened character behind the wheel what he thought of the election. "Well, I'll tell ya," he said. "If the Wop gets in, there'll be an Irish last stand around here, brotha, that'll make Custer's look like a lawn party. The Polack ain't much betta, but he ain't got a chance anyway, so forget him. That leaves the Commissiona of Communion Breakfasts. Old Haguey wouldna let anyona them into City Hall, even with a broom in his hand."

There is no point in trying to translate this statesmanlike utterance without plunging into a book-length explanation of the city's current political tangle. Suffice it to say that the local coloring is derived largely from Jersey City's savage ethnic feuds, which would appall the outsider but, like so much else that is odd, weird and unspeakable, are nonchalantly taken for granted within the municipal borders. Besides, the key word in the soliloquy is "Haguey." Everyone, inside and outside of Jersey City, knows what that means.

Twelve years after the colossus of the Hudson was toppled from power and six years after his death, Frank Hague's ubiquitous shadow still falls across Jersey City.

I found it everywhere I went. Down in the Sixth Ward—which my father, "Teddy" Fleming, had led for twenty years—many of the same characters still stood on the corners. "What this town needs," said one of them, "is ten days of Uncle Frank." When I talked to John Loftus, the man who had headed the citizens' group which rammed through a charter reform in the hope of rescuing Jersey City from total collapse, he too went wandering back to Uncle Frank. "It really didn't matter what form of government you had under old Haguey," Loftus said. "Any kind would have worked, because the whole government was right there under his hat. When the town's five commissioners met, there were five hearts with a single beat, and anyone with palpitation was *out*."

As I wandered and listened, my own memories came flooding back. I remembered the first time I met the tall, cold-eyed man who made Jersey City synonymous with political corruption. I looked up into a long lean, tanned face which seemed fixed in a ferocious glare of disapproval. I held out my hand, and the mayor crushed my feeble fingers (I was eight) in a clasp which made me almost squawk in anguish. "Your father," he said sternly, as if he were passing a sentence on him, "is one hell of a guy." Only then did I see that there was a twinkle in those baleful eyes.

Then came memories of handshakes on New Year's Days, with the mayor in his morning coat in City Hall, and behind us an immense living chain of the faithful, winding around and around the hall, stamping their feet and beating their hands in the bitter cold while they waited to greet the Boss and wish him good health and good luck for another year of larceny. And another memory also linked to a handshake—the time my father smuggled me out of the Medical Center—the night before I was to undergo major surgery—and took me to an organization dinner at the Hotel Plaza, where Hague gave a speech which all but took the place apart. After the blast I shook hands with the mayor once again, and he was informed, with considerable pride, that I was scheduled to go under the knife at eight o'clock the next morning, and here I was eating and drinking as if there were no tomorrow. (By now half the Medical Center was conducting a frantic search for me.) "I can see you've got your old man's nerve," the mayor said.

Nerve was what the mayor and everyone else in Jersey City valued, in the last analysis. Hague and his men had got where they were on sheer nerve and little else. They were slum-born. Most lacked even a high-school education. They grew up in a town where the Irish were detested and exploited with more savagery than almost anywhere else in the country.

My generation was, for all effects, born in the same aura of persecution and violent hatred. Our parents never tired of telling stories about their youth. At times when my mind is in Jersey City, I feel fifty years older than I am. I can almost see the bitter thin-faced kid of my father's boyhood pictures, standing before the factory foreman while the contemptuous question is asked, "Protestant or Catholic?" And the slow, bitter lie: "Protestant." Because at home they were depending on the dollar a day he was going to earn.

It was out of such memories, and such people, that Frank Hague fashioned his power. Often it was used arbitrarily, and scarcely a day passed when it was not used to circumvent the law of the land. To anyone with an Irish name in Jersey City, loyalty to Frank Hague transcended the dictates of law, conscience or the Catholic Church. There was a solidarity in the organization which a man could get nowhere else. Politics was not simply the art of government. It was the art of social and economic revolution. With the aid of the depression, the non-Irish ruling class was either driven out of the city or into political limbo.

Ugly? No doubt about it. But it also was exciting. Hague had no gift for golden words. But he could get a thunderous, furious passion into his speeches. He

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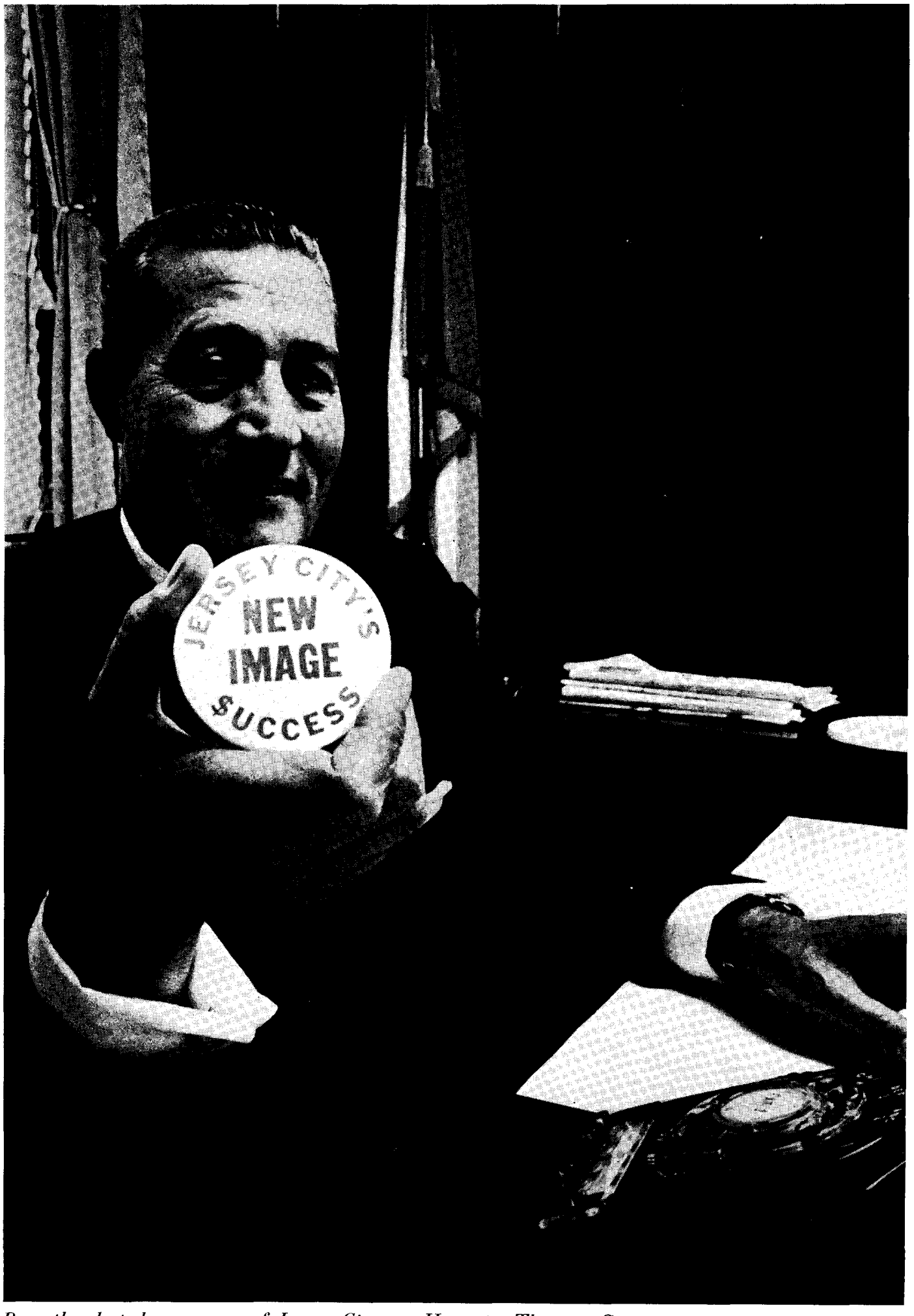
llowed like a wounded grizzly, he unded the rostrum, he issued a call to ms. It was Jersey City against the rest the state. Jersey City against the APA's, e leftleggers, and a dozen other less-intable names used to describe Prot-ant Republicans. On election day Jer-y City was under siege. Every man and oman was pushed, bribed, driven or herwise transported to the polls. Then ould come the long night hours, when e Jersey City organization would hold ck its totals until the returns came in om Republican downstate. Rapid com-tations were made to determine how any votes were needed to make the ague band wagon roll all the way to the ors of the state capitol in Trenton.

Excitement was not limited to election y, of course. Anything connected with olitics was done on the extravaganza ale. No one who lived through the ague era will ever forget the Roosevelt lly of 1936. FDR doubted Hague's ility to deliver New Jersey. To dispel e President's fears and keep the Federal tronage coming, Hague ensconced the tion's leader at the governor's mansion Sea Girt, sixty miles from Jersey City. ague then commandeered almost every ece of rolling stock in the state and nsported 150,000 of the faithful to rade before the goggle-eyed Roosevelt th all the riotous enthusiasm they could uster. FDR never questioned Uncle ank's dominance of New Jersey again.

Today all this is gone from Jersey City. vent to one candidate's "monster rally" Journal Square. The number of par-ans he could muster did not exceed 600. ague would have considered this a poor rnout for a ward rally. "You just can't t the people to come out to rallies any ore," Commissioner James F. Murray told me. Mr. Murray blamed it on levision, but others were more inclined blame it on the candidates. "What's e percentage in coming out to watch ree ciphers?" one of my father's old mmitteemen demanded.

Hague did not perform his feats of olitical magic by himself. He never had uch confidence in his own personal ap-eal, in the manner of gifted lone wolves ce Boston's James Michael Curley. Be-nd Hague was the organization—and in rsey City that word really meant some-ing. It penetrated into every crack and evice of the city's life. Each ward was vided into districts, and each district ad a male and female captain. Along ith these there were usually Italian, olish or Slovak leaders to give special tention to the ethnic enclaves. Every-ing went up—or down—via a chain of ommand, from district to ward to City lall. Always the object was to bring per-onal pressure, to make the organization's ontact with the ordinary voter a voice hich belonged not to the impersonal ower in the mayor's office, but to the ext-door neighbor.

My father knew everyone in his ward, ot merely by name but often from birth. t was the ward in which he had been orn, and many of the names and faces he ad sat with in old All Saints Parochial chool were on his rolls as committee-en, policemen, firemen. Night after



Recently elected as mayor of Jersey City, ex-Hagueite Thomas Gangemi has taken steps "to create a new image and rebuild an old city" Even so, says Fleming, Gangemi and Boss Kenny find political jobs for relatives in traditional style

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"Behind Boss Hague was the organization .

Frank Hague ran Jersey City as a benevolent despot sustained by blatant graft, but he imposed a paradoxically puritanical rule on his satrapy

night he sat in the ward's clubhouse and listened to their demands for promotions, favors—a ticket killed, an aunt in the County Home for the Aged, a son on the cops. He was born for the job; he had exactly the right combination of shrewdness and sentiment, honesty and disillusion.

When Hague made him the Sixth Ward's leader, the Boss preached a long sermon on the importance of "staying close to the people." Ironically around that same time (1933) Uncle Frank started to become more and more distant from the city which had made him a power in state and national politics. Long winters in Florida, long summers in Europe, an apartment on Park Avenue in New York absorbed more and more of the Great Man's time.

My father never followed the Big Man's lead in this tendency to graze in greener directions. He honestly preferred the profane badinage of the Sixth Ward's bars to chatter on the Champs Elysées. He built his life around that first principle of the Jersey City ward-leader's code: take care of your own. Many is the time I saw him struggle out of bed at five A.M. and go up to a station house to spring some Sixth Ward drunk who had slugged a cop. He often would come back from City Hall like a man in a state of shock, after a roaring argument with Hague over promoting one of the ward's boys on the cops or firemen. "Your father," one of the old-timers said fondly during my recent visit, "was the only one in the city who would go back to Haguey a third time after he said no twice. That took real nerve."

More often than not, protecting your own involved undermining the law. But this never disturbed anyone in Jersey City. People were more likely to sit back and admire the operation, like *aficionados* at a bullfight. The more nerve the job took, the better. A story they still tell about my father concerns the time he was sitting as magistrate at the trial of a young man who had been caught stealing several dozen valuable cameras in a railyard. It was a case which left the defense little room for legal maneuvers. A number of the cameras had been found stacked in the lad's locker. As the prosecuting attorney droned through his summation, one of my father's best friends from the Sixth Ward rushed into the courtroom and signaled him frantically. The gavel fell in the middle of a prosecution sentence, and my father adjourned to his chambers. "Teddy," said the visitor from the ward, "that kid's my nephew."

"Why the hell didn't you tell me sooner?" my father said. "He's practically on the train to the pen."

"I didn't even know he was in trouble until his old man phoned me this morning. They live in Union City, ya know. I never see them."

My father meditated for a moment. Then he said, "Go outside and relax."

The magistrate resumed his judicial seat, and the prosecuting attorney rose to finish his summation. "Just a minute," said my father. "I would like to examine the defendant."

The nephew was led to the witness stand. "Do you have a key to your locker?"

"No, your honor," said the young heister. "The locker don't have no lock."

"No lock?" exclaimed my father in shocked tones. "Why wasn't this made clear before?"

He gave prosecuting and defending attorneys a withering look. "If there was no lock on this boy's locker, what was to stop the real thief from stealing the cameras and hiding them there? Case dismissed!"

One result of such shenanigans was a universal cynicism. In Jersey City the apotheosis of success was never the Horatio Alger saga—a big job where the work is a challenge. It was a small job, where the work was nonexistent. A "no-show" job was the *crème de la crème* of the city's political bounty, and the fashion shows no sign of diminishing. Several years after Hague departed, a Newark attorney named Samuel Larner conducted an investigation of Jersey City and discovered 144 no-shows in a single city department. There were people carried on the rolls as evening guards for playgrounds which closed at five P.M., inspectors for schools they had never even visited. Everything has an angle in Jersey City, and the way to surprise a native is to give him an honest proposition. Once a young Ivy League type called on Hague with a plan to depollute the Hackensack River. "Whose payroll are you on?" the mayor demanded. When the poor fellow tried to explain that he was working for a public-service corporation, out to inspire municipalities to clean up their streams, the incredulous leader threw him bodily down the front steps of City Hall.

Physically the city has never qualified as the garden spot of the Garden State. It is long and narrow, sprawling along the banks of the Hudson in the shadow of New York's skyscrapers. One of the worst Negro ghettos in the country runs right down the middle. On every side the housing ranges from shabby to crumbling.

The atmosphere has always been heavy with awful odors. On the western border there were the ever-burning garbage dumps which inspired my Irish grandmother to remark one day as we returned from a drive, "Well, me nose is back in Jersey City." A plant on the waterfront used to emit gaseous mixtures which all but paralyzed our classes at St. Peter's Prep, a few blocks away. And the chemical plant near my house once unleashed something that peeled the paint off our front-porch railing overnight.

But in spite of the bizarre politics and the putrid atmosphere, almost everyone of my generation looks back on Jersey City with wild nostalgia. I used to maintain that it was the same sort of emotion which inspired survivors of the Bataan Death March and Buchenwald to form associations and hold annual dinners. Suffering breeds togetherness. But a better explanation is undoubtedly that given by my good friend Edward Bannon, one of the more profound students of the Jersey City syndrome. "It was unique," he said. "It could never happen again anywhere. At least, I hope not."

The city's politics left no moral scars on my generation. I never heard a single one of my friends talk about cleaning up Jersey City when he reached manhood. Nor did I ever hear anyone use the prevailing corruption as an excuse for a life of crime, as so many vocal teen-age delinquents do today in New York. Instead, we all nourished respectable nonpolitical ambition and most have realized them. My bloc has produced two engineers, a Harvar Law School graduate, two stock broker a college professor.

Perhaps the main reason for our rel tively untainted way of life is the simp fact that Jersey City was, outside the p litical sphere, a remarkably clean tow under Hague. The organization nev tolerated prostitution or dope, whic fueled and still fuels more than a few bi city machines. The mere thought woul have horrified Hague and his fellow Iris Puritans. Nor did the Prohibition mob or the latter-day Syndicate, ever get int the city. Hague and his Irish cops wer simply too tough.

The organization extracted 3 per cer from the annual salary of every city an county employee—no small sum when was added up. But the real money can from gambling, which Hague farmed a industriously and as shrewdly as Yankee farmer tills his rocky soil. Eac ward was permitted a specific number c card games, numbers wheels and bool makers who paid off religiously to th ward leader. He in turn was supposed t transport the "bag" to City Hall wit only a minimum of wrist dipping.

Because such ample funds were avai able, influence never had much connec tion with money in Jersey City. None c Hague's leaders got rich. Even Fran Hague Eggers, the mayor's nephev died broke. Under the system everythin was funneled into City Hall, where Uncl Frank took his undisclosed cut.

One of my four-star memories is th visit my prep-school class paid to Cit Hall to see the mayor bestow a medal o one of our number who had won a na tional oratorical contest. The mayor pro ceeded to make a little speech in which h solemnly urged us all to study hard, sav our money and lead moral lives if w wanted to get ahead. We laughed all th way back to school.

That day for the first time I really be came aware of the gulf which separate me and my father, my generation and th whole Hague era. Our laughter at Fran Hague's pious sermon was the first kne of the organization's doom. When Secon Ward leader John V. Kenny arose t challenge Hague's supremacy, his suppor came largely from the men and women c my generation who had traveled at Gov ernment expense in World War II an discovered there were better ways to gov ern a city than Frank Hague would eve know. It was a time of anguish and con fusion, that seething election of 1949 Hague simply could not understand wh the young veterans were against him.

They were not against him personally Being true Jersey Cityites, they admirec the heroic dimensions of his robbe baronship. But they were revolting agains the system, which no longer had any rea son for existing. No one had persecutec an Irishman in Jersey City for thirty years. If anything, the Irish were nov persecuting the other minorities—espe cially the city's Italians. Also there wa instinctive admiration for diminutive John V. Kenny's nerve; it took a brave man to challenge Hague to battle. "The little guy," as they called the challenger rode to victory on this strange mixture o

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penetrated into every crevice of the city. . . ."

lmiration and resentment and dis-
chantment.

The end came on a wild night in
enny's Second Ward, when Frank
ague leaned from a platform, his finger
›inted at a heckler, and roared, "Arrest
at man!" Around the platform stood a
rdon of police, all young veterans. Not
ıe of them moved. The crowd screamed
derision, and Frank Hague, an old man
seventy-three, stumbled off the stage.

Theoretically Kenny could have begun
new era in Jersey City. But he did not
ıow how. He had learned his politics
›m Hague, and all he did was install a
w personal variations in the system. In-
ead of each city employee contributing
›ercent of his annual salary, the organi-
tion sold tickets for card parties and
nces, with city workers ordered to buy
certain number, or else. No-show jobs
ere distributed with an even more lavish
nd. The tax rate, already astronomical
ıder Hague, zoomed toward outer
ace. Moreover, Kenny was incapable of
ercising Hague's iron control over Jer-
y City's political animals. In the words
one observer, everybody from City
all had "two hands out." Businessmen,
ed to paying off once a year, were be-
ldered and enraged when minor flunkies
gan demanding individual grease. In-
ıstries began departing in droves for
rts where the tax rate was kinder and
e politics less harassing.

To be fair to him, Kenny had his prob-
ns. Anyone who attempted to impose
›nesty on Jersey City after thirty-two
ars of Frank Hague would have been
ased into the Hudson River. Moreover,
the early years Uncle Frank was very
uch alive and doing everything in his
›wer to wipe Kenny permanently off the
ap of New Jersey.

Not even in the wildest old days had the
y seen such political brawling as those
ague comeback attempts produced.
ırades and counterparades crisscrossed
e avenues. Sound trucks blasted resi-
nts out of their beds in the middle of
e night. Once Kenny marched his bat-
lions, reinforced to the last man, past
e Hague headquarters. It was supposed
be a show of defiance. But the Hague-
en were ready for them with an im-
ense searchlight. They zeroed in on
refully selected marchers in the Kenny
nks and read their police records over a
ud-speaker.

After five years of torment from
agueites and stray reformers, Kenny
rew in the towel. "I can't take it any
ore," he announced and resigned as
ayor. He stayed on as the Hudson
ounty Democratic Leader until a reform
›oup shattered his grip on Jersey City in
)57, making even that title meaningless.
ut the reformers turned out to be worse
ıan the organization, so last year Kenny
ırried back from Florida, scraped some
arriors together and backed an ex-
agueite, Thomas Gangemi, for mayor.

glimpse of the candidate's qualifica-
ons may be gleaned from his statement
n a public platform, "They call me a
uppet. Well, I am proud to be a puppet
f dat great American, John V. Kenny."

Gangemi won in a walk. But he did not
ven command a majority of the regis-
›red voters. A third of the electorate did
ot bother to leave home—incredible by
bygone standards, when failure to vote
was not tolerated even among the dead.

I found the organization's loss of en-
thusiasm more mournful than its feeble-
ness at the polls. On election night apathy
lay over the town thick as a wool blanket.
Around Gangemi's headquarters the po-
licemen outnumbered the celebrators. Be-
fore City Hall a tiny crowd milled list-
lessly. There were parties for the new
mayor and his councilmen at various
points throughout the city, but even these
were conducted with a weary air. People
got drunk methodically, because it was
the thing to do. There was none of the
joyous boozing of bygone election nights.
One morose newspaperman explained it
to me: "They've elected a bunch of lugs,
and they know it. The town's falling apart
and they've given it back to the same
characters who put it on the skids."

There is considerable evidence that the
town is falling apart. Last year, essential
services came dangerously close to break-
ing down. Garbage stood uncollected for
days. When it snowed, there were no
plows available to clear the streets. "A
fire could have burned down a whole
block before an engine could have got
near it," one rueful property owner says.
More big companies, such as Armour and
Swift, have moved out, and some 80,000
citizens, mostly young, have taken the
same route. The 1960 census revealed
that Jersey City's metropolitan area
showed a decline in population. The
census also ranked 18,000 houses, or ap-
proximately 20 percent of the city's total,
as officially "dilapidated." The eye con-
firms these figures. Everywhere in the
city there are vacant stores, abandoned
factories, collapsing houses and tene-
ments, vast stretches of empty lots. "The
place," one old-timer said to me, "looks
like East Berlin."

"I don't know of any city in the world
that's in worse financial condition," Dr.
Benjamin Michalik, St. Peter's College
economist, told me. "They have used up
their reserve fund, and it may easily get to
the point where they have to borrow to
meet their payrolls. But who would be
crazy enough to lend them money?"

Jersey City's desperate shape may even
force the boys in City Hall to become
statesmen. Drastic measures are needed if
the town is to be rescued from complete
deterioration. But the prognosis is poor.
The tax rate is taking the worst leap yet
and Mayor Gangemi and Boss Kenny are
merrily giving political jobs to relatives
in the old tradition. Most recent was
the appointment of Thomas Trzanowski,
a lad of twenty-three, to the Board of
Education. His sister happens to be mar-
ried to the mayor's son. But such she-
nanigans arouse no moral indignation in
Jersey City. The chief reaction is scorn—
because the chumps do it so clumsily.
"You'd never see Haguey touching those
kind of deals," one retired sachem said.

There was that name again. The more I
wandered the garbage-littered streets of
my old home town, the more convinced I
became that reform would never come
until the echo of that furious voice, the
impact of that ruthless power, faded for-
ever from Jersey City's memory. But peo-
ple who have lived in Frank Hague's
shadow do not forget easily. Come to
think of it, that includes me. THE END

Joe Colford, now retired from public life, worked up through the Hague organization to become sheriff. (For a glimpse of Colford in the good old days, see page 3.)

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EDITORIAL

WHERE THE POST STANDS

A STATEMENT BY THE NEW EDITOR

Because this is the first issue of *The Post* to be produced under my editorship, it seems proper that I state here, as clearly as I can, the beliefs that I bring to the task that is now mine.

I write this statement with some misgivings. No doubt many will regard it as self-important—a pompous exercise in personal journalism. No doubt others will disagree—perhaps violently—with the views that I express. I accept those risks. For I believe that a magazine has to stand for something, and I believe that that something must be so accurately postulated that readers are at all times protected against the bias and prejudice that are a part of every man's personality.

To begin with, it is my opinion that the fundamental fact of American political life has gone largely unobserved. That fact is the decline, since the mid-1940's, of the political party as a dominant factor in our national life. Not since Roosevelt forged the power bloc that made him our only four-time President has either party been able to elect a President by party strength alone. Every presidential election since 1944 has been decided by the uncommitted, the "independent" voter.

The labels "Republican" and "Democrat" have become virtually meaningless. The differences between President Kennedy and Mr. Nixon, for example, are far smaller than between the President and many members of his own party, notably Senator Byrd. Governor Rockefeller's views are far more closely allied to those expressed by liberal Democrats than to those of his fellow Republicans, Senators Goldwater and Dirksen.

We have today in America what amounts to a one-party system. Both parties will deny that allegation, but both parties must also argue against these facts:

1. Voting records in House and Senate show a clear alliance, particularly on social issues, between conservative Northern Republicans and conservative Southern Democrats and—on the other side—between liberal Republicans and Democrats from all sections.

2. In choosing presidential candidates, both parties reject their extremists in favor of their moderates. The Republicans selected middle-of-the-road Eisenhower over Taft and doubtless will repeat the process in 1964 with Senator Goldwater cast in the unhappy Taft role. The Democrats took Kennedy over Senator Humphreys and "Soapy" Williams. The electorate, time after time, is left with a choice, not between liberal and conservative, but between two men who pretty much agree on what needs to be done and differ only on how.

3. The differences between the parties on money matters—so widely advertised in election years—are hard to document. Neither party seems able to operate the Federal establishment on a pay-as-you-go basis. The size of the annual deficit—or the very occasional surplus—seems to be determined more by international exigency than by any philosophy of spending or economy.

4. Perhaps the most revealing index of similarity of the parties is the pattern of appointments by Presidents-elect. Mr. Eisenhower's first Secretary of Defense was the president of General Motors. Mr. Kennedy's was the president of the Ford Motor Company—an ideological difference spanned by less than ten miles of Detroit real estate. Mr. Eisenhower's first Secretary of Labor was Martin Durkin, president of the Plumbers and Steamfitters Union. Mr. Kennedy's was the chief legal counsel for the AFL-CIO. And one man, Douglas Dillon, was tapped by both Presidents. He served Mr. Eisenhower as Under Secretary of State, serves Mr. Kennedy as Secretary of the Treasury.

In view of these behavior patterns—established by the political parties themselves—it seems to me wholly unrealistic for *The Saturday Evening Post* to align itself with either the Republican or Democratic side. In the future we will, as always, express a preference in campaigns for the Presidency, but we will make that choice on the basis of who, not what party. I believe, in fact, that it is contrary to America's best interest for any publication to have so strong a sense of party allegiance that the sharp edge of objective judgment is dulled by rigid partisanship.

The logic of this view appeals to me particularly because of what I regard as the sad state of the modern editorial page. Most of today's pundits produce nothing more than mechanical prose. Their pieces, by and large, are mere justifications of convictions previously held. Today's news is used to prove what was believed yesterday. Their views are almost totally predictable, turned out with cooky-cutter precision, and they attract the kind of reader who is seeking not enlightenment but sympathetic reassurance for his own prejudices.

This kind of editorial writing may be useful from a circulation standpoint; there is obviously a market for the predictable and consoling argument. But ought this to be the function of an editorial page? Are readers best served by such publications as the Chicago *Tribune* and The New York *Post*, whose views can be anticipated and classified even before they are expressed? Or is our national purpose better fulfilled by those who, unencumbered by allegiance or obligation, bring the full weight of reason to the sweaty but important chore of helping people make up their minds?

The predictable reaction, the automatic response is, of course, a phenomenon encountered not only on our editorial pages but throughout American society. It is the chief barrier to realistic appraisal and discussion of the problems we face today. There are vast areas of the South, for example, where, come November, any candidate is a good candidate so long as he is a Democrat. There are dozens of "silk stocking" districts in the North where voters pull the Republican lever solely out of economic prejudice.

We have, in short, too many push-button Americans. Push the button marked "businessman" and they say "economic royalist." Push the button marked "labor" and they say "goon." Push the button marked "professor" and they cry "fuzzy intellectual." Push the button marked "conservative" and they say "apostle of reaction." There are citizens in all these categories who deserve such epithets. But the practice of group classification by conditioned reflex is only to be deplored.

I am realistic enough to know, of course, that no magazine, whatever its size or influence, can hope to transform the body politic into a model of rational behavior. Nevertheless, I think it is important to try. I hold as my ambition the desire to establish on this page an island of free expression. I feel obliged only to say what I believe to be right, to advocate only what seems best for America.

It is fair that I give you some notion of the direction in which this policy may lead *The Post*. I cite these examples:

• • • I supported General Eisenhower in 1952 and regard his victories then—over Senator Taft in convention and over Governor Stevenson in the election—as having been in the best interest of our nation.

• • • I voted for President Kennedy in 1960 and I admire the vigor and intelligence that he has displayed during his first year in office. I did not admire his handling of the Cuban disaster. It must be criticized as a failure of management and—even more important—as a failure of moral responsibility. We were caught with our hands in the jam jar, guilty of the kind of deed our heritage has taught us to despise.

• • • Like most of our citizens, I consider all problems second to that of war or peace and I share the popular conviction that American foreign policy has grown sterile and unimaginative over a fifteen-year span. This sterility has produced a massive sense of frustration amongst our people. They want to *do* something to strike back against that which threatens them. Hearing no call to service from their government, some turn to neutralism ("Better Red than Dead"); others join such far-right-wing groups as the John Birch Society. The existence of these groups—on both right and left—is a serious threat to our nation. But the *reason* for their existence is the problem that must be met.

• • • On the domestic front, I believe that our task is no less than to make our nation a showcase of liberty. The slum in New York, the bus-station fracas in Mississippi, the Hoffa defiance of the majesty of the Federal will are ugly scars on the proud shield of democracy which we hold up before the world. So, too, is the partisan attitude we bring to the problem of our schools. Congress passed no school bill last year; it will do little, or too little, this year. Not because our schools need no help; they do. But because willful men would risk the nation's future rather than lose an argument.

• • • The American free-enterprise system is a matter of personal pride to me and I uphold it against every challenge. Nevertheless, I am concerned about our economic future. We are so fat that we have sometimes priced ourselves out of markets both at home and abroad—with serious consequences not only for individual companies but for our national equilibrium. We are not yet getting from labor the kind of statesmanship that we have a right to expect from a group that aspires to play so large a role in our lives. That fact now becomes acutely important as Government and management prepare for what may be the biggest economic challenge we have yet faced: spirited competition from Europe's new Common Market.

★ ★ ★ ★

Here, then, is a sampling, however inadequate, of the equipment I bring to the editorship of this magazine. There is but one thing that need be added.

Looking out from this office at our people, and looking inward at myself, I feel that we, collectively, have grown fearful and hesitant in our commitment to America. There is a danger that in our maturity we have become tired and cynical, overzealous for security, afraid to live and afraid to die.

Perhaps I overaccent our softness. If I do, it is because I am reminded daily, hourly, of another day and another time. Just outside my window, as I write these lines, I see the mellow beauty of Independence Hall and hear the stately booming of its steeple clock. There is a reverence and a solemnity in the sound. For it tells of men who believed, men who loved, men who dared—and believing, loving, daring, stood up and said to a hostile world: "We hold these truths to be self-evident. . . ."

Robert Fuoss

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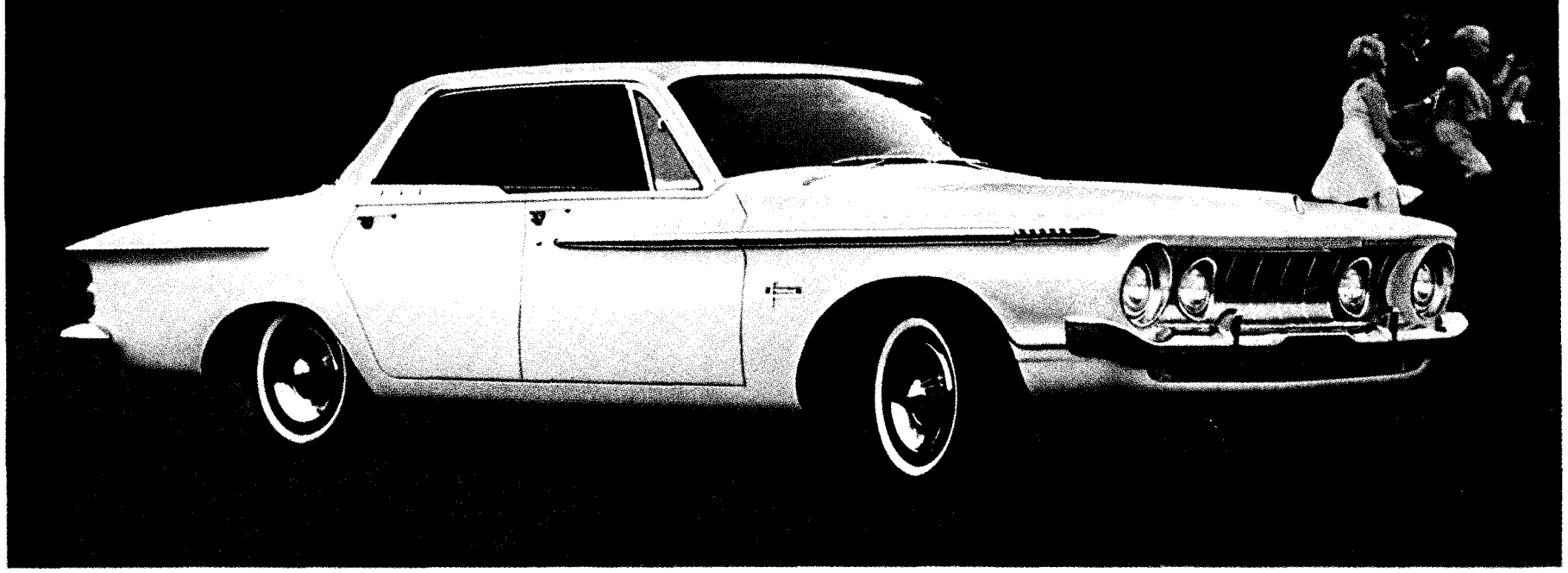
Look at Plymouth now!



The more you see the others, the newer Plymouth looks!

The more you study the 1962 cars, the more you discover how new most are *not*. But the more you study the family-size '62 Plymouth, the more you realize how excitingly dramatic and dynamic the changes *are*.

No, you don't need keen eyes to pick Plymouth as one of the really new '62 cars. Fact is, out of the 25 cars that have been introduced, only Plymouth and four others can genuinely be called new. And Plymouth is *completely* new for '62—in the way it looks, drives and saves you money.

NEW OUTSIDE AND INSIDE

Start at the outside. Forward Flair Design makes Plymouth the beautiful difference in the low-price field. Sleek, slender new dimensions from every angle. Rakish new roofline. Tapered new hood. Gleaming new grille. Take a good, long, thorough look. You'll say no low-price car ever looked like this one before—and you're right!

Then explore the luxurious, roomy interior. Women, especially, will appreciate the beautiful, long-wearing fabrics, fine appointments all in excellent taste, and practical instruments with big, easy-to-read dials. Everywhere you see craftsmanship and attention to detail, because Plymouth has greatly improved quality control.

NEW PERFORMANCE, ECONOMY

What other '62 cars offer worthwhile features and engineering advancements like these: up to 10% increase in acceleration and up to 7% increase in gas mileage over last year. Oil changes half as often as before. An improved battery-saving alternator. Self-adjusting brakes. There are more and they are all new for '62. You owe it to yourself to see your Plymouth dealer and look at Plymouth now!

THE BEAUTIFUL DIFFERENCE IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD

THE NEW PLYMOUTH

QUALITY-ENGINEERED BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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Salem refreshes your taste "air-softens" every puff

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Take a puff... it's Springtime! When you light a Salem, you can almost imagine yourself in a scene like this, all golden sunlight and fresh new green, with the air so fresh. Salem is the most refreshing cigarette of all, because its High Porosity paper "air-softens" every puff. Rich-tasting, too, with the full flavor of fine tobaccos. Smoke refreshed... smoke Salem!

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

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